



Maris Clare Barnett

June 1926

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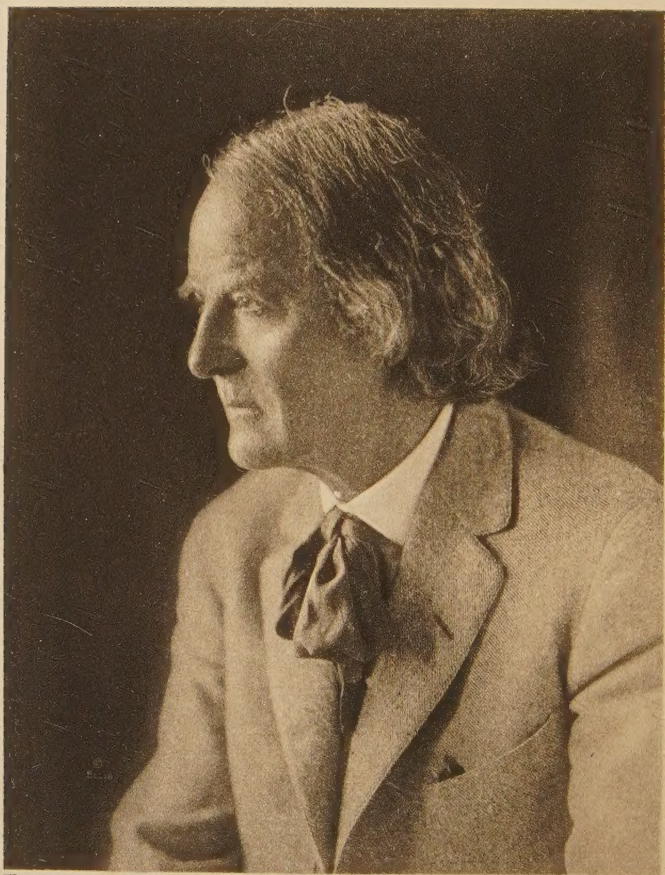
THE  
LIBERATORS  
❧

LIFE WITHOUT INDUSTRY  
IS GUILT, INDUSTRY WITH  
OUT ART IS BRUTALITY



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*The*  
**LIBERATORS**

*Being Adventures*  
*In The*  
**CITY OF FINE MINDS**

*By*  
**ELBERT HUBBARD**



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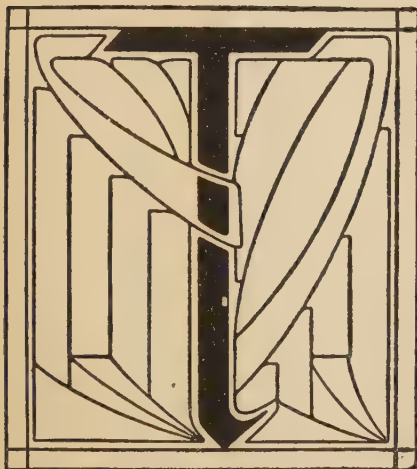
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# Foreword



**W**HAT is good which serves. Man is the important item, this earth is the place, and the time is now. So all good men and women and all churches are endeavoring to make earth and heaven, all agree that to live now and here the best one can, is the fittest preparation for a life to come. We no longer accept the doctrine that our natures are rooted in infamy, and that the desires of the flesh are cunning

traps set by Satan, with God's permission, to undo us. We believe that no one can harm us but ourselves, that sin is misdirected energy, that there is no devil but fear, and that the universe is planned for good. On every side we find beauty and excellence held in the balance of things. We know that work is a blessing, that Winter is as necessary as Summer, that night is as useful as day, that death is a manifestation of life, and just as good. We believe in the Now and Here. We believe in You, and we believe in a Power which is in Ourselves that makes for Righteousness.

These things have not been taught us by the rich—a Superior Class who governed us and to whom we paid taxes and tithes—we have simply thought things out for ourselves, and in spite of them. We have listened to Coleridge, Emerson, Brisbane, Ferguson and others, who said: You should use your reason and separate the good from the bad, the false from the true, the useless from the useful.

*Be yourself and think for yourself: and while your conclusions may not be infallible, they will be nearer right than the conclusions forced upon you by those who have a personal interest in keeping you in ignorance. You grow through exercise of your faculties, and if you do not reason now you will never advance. We are all sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be. Claim your heritage!*

# Michelangelo



IN the campus of the Roycroft Shop is a statue of Michelangelo. The figure is of heroic size, in bronze, and was cast by Gorham and Company, of Providence. The original of this statue was a commission from the United States Government. The result can now be seen in the Congressional Library at Washington. The statue at Roycroft, however, is not a replica of the one in

Washington—it is better than that—it is an evolution from it. Every great masterpiece is an evolution, be it a statue, a poem, a painting—or a man.

Whether Paul Bartlett will ever make a nobler and more subtle *Michelangelo* than this last remains to be seen. As it is, a critic has said of it, as Ruskin said of a painting by Turner, "One can not, by any flight of the imagination, suggest how it could be improved upon."

Here we get a portrait of a sculptor by a sculptor. Michelangelo was the greatest artist the world has ever seen, and there be those who aver, and not without reason, that Paul Bartlett is the greatest of all living sculptors.

I hope that my love and admiration for Paul Bartlett, the man, does not blind me to any possible defects in his art, but it seems to me that, in this Roycroft *Michelangelo*, Bartlett has done a

THE piece of work—inspired work—that will live as one of the world's  
LIBERATORS masterpieces. Michelangelo was a primitive genius. He had no

ancestors, and he left no successors. The art of the world is mostly imitative. Just as our religions are not spontaneous inspirations, but inheritances from the dead, so are our ideals of art and beauty a legacy from the outworn past. And as Michelangelo gave us the greatness and grandeur of Moses, the Liberator, in living marble, so has Paul Bartlett caught the nobility and power of Michelangelo, the Super-Artist, in bronze. No man or woman who has lived and loved, suffered and aspired, hoped and struggled, can look upon Bartlett's *Michelangelo* without being hushed into silence.

The very young, the heedless, the vain, the self-centered, the smug, the calloused, will pass it by. But all those who through toil and pain have entered into citizenship in the Celestial City of Fine Minds will pause and pay this noble and beauteous bronze the tribute of a sigh. Clothed in the garb of labor, his face furrowed and seamed; the nose mutilated by the crashing blow from Torrigiano's hammer; the luster of the eyes dimmed by toil and tears; the pose one of patience, courage and heroic strength—there he stands, chisel in hand, absorbed, proud, erect and defiant.

He seems to be looking at an imaginary statue—an uncompleted statue—perhaps the *Moses*. The sunken cheeks tell of years of yearning and aspiration, but the swelling muscles in the legs and arms, the lean and corded neck, the deep chest, the splendid hands—the big, bony, manly, competent, helpful, honest hands—speak of one from whom time has taken slight toll. Thus has the artist combined for us the effects of age, wisdom, experience, a subtle sense of pensive melancholy, and a persistence that never tires; so also does he give us the feeling of supreme strength and exultant health.



As Moses lived one hundred twenty years, and his natural strength was unabated, so might this man be of a like age. With it all goes the great look of disinterestedness which only bronze or death can typify. On the face of the dead we often see this divine aloofness.

Life carries with it anxiety, pain, desire and apprehension, but the last enemy having been met, ignoble men sometimes suddenly become possessed of great dignity. The craft and greed are gone—their pettiness and peevishness are spent—they ask for nothing.

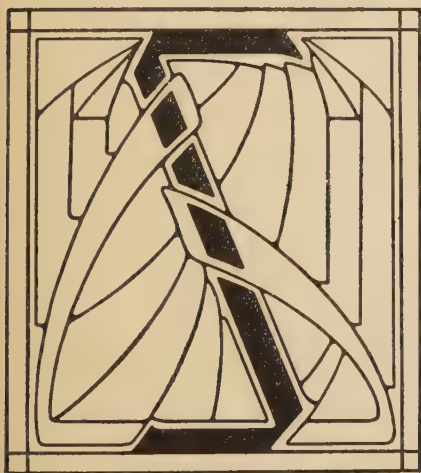
You can neither bribe nor buy them; your flattery falls on ears no longer alert for praise; your approbation or blame alike are vain; the muscles, freed from pain and fear, relax into the suggestion of a smile, and the peace that passeth understanding—the possession of the dead alone—steals over all. No wonder that the voices of the living are hushed into whispers in the awe-compelling presence of the majesty of death.

SO into the bronze that endureth forever Paul Bartlett has graven the majesty of life in death, and hope and love in all, and with the self-sufficiency that comes from having given all, now has won all.

Michelangelo faces the East! The years will pass and be counted into the eternity that lies behind: the breezes of Spring will blow—birds will mate and flowers bloom—Summer will come with scorching sun; Autumn will follow with falling leaves; the snows of Winter will sift and fall; generations will be born, live and die, and be forgotten—but there, riveted to the rock, enonored and mortised in granite, this man will stand oblivious and indifferent to the centuries as they stalk by. He faces the East!

*We grow by doing, not by  
thinking of our thoughts  
and feeling of our feelings.*

# By Rule of Three ുുുുുുുു



OME years ago at College I read, on compulsion, a book on Rhetoric. Reasons were to me then as plentiful as blackberries, and I recollect that on examination my answers given to this, that and the other were so glib and trite, and my thesis so amusing, that I carried off the Prize.

But during the struggle for prizes that have a value as collateral, the Prize and the Rhetoric were forgotten.

Yet Fate decreed it so, and one day last week I met a Harvard youth, whose ambition was Literature, and he was in the grinding turmoil of a Volume. He was studying on compulsion, with intent to work off a Condition, and the book he was reading with such violence was the Rhetoric of my college days. With a flush of pride it came to me that I was a Prizeman, and I offered, out of the goodness of my heart, to tutor the youth, so that after five lessons of an hour each he could grind the Condition to powder. To prove my fitness, the young man put me through a slight quiz, and alas! all of the beautiful truths and facts of the Rhetoric had slipped me, save this alone: "The three requisites in correct writing are Clearness, Force and Elegance."

Every address that Professor Adams Sherman Hill, who wrote the Rhetoric, ever gave began with this formula. Barrett Wendell, Heir-Apparent to his ideas and Chair, does the same:

THE moreover, the Shock-Headed Youth, who occupies the same  
LIBERATORS relation to the professorship that the infant Duke of York does  
to the throne of England, always settles himself in his seat with  
his elbows on the table, coughs gently, and prefaces his lecture  
by saying to the admiring Freshmen, "Gentlemen, the three  
requisites in correct writing are Clearness, Force and Elegance."  
Professor Hill has in one book, by actual count, twenty-seven  
different propositions that he divides into three parts. I have  
forgotten them all save the one just named. This statement I  
never can forget. I hold it with a deathless grasp that defies the  
seasons and sorrows of time, for there are things burned so deep  
into one's soul that the brand can never be removed; and should  
reason abdicate, I'll gibber through the grates of my padded cell  
at each pitying passer-by, "The three requisites in correct  
writing are Clearness, Force and Elegance."

For years I have repeated this fetching formula on every possible  
occasion; and up to this date I have managed to drown the  
rising voice of conscience by the specious plea that a double  
standard of truth is justifiable in the present condition of society.  
In morals I have been a bimetalist. But after reading *On  
Compromise*, by John Morley, I am convinced that this juggling  
with the Eternal Verities is what has kept the race in darkness  
these many cycles; and I now admit the truth which I have long  
withheld, that Professor Hill's three requisites are gross hum-  
buggery. I boldly state that Professor Hill does not know what  
the "Requisites" are; and I am sure that I do not. In fact, I am  
looking for them anxiously; and should I ever find them, I'll do  
as Shakespeare did—keep them to myself. I say further that,  
inasmuch as Professor Hill does not know them, the Heir-App-  
arent and the Shock-Headed Youth in the rush-line for the  
Chair can not possibly be expected to know: so none of us knows.  
Not only is Professor Hill's formula rank error, but it is in direct



opposition to truth. I bundle his crass creed with Doctor Hall's Universal Self-Treatment, Professor Loissette's Scheme of Mnemonics, and the Brown-Sequard Recipe for Perpetual Youth. ¶ Professor Hill, with the help of his students, has compiled three books on Rhetoric; Barrett Wendell has published two. Students at Harvard are expected to buy these books. There are three thousand students at Harvard. These various books are practically one, for they all teach that "a parenthetical remark must be enclosed in parentheses, dashes or commas," and that "every sentence should have at least one verb." These things are explained to men who have had ten years of solid schooling in order to fit them for college. Professor Hill recommends Harvard students to buy "that well-written work on Composition by Barrett Wendell," and Mr. Wendell modestly says, on page eight, line eighteen, of his biggest well-written work, "Professor Hill's books are the most sensible treatment of the art of composition that I have yet found in print." The last three chapters in Mr. Wendell's well-written work bear the following startling titles, respectively: *Clearness*, *Force* and *Elegance*. Harvard Freshmen know Trigonometry, Physics and "one language besides English," and various other things, but it is left for Professor Hill to sell them a book which explains that "a sentence may end either with a period, an interrogation-point or an exclamation-mark!" Do you say that the public-school system is to blame for such a condition? My answer is that, if Harvard required her students to know the simple rules of Rhetoric before being admitted to the University, it would be done.

Mr. Hill fills the Boylston Professorship of Literature and Oratory at Harvard University, but with all the many thousand students who have been under his care he has probably never given impulse to a single orator, nor materially assisted one man

THE LIBERATORS with literary ambition. The reason is that he is teaching things that should have been known to his pupils years before. There is a time to teach things as well as a way. Instead of arousing animation Professor Hill reduces it. So sympathy is made a weakling and imagination rendered wingless. I have examined many compositions written by Harvard students, and they average up about like the epistles of little girls who write letters to Santa Claus. The students are all right—fine, intelligent, young fellows—but the conditions under which they work are such that they are robbed of all spontaneity when they attempt to express themselves. Of course, I know that a few Harvard men have succeeded in Oratory and in Literature, for there are those so strong that even Cambridge can not kill their personality, nor a Professor reduce to neutral salts their native vim. The rules of Rhetoric should be taught to adolescence; then when the boy goes to college he has tools with which to work. “When did you learn your letters?” I asked a six-year-old youngster yesterday. “I allus know’d ’em,” was the reply. And the answer was wise, for the kindergarten methods teach the child to read, and he never knows when or how he acquired the knowledge. As a healthy man does not know he has a stomach, so he should write without knowing a single so-called rule. And as the Froebel methods are fast making their way in all departments of learning I expect this will soon be so. But the colleges lag behind, and Harvard (very busy fighting “Co-Ed—”) still tries to make statues by clapping the material on the outside. Professor Hill knows the futility of his methods, for in his last work he puts in several disclaimers to the effect that he “does not undertake to supply men with ideas.” That confession of weakness is pitiful. Professor Hill should surround his students with an atmosphere that makes thought possible. By liberating the imagination of his pupils, ideas would come to them. But as

fire will not burn without oxygen, so thought can not exist in the presence of Barrett Wendell. Both he and his Superior are strong in way of supplying cold storage—that's all.

In lecturing on Literature and Oratory these men sit at a desk. And often, becoming weary, they sprawl over the table like a devilfish seeking its prey. This, I believe, is the usual Cambridge method. But there is one exception to this rule at Harvard, and that is Professor Kittredge, who, being nervous and therefore unable to sit still, paces the platform and shoots the lecture over his shoulder. When a student is called on to recite, Professor Kittredge often opens a box of withering sarcasm that acts like chlorine-gas on the poor fellow who is trying to recite. But it makes the rest of the class grin like death's-heads. Harvard knows no general plan, for cultivating the imagination, inciting animation, or furthering ambition. All is suppression, fear; and this repression often finds vent in rowdyism outside of Harvard Yard. The seven youths who under Professor Hill mark the themes hunt only for errors and lapses. The tendency of this negation is intellectual torpor and spiritual death. If any one should ask Barrett Wendell what he thought of the Herbartian idea of developing the God within, the Assistant Professor would first calmly light a cigarette, and after blowing the smoke through his nose, would fix on his presumptuous interlocutor an Antarctic stare that would freeze him stiff.

AND let me say right here that toward Harvard's teachers I bear no malice. In showing Professor Hill's books to be puerile and profitless, and in depositing the Heir-Apparent in the rag-bag of oblivion, I have no sinister motive. And if from this time forward their names are a byword and a hissing, it is only because the Institution which they serve has stood in the way of Eternal Truth. These professors of rhetoric prospecting on the mountain-side, thinking they had found the Final Word,

THE built tabernacles and rested—all forgetful of the avalanche.  
LIBERATORS “Clearness” is never found in literature of the first class.

☞ Clearness, according to the Professor, means a simplicity that makes the meaning plain to all others. But this is only pabulum for the sophomore intellect; and outside of Bryant and Stratton’s it has no legitimate place. The great writer is only clear to himself or those as great as he.

The masterpieces of Art are all cloud-capped. Few men indeed ever reach the summit; we watch them as they ascend and we lose them in the mists as they climb; sometimes they never come back to us, and even if they do, having been on the Mount of Transfiguration, they are no longer ours.

In all great literature there is this large, airy, impersonal independence. The Mountain does not go to you; you may famish out there on the arid plain and your bones whiten amid the alkali in the glistening sun, but the majestic Mountain looks on imperturbable. The valleys are there, with the rich verdure, and the running brooks where the trout frolic, and the cool springs where wild game gathers, but what cares the Mountain for you! Ecclesiastes offers no premiums to readers, Shakespeare makes no appeal to club raisers, Emerson puts forth no hot endeavor for a million subscribers—all these can do without you. Rich lodes run through this Mountain, and we continually delve and toil for treasure. And in spite of the pain and isolation and the privation that is incident, and the dangerous crevices that lie in wait, we secure a reward for our labor. Still we do not find the fabled “pockets” that we seek—it is always something else. From Columbus searching for a Northwest Passage to the rustic swain who follows with such fidelity the wake of a petticoat, all are the sport of Fate. We achieve, but die in ignorance of the extent to which we have benefited the Race. And like the man who rode the hobby all his life, and whose friends discov-

ered after he was dead that it was a real horse and had carried the man many long miles, so are we carried on steeds that are guided by an Unseen Hand.

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**A**LL sublime Art is symbolic! What is the message the great violinist brings you? Ah, you can not impart it! Each must hear it for himself. The note that is "clear" to all is not Art. When Charles Lamb pointed to the row of ledgers in the office of the East India Company and said, "There are my works," he was only joking; for he afterward explained that ledgers, indexes, catalogs, directories, almanacs, reports and briefs are not literature at all. These things inspire no poems; they give no glow.

The province of Art is not to present a specific message, but to impart a feeling. If we go home from the Lyceum hushed, treading on air, we have heard Oratory, even though we can not recall a single sentence; and if we read a poem that brings the unbidden tears and makes the room seem a sacred chancel, we have read Literature. The Master has imparted to our spirits a tithe of his own sublimity of soul. For the good old ladies who prick the Bible for a message I have a profound sympathy: the Sacred Page fits man's every mood, and this is why it is immortal. That which is clear is ephemeral. Symbolism requires interpreters, and lo! colleges spring up with no other intent than to train men to explain a Book; for the Saviors of the world all speak in parables. They see the significance of Things and voice a various language. The interpreter makes the symbolist immortal, and the symbolist makes the fame of the interpreter. If Turner had been "clear," Ruskin might still be Assistant Professor. All Holy Writ from Moses to Whitman is mystical. The writer has breathed into its nostrils the breath of life, that impalpable, elusive Something which we forever seek and which forever escapes us. Of course I would not have a writer endeavor to be





mystical—this would be positively base; but I would have each man who feels that he has something to say express himself in his own way, without let, hindrance or injunction from sundry writers on Rhetoric who having never produced anything to speak of themselves, yet are quite willing for jingling coin to show others how it is done.

WHAT do you do when you are preaching and can't think of anything to say?" asked a Fledgling of his pastor. ¶ "I just holler," was the answer of the experienced Exhorter. With half a million preachers in the United States, with families to keep on an average salary of five hundred dollars, I do not blame them for "hollerin'"; neither do I censure editors who have to fill three columns each day if they often "holler." As an economist I might advise a man to "holler" occasionally, as a healthful exercise, but as a lover of literature I can not conscientiously do so.

I HAVE a clerical friend who, being much before the public, is often called upon unexpectedly to reduce moral calculi. Being a man of force, and not a man of power, he never says, "I do not know," but always boldly faces the problem after this manner: "My friends, this subject naturally divides itself under three heads: firstly—" Here he states some general commonplace for the first head, and casts about in his mind for the other two; having secured them, he launches forth with much emphasis on some other theme and carries all before him. His swashing and martial manner makes him everywhere a great success; he is considered one of the most powerful men in his denomination.

I am fully convinced that a painstaking show of system is one of the first essentials in making a favorable impression. We are like the Hebrew salesman who called on a firm that occupied a sixth floor and who, on starting to show his samples, was

promptly kicked downstairs; having arrived at the first landing a second man took him in hand and kicked him one flight farther; this was continued until his battered form reached the sidewalk, when he picked himself up and admiringly exclaimed, "Mein Gott! vot a system!" So when a rhetorician flashes his "heads" and "divisions" and syllogisms and analyses and figures (that do not lie) upon us, we are so lost in bedazzled admiration that we can only lift up our hands and say, "My God! what a system!"

Good work never comes from the effort to be "clear" or "forceful" or "elegant." Clear to whom, forsooth? And as for force, it has no more place in letters than has speed. Power in Art there surely is, but power is quite a different thing from force. Power is that quality by which change is wrought; it means potentiality, potency. The artist uses only a fraction of his power, and works his changes by the powder he never explodes; while force means movement, action, exertion, violence, compulsion.

LITERATURE is largely the result of feeling. The "hustler" is a man of force; very, very seldom is he a man of power; still rarer is it that he is a man of feeling. The very idea of force precludes tender sensibility and delicate emotion. If I should write on a scrap of paper, "Hate is death, but love is life," and drop the slip in the street, there might be power in the words, but surely there is no force.

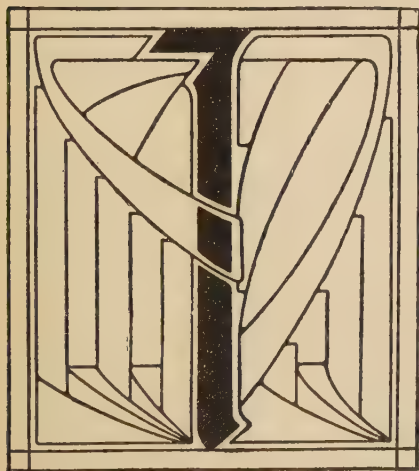
And as for elegance, let him who attempts it leave all hope behind; he is already damned. The elegance of an act must spring unconsciously from the gracious soul within. There is no formula. In letters, "clearness" should be left to the maker of directories, "force" to the auctioneer, and "elegance" to the young man who presides at the button-counter. Were I an instructor in a Commercial College, I might advise that in

THE business correspondence there should be clearness and force and  
LIBERATORS elegance; but if I were a Professor of Literature and Oratory, I  
would not smother inspiration in a formula. I would say, cultivate the heart and intellect, and allow Nature to do the rest. For while it is still a mooted question whether a man's offspring after the flesh are heirs to his mental and spiritual qualities, it is very sure that the children of his brain are partakers in whatsoever virtue his soul possesses.

The teacher who teaches best is not he who insists on our memorizing rules, but he who produces in the pupil a pleasurable animation and the desire for human betterment. We learn only in times of joy and in times of grief. The teacher who can give his pupils pleasure in their work shall be crowned with laurel, but grief—grief is the unwelcome gift of the gods alone!

Let the writer have a clear conception and then express it so it is at the moment clear to his Other Self—that Self that looks on over the shoulder of every man, endorsing or censuring his every act and thought and deed. The highest reward of good work consists in the approbation of this Other Self, and in that alone; even though the world flouts it all, you have not failed. "I know what pleasure is," said Stevenson, "for I have done good work."

# Ol' John Burroughs ㊦㊦㊦㊦㊦㊦



It is seven o'clock in the morning. I am writing this at Slab-Sides, and out through the climbing Morning-Glories, upon which the dew yet sparkles I see Old John Burroughs working intently in the garden. He is hatless and coatless, and his tumbled snow-white hair and beard, from this distance, seem like an aureole as he leans over at his work. The sun, peeping over the mountain-top,

seems to caress him. Its rays fall upon him like a benediction. He is the center of the picture; all around him is the green-growing celery; and outside of this little valley, fenced in by Nature's forest, rise the hills, emerald at the base, growing purple at the top—crowned with white mist—with here and there fierce jutting gray crags, as though to show by antithesis that this scene of sweet peace has not always been.

Old John Burroughs! Why do we call you "Old?" Not because you are sixty-six, come Michaelmas—bless me! no. Yours is the heart of youth. You never were so in love with life. Your ruddy face is bronzed by the kiss of the breeze; your eyes twinkle with merriment or fill with tender sympathy; you have the "flat back" that George Eliot tells about, in *Adam Bede*, and your every attribute and gesture speaks of expectant youth and God's great, generous, free Out-of-Doors. The only sign of age

THE I see upon you is your whitened hair. We call you "Old" as a  
LIBERATORS mark of endearment—it is the tender diminutive. We remember

❧ Browning's lines:

"Grow old along with me,  
The best is yet to be,  
The last of life,  
For which the first was made."

And we are mindful, too, that the passing years have brought you rich gifts—"Being old, I shall know!" And so when we speak of you as "Old John," we do it with lowered voice, full of reverence, mellow with love, and ripe with respect for a life well lived. Old John has left me here to do the dishes and tidy up the cabin. I saw he wanted to go to work in the garden, so I suggested a division of labor. He protested a little—he always wants to do all the unpleasant tasks himself—but finally consented, and went away with a smile which said, "Go ahead, now—we'll see what kind of a housekeeper you are!" And he *will* see. I am writing at his table, with a pen made from an eagle's feather which we found up on the mountain-side yesterday. This pad is his, too—and mine, for he said everything here is mine; and it was no orientalism, either. What will he say when he comes in and finds the work not done? I promised to join him at the celery in an hour. I think I'll just carry the dishes out and place them on the rocks in the little stream; dishwashing is a waste of time. And as for disorder, what could be worse than this table? But then, Starr King had a great lecture on the *Laws of Disorder*. I really wonder if there can be a law that regulates confusion! Montaigne said, "Nature is a sloven;" still she seems to arrive. Perhaps what we call disorder is really system, at the last. I have no doubt that Old John knows every blessed thing on this table and where to put his hand on anything in the cabin, even in the dark. Some girls came over here





from Vassar, once, Old John told me, and undertook the task of cleaning up the place in the owner's absence. They put things away so effectually that it was a month before he really began to feel at home. I think I will just place the dishes in the stream, and respect the Laws of Disorder—it would be a shame to make a dear old man feel strange in his own house! It is amazing what a lot of things are in this cabin—birds' nests, birds' eggs, feathers, fungi, curious crooked sticks, and I believe to goodness that all the books are meant for is to press flowers!

I wonder if Old John ever answers his correspondence! Here is a pile of letters unopened—surely they have been here a month or more. From these different pads of paper, partially filled, it is evident that he has half a dozen subjects in hand currently; and when he writes he takes up the topic his mood prompts. This pile of notes under the flat stone must have been accumulating a long while—he is always making notes. The eagle's feather we found yesterday suggested a thought, and he said to me, "That eagle molted the feather because he is growing a better one." He might have gone on and explained that life consists in molting one's illusions; and that we form creeds only to throw them away tomorrow; and that the wise man is ready to relinquish everything and anything, confident that something better is in store—but he did n't explain or moralize. We walked four miles or more, "injun file," without a word. Then he turned to me and said, "I like you—we understand each other—we can be silent together."

Clearly this habit of writing down his thoughts, as they come in the passing of the quiet hours, has long been a fixed one with John Burroughs. He makes memoranda on backs of envelopes, margins of newspapers, or on birch bark; and on the walls of Slab-Sides are various jottings in hieroglyph. Evidently it is all a good deal like the work of the magpie that hides things away and



THE forgets where they are. But then John Burroughs does n't care  
LIBERATORS where they are, and I suppose the magpie does not, either; only  
❧ John has the thought hidden away in his brain-cells, and when  
the time is ripe it comes forth, just as a bee is born out of its  
sealed-up cell.

I told John that old story about Emerson getting up in the night  
and groping for matches, knocking down the family What-not.  
“Are you ill, Waldo?” called his wife in piccolo accents. “No,  
my dear,” answered the author of *Self-Reliance*, “no, my dear  
—only an idea!” John laughed as if he had never heard the  
story before, and then he explained in half-apology that he him-  
self makes notes of ideas only in the daytime—he values sleep  
(and What-nots) too much to think of writing at night. His face  
shows that—he sleeps like a boy, and eats like a hired man. His  
broad, brown hands are without a particle of tremor, and his  
strongly corded neck tells of manly abstinence and of passion  
that was never in the saddle.

Appetite has never got the better of this man, galloping him to  
the grave. He has not wooed the means of debility and disease,  
and put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains. For  
himself, John Burroughs has no use for tobacco or stimulants;  
and so you find him turning into the last lap of the threescore  
and ten with breath sweet as a baby's, muscles that do the  
bidding of his brain, and nerves that never go on a strike. Yet  
he has been a man of strong passions and appetites. In stature  
he is rather small, but the way he carries the crown of his head  
and his chin reveals the well-sexed man. He is a natural lover.  
How do I know? Well, any man is a lover who writes well.  
Literature is a matter of passion. All art is a secondary sexual  
manifestation, just as is the song of the birds, their gay and  
gaudy plumage, the color and perfume of flowers. It is love  
writes all true poems, paints all pictures, sings all songs.

This man is a lover. Yet I know nothing of his private history, THE  
neither do I want to. He never told me "the sad story of his LIBERATORS  
life"—only weaklings have the confessional habit—neither ❧  
does he explain or apologize. His life is its own excuse for being.

The man himself is explanation enough; every man is to a great degree the product of what has gone before—he is a sequence. And more than that man is a tablet upon which is written his every word, and thought, and deed. He is the Record of himself. The Record is the Man, and the Man is the Record. It will be easy to reckon accounts at the Last Great Day. The Judge will only have to unfold the heart and look: all is graven there—nothing was ever hidden nor can it be. God is not mocked.

¶ This man will say to his Maker, "See, thus was I—my claim is only this!" And the chief gem in his diadem shall be a great, sublime and all-enfolding love. Why do I say this? I say it because the truth is this: No man ever reached the spiritual heights that this man has attained save through the love of One. From this love of One, his love radiates to all—he becomes Universal.

Men who have not tasted the Divine Passion belong to a sect, a society, a city, a country. They work for their own little church, hurrah for their own society, canvass for their pee-wee party, fight for their own country. They can not love virtue without hating vice. If they regard America they detest England. They are like Orange John at Harvard, whose loyalty to Cambridge found vent in the cry, "T' 'ell wi' Yale!"—a sentiment to which even yet most Harvard men inwardly respond.

**J**OHAN BURROUGHS is the most Universal man I can name at the present moment. He is a piece of Elemental Nature. He has no hate, no whim, no prejudice. He believes in the rich, the poor, the learned, the ignorant. He believes in the wrongdoer, the fallen, the sick, the weak and the defenseless. He loves

THE children, animals, birds, insects, trees and flowers. He is one who  
LIBERATORS is afraid of no man, and of whom no man is afraid. He puts you  
at your ease—you could not be abashed before him. In his  
presence there is no temptation to deceive, to overstate, to understate—to be anything different from what you are. You could confess to this man—reveal your soul and tell the worst; and his only answer would be, “Yes, yes; I know; I know!” And tears of sympathy and love and compassion would dim his heaven-blue eyes.

YET when I alighted from a West Shore train, I got off alone, and he was the only man at the railroad-station. No faces peered from the windows as he stood there leaning against the building; no one came out upon the platform to see him; the trainmen did not call out, “This is the home of John Burroughs!” Neither conductor, brakeman, baggageman, nor mail-agent glanced toward the simple old farmer standing there, meditatively chewing a straw. The fireman, however, knew him, for he dropped his shovel, and leaning out of the cab, waved a salute, which was returned as comrade greets comrade.

John Burroughs was in no hurry to rush forward and greet me—he is the only man that I ever knew who is never in a hurry about anything. He has all the time there is. We met as if we had parted yesterday. I looked down the long line of the train, and hoped the fireman would swing off, too, and let the engineer take his old train, alone, down the two streaks of rust to Weehawken; but the fresh smoke was streaming forth from the stack, and I knew that the fireman was at his post. I was quite disappointed. He could have washed his grimy face and hands in the creek yonder, and we could all have dinner together—I quite liked the fellow! He might have gone with us, and eaten a dinner cooked by the man who has made one acre of waste ground

produce, each year, a thousand dollars' worth of celery, where there was no celery before. I quite liked the fellow!

THE  
LIBERATORS

THERE! I've been sitting at this table an hour. Old John is standing up, looking this way—he thinks it is time his visitor should materialize and do a little honest work. Now he is walking over towards a stump where hangs his vest, with his watch in the pocket, a watch of the Cap'n Cuttle pattern—he is going to see what time it is. I think I'll just let the dishes go, and when Old John comes in, I'll get him to talking about the time when he and Walt Whitman lived together in Washington; and then we will have dinner and he will not notice that the dishes are not washed. After dinner I'll fix 'em up—it is really a waste of time to wash dishes! Under my hand is a letter headed, "Emerson College of Oratory!" They are an ambitious lot—those E. C. O. girls! This one says she recites, "Serene I fold my hands and wait!" She wants the author to be so kind as to please write it out for her in manuscript. The Poet has evidently started to comply, for here is the first stanza and two lines of the second. Evidently he could n't think of the rest and is waiting until he finds the book. That is a great poem, though!—the E. C. O. girl is right. It was written forty-three years ago—that's all—in Washington, when the author was twenty-three years old. He read it to Walt Whitman the morning after he wrote it, and Walt said it was not nearly so bad as it might be. "Is it so, John?" I asked him the other day.

"Is what so?" he answered. "Why, that mine own shall come to me?"

"Yes, if you hustle. Every truth is only a half-truth—how about your own masterpiece, 'Carrying the Lettuce to Gomez'?"

"That is all truth!" I answered; "I wrote it."

"Is it truth, though? Why, it is about like that tramp you took

THE when you walked the length of Ireland, and rode most of the  
LIBERATORS way in a jaunting-car." ¶ I rather hastily changed the subject,  
and began to talk about boys.

JOHN BURROUGHS has written delightfully of boys and told how they live in a world of their own, oblivious absolutely of the interests of grown-ups. He is a good deal of a boy himself; he has the eager, receptive mental attitude. He is full of hope and is ever expecting to see something beautiful—something curious. Each day for him is a New Day, and he goes out in the morning and looks up at the clouds and scans the distant hills; and as he walks he watches for new things, or old things that may appear in a new light. This habit of expectancy always marks the strong man. It is a form of attraction—our own comes to us because we desire it; we find what we expect to find, and we receive what we ask for. All life is a prayer—strong natures pray most—and every earnest, sincere prayer is answered. Old John Burroughs' life is a prayer for beauty. He looks for beauty and goodness, and lo! these things are added unto him.

JOHN BURROUGHS and Walt Whitman were friends and comrades in Washington during the War. Both were clerks in the Treasury Department; and when Walt lost his job because a certain man did n't appreciate *Leaves of Grass*, John offered Walt a home and half of his pay until he should find another place. John did n't tell me this, but I know it is so. Walt Whitman did n't waste his money—he was not dissipated—but he had a bad habit of giving dollar-bills away to people whom he thought less fortunate than he; so the natural result was he seldom had many dollar-bills himself. Many people have criticized Whitman because he did not enlist and help fight his country's battles, instead of contenting himself with the rather womanish task of nursing the wounded. Whitman was a brave man, and he did not enlist, simply because he had a supreme





horror of war. That is, he loved the men on both sides and loved them equally well. This being true, his soul revolted at thought of leveling a gun at a brother, and then shooting when ordered to. Whitman did n't think it was necessary for men to kill other men; and he further thought that to abrogate your will and kill a man on another man's order was quite as bad as to kill a man of your own volition. The proposition of transferring conscience to an intangible thing called Government was quite as absurd to him as transferring your reasoning powers to a something called a Church—a man should be a Man. He did n't believe in a man abandoning his own freewill, as a soldier must. A soldier is a slave—he does what he is told to do—everything is provided for him—his head is a superfluity. He is only a stick used by men to strike other men; and he is often tossed to hell without a second thought.

The people soldiers kill are never any worse than they themselves—and very often are better. The Confederate soldiers were just as patriotic, just as sincere, just as brave, just as intelligent as were the Northern troops—everybody admits that now. For a Northern farmer who raised corn, to go down South and kill a farmer who raised cotton, was monstrous and absurd to Walt Whitman. And he thought that the man who killed another man was just as unfortunate as the man who got killed.

There is no such thing as success in a bad business—killing men is a bad business. To kill another man means damnation for yourself—the man who kills another *does* kill himself. Walt Whitman looked upon every man as a part of himself, and the sincere conviction of his life was that to injure another is to injure yourself, while to help another is to help yourself.

WHITMAN had a profound regard for Lincoln, and one of his best and closest friends was Peter Doyle, the street-car driver and Confederate soldier. Walt did n't blame Peter for



THE going to war—Walt did n't blame anybody for anything. And  
LIBERATORS he loved Lincoln for what he was and for the masterly way in  
which he did his work, as you will see by reading *Captain, My  
Captain*, or that elegy unsurpassed, *When Lilacs Last in the  
Dooryard Bloomed*. Walt was quite willing to let every man go  
ahead and do the thing he wanted to do, until he got his fill of it  
and found it wrong—or right. Now doubtless there be small men  
who pop up and ask in orotund, "What would ha' become of  
this country in Eighteen Hundred Sixty if everybody in it had  
been like Walt Whitman and John Burroughs?" And the answer  
is, that if everybody in this country had been like Walt Whitman  
and John Burroughs, there would have been no issue, and there-  
fore no war.

THAT old Silver-Top out there in the celery has done more  
than any other living man to inaugurate the love of the  
Out-of-Doors that is now manifesting itself as a Nature Renais-  
sance. Within twenty years a silent revolution has been worked  
out in favor of country life; and this new sympathy with our  
mute brothers, the animals, has come along as a natural result.  
A man down near Poughkeepsie said to me, "I believe John  
Burroughs has influenced everybody for twenty miles around  
here in favor of not killing birds and things."

And I answered, "Sir, John Burroughs has influenced the  
entire civilized world against killing things." The seed which  
Thoreau planted, Burroughs has watered and tended. Yet as a  
writer he is just as virile—just as original—as Thoreau, and,  
unlike Thoreau, he has no antagonisms. He has made the  
fragmentary philosophy of Whitman a practical working gospel,  
and prepared the way for Bolles, Thompson Seton, VanDyke,  
Skinner, and a hundred other strong writers; and for all that  
army of boys and girls and men and women who now hunt the  
woods with camera instead of gun; or my dear old father, who

prospects with a spade in search of ginseng, sarsaparilla, arrow-heads and "relics." ¶ Just a straw to show how the wind has veered: In Eighteen Hundred Eighty-nine a bill was introduced in the New York State Assembly to prohibit the hunting of deer with hounds. The bill met with a fierce opposition and was only passed, by a bare majority, after considerable delay and a determined fight. In the Winter of Nineteen Hundred another bill was gently and diplomatically presented, amending the first bill so as to make an exception in favor of one county. This county is in the Adirondack region, and is owned mostly by one man, who uses the land as a game-preserve for himself and his friends. This man wanted the legal privilege of hunting deer with dogs—"for only a few days in the year," he explained half-apologetically.

Did the people of New York grant the gentleman's request? Most certainly they did not.

The bare mention in the newspapers that such a petition had been presented caused every Senator and Assemblyman to be swamped with letters of protest. The bill was hissed out of court. It was as if some one had asked the privilege of hunting men with dogs—we would have none of it. From what one Assemblyman in Eighteen Hundred Ninety-nine called "a mere freakish bit of maudlin sentimentalism of a few unknown cranks," to a fixed fact of public opinion in Nineteen Hundred—that is the way we have grown! And for this momentous and far-reaching change in public opinion, let the credit be given to John Burroughs, more than to any other man.

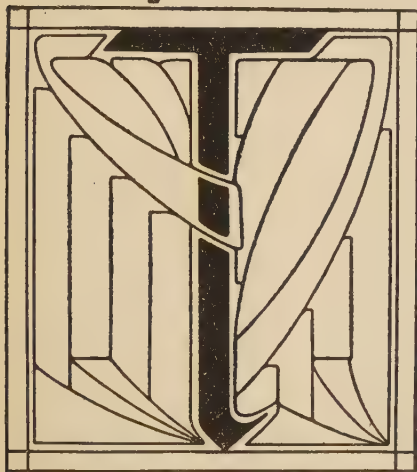
Well, well, it is nine o'clock—the sun is getting clear above the hilltop. Old John will surely think that all my talk about the "Tolstoy Act" is pure preachy-preachment, and that I live my strenuous life by proxy.

Oho! I hear voices, women's voices—along the winding pathway.

THE Through the trees, three girls are approaching—Vassar girls, for  
LIBERATORS sure, on pious pilgrimage bent. They are heading for the cabin—  
I 'll just tell them they can not see the Prophet until they wash  
the dishes and make this shack all neat and tidy. There! that  
lets me out. Now for the celery!

*Requisites for an all-round  
education are: Ambition,  
Aspiration, Application,  
Respiration, Perspiration.*

# Friday Afternoon ୧୧୧୧୧୧୧୧



HOSE were splendid days, and tinged with no trace of blue, when I attended the deestrick school wearing trousers buttoned to a calico waist. I had ambitions then—I was sure that some day I could spell down the school, propound a problem in fractions that would puzzle the teacher, and play checkers in a way that would cause my name to be known throughout three townships. In the midst of

these pleasant emotions a cloud appeared on the horizon of my happiness.

What was it? A Friday Afternoon, that's all. A new teacher had been engaged—a woman, actually a young woman. It was prophesied that she could not keep order a single day; for the term before, the big boys had once arisen and put the man who taught out of the building. Then there was a boy who occasionally brought a dog to school; and when the bell rang, the dog followed the boy into the room and lay under the desk pounding his tail on the floor, and everybody tittered and giggled until the boy had been coaxed into taking the dog home, for if merely left in the entry the dog howled and whined in a way that made study impossible. But one day the boy was not to be coaxed, and the teacher grabbed that dog by the back of the neck and flung him through a window so forcibly that he never came back.

¶ And now a woman was to teach the school! She was only a little woman, and yet the boys minded her, and I had come to think that a woman could teach school nearly as well as a man, when the awful announcement was made that thereafter every week we were to have a Friday Afternoon.



There were to be no lessons: everybody was to speak a piece, and then there was to be a spelling-match, and that was all. But heavens! it was enough. Monday began very blue and gloomy, and the density increased as the week passed. My mother had drilled me well in my lines, and my big sister was lavish in her praise, but the awful ordeal of standing up before the whole school was yet to come. Thursday night I slept but little, and all Friday morning I was in a burning fever. At noon I could not eat my lunch, but I tried to, manfully. and as I munched on the tasteless morsels, salt tears rained on the johnnycake I held in my hand. And even when the girls brought in big bunches of wild flowers and cornstalks and began to decorate the platform, things appeared no brighter. Finally the teacher went to the door and rang the bell: nobody seemed to care to play, and as the scholars took their seats some (very pale) tried to smile, and others whispered, "Have you got your piece?" Still others kept their lips working, repeating lines that struggled hard to flee, like the owners of certain seats that yawned vacantly. Names were called, but I did not see who went up, neither did I hear what was said.

At last my name was called; it came like a clap of thunder—as a great surprise, a shock. I clutched the desk, struggled to my feet, passed down the aisle, the sound of my shoes echoing through the silence like the strokes of a maul. The blood seemed ready to burst from my eyes and ears. I reached the platform, missed my footing, stumbled and nearly fell. I heard the giggling that followed, and knew that a red-haired boy, who had just

spoken and was therefore unnecessarily jubilant, had laughed THE  
aloud. I was angry. I shut my fists so the nails cut my flesh and LIBERATORS  
glaring straight at his red head shot my bolt: "I know not how  
others may feel, but sink or swim, survive or perish, I give my  
heart and hand to this vote. It is my living sentiment and by  
the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment—Independence now and Independence forever!"

That was all of the piece—I gave the whole thing in a mouthful and started for my seat, got halfway there and remembered I had forgotten to bow, turned, went back to the platform, bowed with a jerk, started again for my seat and hearing someone behind me laugh, ran. On reaching the seat I burst into tears. The teacher came over, patted my head, kissed my cheek and told me I had really done first-rate, and after hearing several others speak I calmed down and quite agreed with her.

IT was Daniel Webster that caused the Friday Afternoon to become an institution in the schools of America. His early struggles were dwelt upon and rehearsed by parents and pedagogues until every boy was looked upon as a possible Demosthenes holding Senates in thrall. If physical imperfections were noticeable, the fond mother would explain that Demosthenes was a sickly, ill-formed youth who only overcame a lisp by orating to the sea with his mouth full of pebbles. And every one knew that Webster was educated only because he was too weak to work. Oratory was in the air: elocution was rampant: and to declaim in orotund and gesticulate in curves was regarded as the chief end of man. One-tenth of the time in all public schools was given up to speakin', and Saturday evenings the school-house was sacred to the Debating Society.

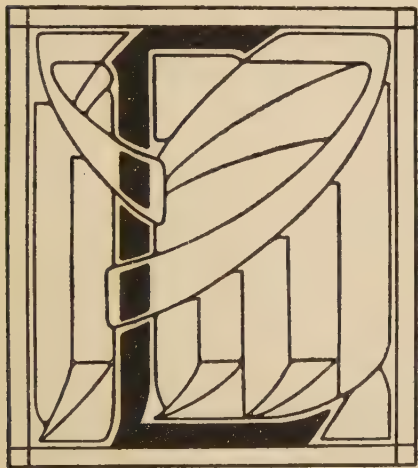
Then came the Lyceum, and the orators of the land made pilgrimages, stopping one day in a place, putting themselves on exhibition and giving the people a taste of their quality at



THE fifty cents a head. Recently, there has been a slight relapse of  
LIBERATORS this oratorical eczema. Every city from Leadville to Boston has  
its College of Oratory or School of Expression, wherein a newly  
discovered "natural method" is divulged for a consideration.  
Some of these Colleges have done much good; one in particular  
I know that fosters a fine spirit of sympathy and a trace of  
mysticism that is well in these hurrying, scurrying days. Then  
there is a Professor in Chicago who advertises "The Art of  
Oratory taught in ten lessons—five dollars."

Once upon a day, Sir Walter Besant was to give a lecture  
entitled, *The Art of the Novelist*. He had just adjusted his necktie  
for the last time, slipped a lozenge in his mouth, and was about  
to appear on the platform, when he felt a pull on the tail of his  
dress-coat. On looking around he saw the white, anxious face of  
his friend James Payn. "For God's sake! Walter," whispered  
Payn, "you are not going to explain to 'em how you do it, are  
you?" But Walter did not explain how to write fiction, for the  
simple reason that he could not, and Payn's quizzing question  
happily relieved the lecture of the bumptiousness that it might  
otherwise have contained.

# The Ex-Libris Collector



IFE in this world is a collecting, and all the men and women in it are collectors. The only question is, what will you collect? Most men are intent on collecting dollars. Their waking hours are taken up with inventing plans, methods and schemes whereby they may secure dollars from other men. To gather as many dollars as possible and to give out as few is the desideratum.

But when you collect one thing you always incidentally collect others. The fisherman who casts his net for shad always secures a few other fish and once in a while a turtle, which enlarges the mesh to suit and gives sweet liberty to the shad. To focus exclusively on dollars is to secure jealousy, fear, vanity, and a vaulting ambition that may claw its way through the mesh and let your dollars slip into the yeasty deep.

Ragged Haggard collects bacteria; while the fashionable young men of the day, with a few exceptions, are collecting headaches, regrets, weak nerves, tremens, paresis—death. Of course, we shall all die (I'll admit that), and further, we may be a long time dead (I'll admit that), and further we may be going through the world for the last time—as to that I do not know—but while we are here it seems the part of reason to devote our energies to that which brings as few heart-pangs to ourselves and others as

THE possible. We are here, and some day we must go, and surely we  
LIBERATORS should like to depart gracefully.

Now, I do not know exactly why men collect bookplates. But I think I have traced out a very little of the psychology of collecting. And first I would call your attention to the fact that no one ever went off, secretly and by stealth, and collected bookplates, as a miser hoards and gloats over his gold. The collector's cast of mind is totally different from that of the miser. The miser loves the gold for its own sake—the collector loves a bookplate for what it suggests. In other words, he does not love a bookplate at all. He may think he does, but he does n't; he holds it in solution, and when the time is ripe he sheds it as a snake sheds its skin; whereas the miser hoards till he dies, and dying, clutches. Witness, if you please, James Fraser Gluck collecting autographs and such trifles industriously and intensely for years, paying out thousands of dollars, and then one fine day presenting the whole collection to the Buffalo Library. And this while he was a young man. Dozens of such cases could be cited to prove that the mania sits lightly, and like the whole material world is of small account to the man who can get off at a distance and take a good look at it.

No collector ever evolved the craze alone; he is exposed and catches it. When you see one man collecting, around the corner you'll find another. The psychic basis of collecting is human sympathy, and not a mere lust for possession. You collect because some one you admire collects, although I do not ask you to confess this before men. You exchange plates and at the same time you exchange courtesy, kindness, and mutual good-will. Having the bookplate of a collector you are pledged to that man by a tie which is very gentle, yet very strong. He does not dictate to you, nor rob you of your time, nor intrude his personality upon you, but from out of the unseen now and again comes

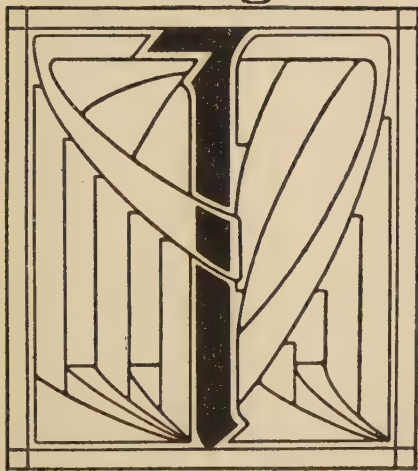
a cheery message (and a bookplate), and you send back good-cheer and kindly greetings—and a bookplate, for some one has sent you duplicates. And thus the circle grows until all 'round the world you count your friends and brothers, held together by the mystic bond which binds men who love the same things and are engaged in like pursuits. Then beyond this you are linked to the past by the plates you own of men now dust, and you know, too, all the men who have wrought and traced in lines of beauty, and thought and felt and suffered and enjoyed. You know them all—you know their successes and defeats, their hopes and sorrows. You do not say that Holbein and Hogarth were; you say they are, for you have their work—they are immortal. And so you confuse the dead and the living in one fairy company, and although you detect varying degrees of excellence, for none do you hold contempt, of none are you jealous—none do you envy. From them you ask nothing, upon you they make no demands, save that their friendship shall be frank, free, unselfish and unsullied.

NOW, it is not at all necessary to meet a collector face to face in order to hold sweet converse. By their plates ye shall know them. And so I have avoided meeting my dear friends, more than once, that the delicacy of the relationship should not be disturbed. But sometimes I break the rule, and being in New Haven not long ago I called on W. F. Hopson. In the yard back of his house, Hopson has a pretty little studio, made of matched pine, and the whole thing must have cost him fifty dollars. The light comes in from the roof, as it does in the Church of the Madeleine and the Chapel of Pere la Chaise, save for a beautiful north window which was evidently pinched by Hopson from some Italian chapel, although he swears differently. Together we called on George Dudley Seymour and Everett E. Lord. Seymour has posters, and china, and bookplates, and brocades, all

THE LIBERATORS representing the beautiful handiwork of men long dead. Lord has a collection of prints which cost him ten thousand dollars, gathered over the space of twenty years. But the point I wish to make is that as the treasures were brought out and shown, the comments brought out the names of Woodbury, Bolles, Allen, Dodge, Shir-Cliff, Woodworth, Ellsworth, Mack, Humphreys, French, Rhead and all those other choice spirits, who are my friends, and whose presence in my thoughts takes the bitterness out of life and gives a solace when all my hopes seem gone. The friends of these were my friends, too; so we were as brothers. ¶ Then the next day I went on up to Hartford and saw Charles Dexter Allen, who has an absurd head of hair and many bookplates; and then on to Boston, where I called on John P. Woodbury, who has a long white beard and a grace and dignity which makes you think of Michelangelo's *Moses*. Mr. Woodbury has a great collection of French's bookplates, and others galore, the most valuable collection of *The Compleat Angler* in the world, and extra-illustrated books and first editions until 't would make you dizzy to tell you of them. And whom did we talk about as we looked at the treasures? I 'll tell you—we talked of Bolles, Stone, Dering, Allen, Dodge, Shir-Cliff, Woodworth, Ellsworth, Rhead, Humphreys, French and all those other friends who are both his and mine. Mr. Woodbury is nearly the Ideal Collector; he has lived his threescore and ten, but his eye is as bright as a boy's, his complexion as fair as a baby's, and he carries with him the perfume of the morning and the lavish heart of youth. And so a fad which gives joy without headache, peace without stupor, and friends who are not rivals, is surely worth cultivating—at least it seems so to me. Its basis is human sympathy and good-will, and its excuse for being is—bookplates.



# The Song of Songs ㊦㊦㊦㊦㊦㊦



T is just here that a bright woman, who has thoughts as well as feelings, said to me (seated near) that she never ceases to marvel at the miracle of a person making marks on bark, paper or parchment, and when this bark, paper or parchment is looked upon by another person that this second person should weep or laugh or be moved to profoundest thought. A traveler says that once in

Africa he sent a written message to his Lieutenant a hundred miles away. After the Lieutenant had looked at the flimsy little piece of paper, behold! he knew just where his chief was and how it fared with him—and this without the messenger saying a word. Then did they who carried the little piece of paper fall down on their faces before the white man and pray him that he would cut off their heads, or do with them whatsoever he would. In Mexico I have been in villages where only one man—the priest—could read and write, and it was not hard to imagine why the people of the place looked upon the priest as the agent of Deity, the mouthpiece of God. Even today, when the rumble of printing-presses never dies from our ears, the anonymous editorial carries a certain specific gravity and is quoted as authority, when the spoken words of the man himself are scarcely listened to, certainly not remembered, even by his



THE barber. And in days ago, when rolls of carefully prepared  
LIBERATORS papyrus were found, I wonder not that men looked upon the  
deathless thought of a man long dead as a message from the  
gods. Then, forsooth, if the message were not plainly expressed  
on the surface of the text, the Wise Men sought to interpret it  
and make it plain to those less wise. And as in boyhood's days  
when I went swimming, the lad who dived the deepest and  
brought up the most mud was crowned with honor, so the man  
who found in the words of the papyrus the most portentous  
meaning was deemed most profound.

All people with broad sympathies agree that there is something  
pathetic in these frantic efforts to wring a message from a  
Sphinx—a Sphinx with stony lips. When the inhabitants of that  
old city in the East were sore beset by enemies, they called upon  
their god to tell them what to do. They gathered around the  
statue expecting a reply, but when no answer came and the  
enemy thundered at their gates, they dragged the speechless  
Idol from its pedestal and brake it in pieces.

When the papyrus-roll seemed to yield no message the Wise  
Men cast it aside and would fain have destroyed it. The papyrus  
that gave an answer they called Canonical, and that which  
answered not at all, or but faintly, they termed Apocryphal.  
And they determined which was Canonical and which Apocry-  
phal by ballot. That which was declared Canonical was always  
believed to be Apocryphal by some, and that which was Apocry-  
phal to many was always deemed Canonical by a few. Canonical  
books were accepted by the people as the Word of God until  
certain men called Infidels arose and wished to destroy the Idol  
because it gave no answer that they could hear: how to bring  
deliverance from the doubts and fears that besieged their hearts.  
¶ And then all the people who accepted the verdict of the Wise  
Men and believed that the Idol had spoken to others, even

though it had not to them, arose, and instead of destroying the Idol they destroyed the Infidels. And this was meet, for the Infidels should have understood that a statue may be beautiful in itself: that it may adorn a niche upon the wall of Time and so speak by silent inference to all who pass. Whether it has ever spoken to others is naught, save to the anthropologist and the historian, and to us—who read their entertaining tales. It was not so very long ago that a Book bound in oaken boards, riveted in bands of iron wrought in curious shapes, locked with ponderous key, borne upon a silver salver by a stoled and tonsured priest of God, was carried in solemn processional with silent steps and slow to the Altar. Then the Book was unlocked, opened and from it the priest chanted in strange, unknown tongue, and the people listened in breathless awe to the words that Deity had dictated in order that men might be surely saved from an impending doom. “In times of old all books were religious oracles. As literature advanced they became venerable preceptors; they then descended to the rank of instructive friends, and as their number increased they sunk still lower—to that of entertaining companions.” There is a certain truth in these ambiguous words of Coleridge, but books have not sunk; rather, men have been raised to a degree where they are the companions of the men who instruct and entertain them. No longer do we crawl with our faces in the dust before a tome. In a footnote of the Bagster Bible is this item: “The Apocrypha does not contain a single oracle that for originality of force, spontaneity of utterance, and simplicity and terseness of diction can be compared with the words that proceed from the Fountain-head of true Revelation.” And a little further along the information is vouchsafed that God has not spoken orally to man in eighteen hundred years. In the British Museum I was allowed to examine a copy of the Breeches Bible, in the preface of which

THE is a very useful definition: "Sacred Scripture is the Word of  
LIBERATORS God, letter for letter as expressed through the inspired writer,

and copied or printed by His servants." It will thus be seen that not only was the original writer inspired, but the compositor, a claim that I have never seen put forward before or since in behalf of that much-abused individual. It should then be noted that many men have believed that God has not only inspired the writing of books, but has seen them safely through the press. Over against the definition just quoted is an interesting explanation by the Reverend Jonathan Edwards: "Outside of Sacred Scripture all writing is profane: it is the work of scheming man. The words may be true and may not—probably not."

But it is unfortunate that there is no demarcation between Sacred Writ and profane writing: some distinguishing feature that could not be overlooked nor waived aside. Such a mark set on Inspiration would have saved much bitter controversy, for it is mere truism to state that families have been severed, churches divided, cities separated into factions, aye, nations destroyed—all through a difference of opinion as to whether or not certain literary works were directly communicated by God. In one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons he says, "Holy Writ exists for the purpose of showing man his duty to God," but the poem with which we have to deal is peculiar in that it is one of the two in the Bible that contain no reference to a Supreme Being. A man belonging to the Chosen People is talking with a woman who is a heathen, and if this couple know anything of God they keep the knowledge strictly to themselves. The man makes no effort to convert the woman; indeed, she seems fully as intelligent as he: not a hint of Elohim, or angels, or spirits, or devils, or heaven or hell; of man's duty to God, or man's duty to man; not a single moral injunction, not an ethical precept; not a suggestion

of miracle is given, or of things supernatural—nothing but the earth and the beauty that is seen in it.

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AND yet, the canonicity of the Book has never been challenged save by a few captious critics of no standing in scholarship. The Holy Fathers could be cited at great length to show the high esteem and exalted reverence in which the Song has ever been held.



In the Mishna, Rabbi Akiba says: "Peace and mercy! No man in Israel ever doubted the canonicity of the Song of Songs, for the course of ages can not vie with the day on which the Song of Songs was given to Israel. All the Kethubim are indeed a holy thing, but the Song of Songs is a Holy of Holies." Origen, who is called the Father of Christian Exegesis, enumerates the chief songs of the Bible and then says: "And after thou hast passed through all these, thou must mount higher to sing with the Bridegroom the Song of Songs."

According to the statement of Luther, the Book is an allegory representing Solomon's relation to the Commonwealth of Israel; but it is intimated that the author doubtless belonged to the fleshly school of poets. On the other hand, DeWitt Talmage was wont to explain that the Song is a prophetic parable referring to Christ as the bridegroom and the Church as the bride. Indeed, I believe this is the universal Evangelistic belief. But various fanciful interpretations have been given us, some of which are nearly as ingenious as the claim recently made by an English clergyman that the Golden Calf, which was worshiped by the Children of Israel, was prophetic of the British Nation: the gold of the calf signifying the wealth of the Empire on which the sun never sets, and the calf doubtless being a bull calf—for there is no evidence to the contrary—and hence typical of John Bull. Theodoret long, long ago stated it as his belief that the Song of Songs was simply a love dialogue which passed between

THE LIBERATORS Solomon and a certain Shulamite maiden. But to this a clamorous denial has rung down the centuries, and the assertion has

repeatedly been put forward that mere love songs chanted back and forth between a young man and a young woman were not lovely things at all, and without there was some deep, hidden and occult meaning in the lines the Song would not have been preserved, either by Divine Providence or by His Instruments, the Wise Men of Old.

WE of today, however, perhaps swinging back to a view which corresponds with that of the author of the lines, do not regard passionate love as an unholy thing. We say, as does Andrew Lang in his preface to *Aucassin and Nicolette*, that a love without conscience, admitting that at present it may be bad sociological policy, is delightful to contemplate. And with Herbert Spencer as authority I will add that nothing is "wicked" *per se*. Things are either good or bad as they bring good results or bad results. Even the stern Mosaic Law is merely sanitary in its aim, its design being social good and nothing more. So let us view the statue simply as a statue. We will touch elbows with the theologians as they view it, too, and if they will but allow us to hold that it has no significance to us save the significance that a passionate love without dignity always has, we will allow them to display any result they may bring up from their deep dives after truth. To me the Song of Songs is simply the purring of a healthy young barbaric chief to a sun-kissed shepherdess, and she, tender hearted, innocent and loving, purrs back in turn, as sun-kissed maidens ever have and I suppose ever will. This poem was composed, we have good reason to believe, fully three thousand years ago, yet its impressionist picture of the ecstasy of youthful love is as charming and fresh as the color of a Titian.



AN out-of-door love, under the trees, where "the beams of our house are cedar, and our rafters of fir, and our bed is green," is the dream of all lovers and poets. Thus the story of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, "naked and unashamed," has been told a score of times, and holds its place in all Sacred Writ. Shakespeare, in *As You Like It* and *The Tempest* shows the idea. *Paul and Virginia* gives us a glimpse of the same thought; so does the *Emilius* of Rousseau, and more than once Browning suggests it in his matchless poems. Stevenson has touched deftly on the beautiful dream, and so have several other modern story-tellers.

And surely the love of man and woman is not an ungodly thing, else why should God have made it? "God's dice are loaded," says Emerson, and further he adds, "All natural love between boy and girl, man and woman, is a lovely object, for the richness of its mental and spiritual possibilities are to us unguessed."

SEX holds first place in the thought of God. Its glory pervades and suffuses all Nature. It is sex that gives the bird its song. the peacock his gorgeous plumage, the lion his mane, the buffalo his strength, and the horse his proud arch of neck and flowing tail. Aye, it is sex that causes the flowers to draw from the dull earth those delicate perfumes which delight the sense of smell; it is sex, and sex alone, that secures to them the dazzling galaxy of shapes and colors that reflect the Infinite. The painter knows naught of color, and never could, save as the flowers lead the way. The flowers are at once the inspiration and the hopeless tantalization of the colorist and the perfumer: they can never hope to equal their matchless harmonies. And thus while we see that the sex principle is the animating factor for good in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, man, for the most part, deliberately flings away God's most precious gift. And he is made to answer for his folly with his spiritual life, for man,





wise as he is, and pluming himself upon his ability to defeat his fellows, can not with impunity play his tricky games with God. ¶ Savages at heart are boys of twelve or fourteen. Being devoid of pity they often visit on one another and on dumb animals the most shocking cruelties. A few years pass and your young barbarian is transformed into a gentleman—a man of fine feeling and tender sensibilities. The years keep going by and if love is thwarted, perverted or misplaced he passes into savagery again—no matter what his creed may be—controlled by fear and kept in check through awe of society and statute law. After marriage men no longer win their wives; they own them. And women, living in the blighting atmosphere of a continuous personal contact that knows no respite, drift off into apathetic, dull indifference. The wife becomes an animal; the husband a brute. The lively grace, the tender solicitude, the glowing animation, the alert intellect, the sympathetic heart, the aspiring spirit—where are these now? They are gone, gone like time gone—dead as the orange-buds that erstwhile opened their shell-like petals to catch the strains of the Wedding March—dead.

That men and women bring about their spiritual bankruptcy through gross ignorance, I have not the least doubt. And I am fully convinced that while woman has a sure and delicate insight into many things, in this particular she is singularly ignorant and wilful. The profound Doctor Charcot says: "I have known many men who endeavored to put their marital relations on a gentle, chivalric basis, but in nearly every case the wife interposed a tearful, beseeching veto, or else she filed a hot accusation of growing coldness that could only be disproved in one way. Virtuous women very seldom know anything of the psychology of love until it is too late to use the knowledge, and young women, thinking they know already, can not be taught."

THERE is no proof that Solomon, the Jewish King, was the author of or one of the *dramatis personae* in this poem. The absolute equality of the man and the woman being essentially pagan, it is a pleasing exception to the Christo-Semitic idea of woman's inferiority. Professor Boyesen says: "The Bible has had an enormous influence in forcibly checking the normal development of woman. There is something exceedingly attractive to me in the picture of the Northern tribal chiefs, with their wives and mothers grouped upon the earthen floor about the fire, deliberating concerning the affairs of the Commonwealth. I see the tall, brawny warriors, whose stubborn blue eyes and shaggy blond heads looked so terrible to the puny Italians; and the paintings of Thumann and Piloty have aided me in divining their female counterparts. Where will you find a more splendid matronly dignity or more defiant majesty in womanhood than Piloty's *Thusnelda*? Where such noble and healthful simplicity and vigor as in the Teutonic maidens in Herman's *Return From Victory Over the Romans*? They have a fine, free, out-of-door, sturdy, half-boyish candor and self-reliance which are so touching in the face of a girl. They have never heard Saint Paul's injunction that women shall not speak in meeting, and they utter, with a full sense of responsibility, grave, well-considered words upon which the fate of the tribe may rest."

THE position of woman as set forth in the Bible is one of slavery. The Pauline doctrine that women should learn in silence with all due subjection runs like a rotten thread through all the fabric of Christianity. The feature is pure Orientalism. And as the Second Commandment was the death of Art for a thousand years, so has the forced servility of woman held our civilization in thrall to a degree that no man can compute. The flaunting boast that woman owes her freedom to the Christian Religion is only advanced by ignorant and overzealous people.

THE Honest scholarship knows otherwise. The enslaving of women  
LIBERATORS and holding them by law came in only when man was getting a  
bit "civilized." The pure, happy life of Nature would pale at the



thought of abusing one's mate. Among wild animals the females are protected: no tigress is ever abused or imposed upon—in fact, she would not stand it. In a condition of untrammelled Nature, animals are eminently just and moral in their love-affairs. In a state of captivity, however, they will sometimes do very unbecoming things. The wild duck is monogamous; the proud and showy greenhead lives with his pretty, Quaker-gray partner in happy comradeship. They are as true and sacred to each other as though they were married by a Methodist preacher and lived in Syracuse, New York, watched over by the police and looked after by the neighbors. But domesticate your ducks and at once a life of promiscuity begins.

Man, in a state of Nature, is true to his mate, but civilize him and perhaps he may be. "Civilized man is imperfectly monogamous," says Mr. Howells. From this we see that civilization for man acts like captivity on an animal. Is it the law of "Thou Shalt Not" that breeds immorality?

In the *Germania*, Tacitus says that among the ancient Teutons the women were looked up to with a sort of sanctity. They were the mothers of men yet to be, and were treated with delicacy and deference; and in the state councils their advice was always listened to. Between the man and his wife there existed a noble comradeship. Paganism in Scandinavia evolved a sturdier type of womanhood than Christianity has since. In pagan Iceland women were treated better than we treat them today. The Icelanders recognized their intelligence and were in full possession of the truth that the children of a man and a woman who live on a mental equality, and who mutually respect and love each other, are far better than chance children born of slaves.

To this end, where love had died, they freely granted divorce when both parties desired it, and in all ways they sought to strengthen and encourage marriages prompted by love. All this as opposed to the Oriental method of marrying for place and power, "unsight and unseen," which is even to this day carried on by the crowned heads, that lie uneasy.

CHRISTIANITY accepted the Semitic idea of woman's inferiority as a matter of course, emphasizing a strange delusion born of sated appetite, that "through woman's fault man fell." Thus woman was blamed for the evil of the world, and we have even been guilty of speaking of the little souls fresh from God being born in sin.

The Jewish law required a woman to do penance and make sacrifice for her fault of bearing a child; all of which monstrous perversion of truth seems pitiable when compared with pagan Greece, where men uncovered their heads on meeting a woman with child, and solemnly made way, feeling that they were in the sacred presence of the mystery of the Secret of Life. Birds are blessed with no such things as "rights." The male wins and holds his mate by the beauty that is manifest in his life, and by this alone. But man vaunts the proud boast that he has found a better way. He calls his scheme "the crown of Christian civilization." As a matter of expediency I admit the plan has many advantages, but to say it is perfect is to reveal a dullard's mind. A higher civilization will build on the ruins of this, and a universal sublime attainment will yet come. When it does arrive it must come as every sublime attainment now comes, and has ever come, through the conservation of an energy that the respectable mob millions now degrade. But as yet we are like those people of the Eastern plains who consider the chetah, that often devours them, a sacred thing.

I have no perfect panacea for human ills. And even if I had I

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THE would not attempt to present a system of philosophy between the soup and the fish, but this much I will say: The distinctively modern custom of marital bundling is the doom of chivalry and the death of passion. It wears all tender sentiment to a napless warp, and no wonder is it that the novelist, without he has a seared and bitter heart, hesitates to follow the couple beyond the church door. There is no greater reproach to our civilization than the sight of men joking the boy whose heart is pierced by the first rays of a life-giving sun, or of our expecting a girl to blush because she is twice God's child today she was yesterday. Then there is another sin for which we must sometime answer, otherwise Eternal Justice sleeps. And that is our treatment of those who give all for love and perish. For such, all good men and true, and all worthy women who love and are loved again, should have a tenderness such as Christ had when He turned His forgiving eyes to the Magdalen and voiced those three deathless words: *She loved much*. This is not a sermon, and I have no moral to point save such as he who runs may read, but I will here insert an extract from a certain unpopular novel and if there is a lesson in it for Society let the passage speak: "No woman ever loved you as this woman does, this woman whom you have left for fear the world would frown.

Have you ever thought what you have done? When you have killed Art in an artist, you have done the cruelest murder that earth can hold. Other and weaker natures than hers might forget, but she—never. Her fame will be short-lived as that of a rose, for she sees but your face, and the world will tire of that, but she will not. She can dream no more. She can only remember. Do you know what that is to the artist? It is to be blind, and weary of the world—the world that has no more pity than you have! You think her consoled because her genius has not left her: are you a poet and yet do not know that genius is only a



power to suffer more and to remember longer? Nothing else. You say to yourself that she will have fame, and that will beguile her, just as the god came to Ariadne. Perhaps; but across that fame, let it become what it may, there will settle forever the shadow of the world's dishonor. It will be forever cursed, and poisoned, and embittered by the scorn of fools, and the reproach of women, since by you they have been given their lashes of nettles, and by you they have been given their byword to hoot.

She will walk in the light of triumph, you say, and therefore you have not hurt her; do you not see that the fiercer that light may beat upon her, the sharper will the eyes of the world search out the brand with which you have burned her? For when do men forgive power in the woman? And when do women themselves ever forgive a woman's greatness? And when does every cur fail to snarl at the life which is higher than its fellows? It is by the very genius in her that you have such power to wound, such power to blight, such power to destroy. By so long as her name shall be spoken, so long will the wrong you have done her make it meet for reproach. An obscure woman dies and her woe and shame die with her, and the kindly earth covers both her and them, but such a friendly shelter is denied forever to the woman who has genius and fame; long after she is dead she will lie on common soil, naked and unhouseled, for all the winds to blow upon her and all the carrion-birds to tear."

**I**N any old Family Bible may be found headlines over each chapter wherein the reader is briefly told the import of the words that follow. Thus, preceding a certain chapter of the Song of Songs I see: "My beloved means the Almighty; is gone down into His garden, that is to say, the Universe; to the beds of spices, meaning Israel; to feed His flocks in the gardens, this means the other nations of the earth; and to gather lilies, these words represent the holy people that the Almighty calls away





to place them with His Chosen People. Christ's love for the Church explained; the kisses meaning prayers; Christ directeth the Church," etc., etc. To me the love of man for woman is as sacred a thing as Christ's love for the Church, and all of its attributes are as divine as any of the fantastic hazards of mind. Indeed, we would know nothing of love did we not see it manifest in man, and the only reason we believe in the love of God is because we find love on earth. The thought of the love of God can not be grasped in the slightest degree, even as a working hypothesis, by a man who does not know human love. And fully believing that the mysterious desires of the body are as much emanations of the Eternal Spirit as the most altruistic of moral promptings, I feel that we are fully justified in waiving all explanations of the theologians, testing the poem before us with the emotions that we ourselves have felt.

Canon Cook in his Commentary gives notes of explanation equal to about twenty-five times the amount of space the words of the Song occupy. A very earnest effort is made to worm out the "hidden truth" and to show "spiritual light"—all of which certainly shows much learning and great ingenuity and wonderful literary pyrotechnics. But his finely spun out apology and syllogistic catch and toss are not for us. We leave his nice, sharp quilllets, and sit in silent reverie to sigh and ponder on the strange fortuitous chance that saved this glorious barbaric song of love from the tooth of Time and the rasure of Oblivion. Saved only by affixing to it the stamp of Divine Inspiration, so that forever after it should be caught and entangled with the Word of God, which, we have been told, is alone able to make us wise unto Salvation!

AND after all, have not those Wise Men of Old builded better than they knew? How else can we reach Heaven save through love? Who ever had a glimpse of the glories that lie

beyond the golden portals save in loving moments? For disobedience the man and woman were put out of the Garden—they wandered far—and they can only return hand in hand! Yes, this we know: all of man's handiwork that finds form in beauty has its rise in the loves of men and women. Love is vital, love is creative, love is creation. It is love that shapes the plastic clay into forms divinely fair; love carves all statues, writes all poems, paints all the canvases that glorify the walls where color revels, sings all the songs that enchant our ears. Without love the world would only echo cries of pain, the sun would only shine to show us grief, each rustle of the wind among the leaves would be a sigh, and all the flowers fit only to garland graves. Love—that curious life-stuff—which holds within itself the spore of all mystic possibilities: that makes alive all dull wits, gives the coward heart and warms into being the sodden senses: that gives joy, and gratitude, and rest and peace: shall we not call thee God?

Although the two characters in this poem go back to times when the earth was young, we see that love had bestowed upon them a wonderful alertness, a clearness of insight and a closeness in observation such as love alone can give. 'The scene of the poem is laid in the wooded district of Northern Palestine, near the bride's home, where the bridegroom, after the manner of Oriental princes, is spending the Summer. According to all writers the lovers have been living together long enough so that all embarrassment has entirely disappeared. The bride has no coyness, affected or otherwise; they are thoroughly well acquainted. Their love is complete, and consequently their joy in all created things is supreme. This is shown in the fact that, although the poem is short, the constant reference to flowers, herbs, trees and landscape tells of walks and talks by light of moon, and of days when summer winds sang gentle love-ditties

THE through the sighing branches. And as for flowers, they are  
LIBERATORS essentially lovers' property. Many a good man and true can  
allow his thought to go back to a time when love made earth a  
vast garden of posies. Who but lovers ever botanize? Many is  
the troth that is plighted over the collector's drum, and indeed,  
I verily believe that God made flowers only that lovers might  
give suitable gifts. "Send me flowers, only flowers, a bouquet  
each morning that shall never cost more than a shilling," wrote  
the charming Peg Woffington to Sir Henry Vane. And when  
Mohammed said, "If I had but two loaves of bread, I would  
sell one of them and buy white hyacinths to feed my soul," the  
sentiment was expressed only for a woman's ear.

THE inconsequential quality of the text and the charming  
inadvertence of the questions and answers are all very  
lover-like.

To lovers all things are of equal importance, and this is the  
highest sanity. In fact, Kant takes a long chapter to prove that  
nothing is trivial, nothing unimportant. Neither is there any-  
thing so vital that it should have an exclusive attention. Schleier-  
macher sums up the case by saying: "Nothing really matters,  
for all things are of equal value. So far as man is concerned,  
nothing is worthless, nothing important. Death is as good as  
life; sleep as activity; silence as speech."

On their walks hand in hand, by field and grove, over hill and  
dale, across moor and mountain, our lovers see to the North the  
towering heights of Lebanon and Amana with the opposing  
peaks of Senir and Hermon, the dens of lions there and the  
haunts of leopards; the branching cedars and the spreading  
cypresses; the bright, green, flower-enameled sward. They hear  
the gentle gurgle of running streams, and breathe deeply of the  
incense-laden breeze that fans their cheeks. Moving southward  
on the east of Jordan, they behold Gilead with its trees of healing

balm, its flocks and herds feeding in rich valleys; the heights of Bithron, the district of Mahanaim, and toward the west, Carmel with its olive-groves, fish-pools and cultivated fields. Just beyond is Sharon, where roses clamber over old stone walls, its lowland rich with nodding blossoms, troops of gazelles feeding among the lilies, milk-white doves cooing and sporting by the water-side or hiding in the clefts of the rocks and in the turtle-haunted groves.

Then, turning to the South, our lovers tell of En-gedi with its henna plantations, and of Heshbon with its reservoirs; of the palaces, gardens and well-placed towers of the Royal City, beautiful for situation; but the thought of the city does not satisfy, and they hasten back to the simple pleasures of country life, to the vineyard, the orchard, the open field, and the spreading forest, where all is so free and beautiful, yes, even if the foxes, the little foxes, do come and spoil the tender vines.

OUR lovers kept their feet on earth, even though their heads were sometimes in the clouds: they were not indifferent to good things eatable and drinkable, for they tell of going into the garden and tasting of pleasant fruits, of mandrakes, apples, grapes and palm-nuts, and reference is made to the juice of the pomegranate and the wine, the well-spiced wine. Yet they are not true children of Nature, for when the Summer is gone they intend to go to the city, and they anticipate it by references to the Tower of Lebanon that overlooked Damascus, and David's Tower in Jerusalem with its hanging shields, battlements and courtways. They tell of rings and jewels, signets and precious stones, crowns and necklaces, studs of silver and of gold, palanquins and chariots, of rich furniture, palaces with pillars of marble, towers of ivory and of various kinds of spice and costly perfume.

And because these luxurious things are mentioned, the Wise

THE Men have never for a moment doubted that the lover was a king.  
LIBERATORS Yet when we think of the lavish richness that love lends the  
 imagination, there is no good reason why a pair of rustics hav-  
 ing talked a bit with travelers and listened to the tales told by  
 those who yearly went to market, could not have reared the  
 whole fabric right out of their hearts. I do not say positively  
 that this was so, but like the preacher already referred to who  
 has told of the Golden Calf, I say there is no proof that it was  
 not.

AND now behold that while love is the mainspring of all  
 animate Nature, and without it the earth would be shrouded  
 in hopeless night; and while under its benign influence the  
 human lover is transformed, and for him, for the first time the  
 splendors of the earth are manifest and the wonders of the stars  
 revealed—finding good in everything—possessing a key to the  
 mysteries of the Universe that before he wist not of, right here  
 Man halts and hesitates. He does not go on. Either his capacities  
 limit, or else Society thrusts him back and our so-called En-  
 lightened Age grins at him and says in hoarse guttural, “ You  
 are a fool!” and he, being one, believes it.

Of course, I do not pretend to fathom the meaning of all the  
 inferences in this poem: doubtless much of it is just simple love-  
 prattle that the lovers alone understood, for lovers dote on  
 curious ways to communicate. Forsooth, I doubt not that it **was**  
 lovers who first formed an alphabet! Lovers are hopelessly  
 given over to mysteries and secrecy, to signs and omens and  
 portents; they carry meanings further and spin out the thread  
 of suggestion to a fineness that scowling philosophers can never  
 follow.

And thus I think that I am safe in saying the remarks in the  
 poem addressed to third persons are merely monologue and  
 interjectory exclamations, daydreams and love-musings, in  
 60



which young men and maidens ever revel. No man can tell exactly what the twittering of the bluebirds means, nor can he logically interpret the chirping of the chickadees, and I am very sure that I can not explain the significance of the song the robin sings to his lost mate from the top of a tall poplar-tree when the sun goes down. THE  
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But these things are very beautiful, and even when you think of them, perhaps when you are alone at the twilight-hour, the holy, unbidden tears will start.

**I**T is pitiful, wondrous pitiful, that the Magic Wand of Nature suddenly breaks, and that doubt, conflict and division enter where unconscious harmony erstwhile prevailed! Today death stares and devils dance where but yesternoon white hyacinths bloomed to feed the lovers' souls. And the note of warning and last word of counsel that the priest gives is often summed up in the barren formula, "Bear and forbear." Do you say that I place too much importance on the Divine Passion? I say to you that man has not sufficient imagination to exaggerate the importance of Love. It is as high as the heavens, as deep as hell, as sublime as the stars and great as the galaxy of worlds that fade on our feeble vision into mere milky ways. Love holds within her ample space all wrecks, all ruins, all grief, all tears; and all the smiles, and sunshine and beauty that mortals know are each and all her priceless gifts, and hers alone.

God of Mercy, whose name is Love! Look Thou upon us and in pity pluck from our hearts that deep-rooted unbelief, and that miring uncleanness of thought that causes us yet as a people to learn from the lips of vice and stupid ignorance our knowledge of the most vital and profound and potential of all human faculties! Through love—for there is no other way—lead us back to life and light, so that like the flowers, the tendrils of our hearts may draw from Thee those delicate perfumes of

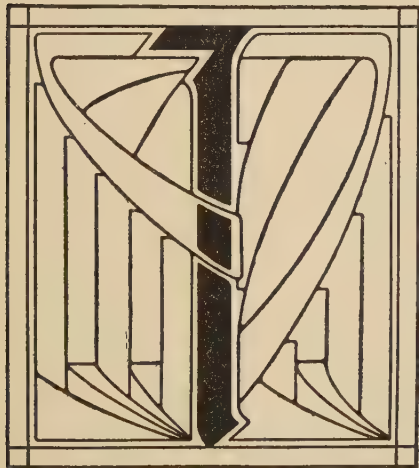


THE inspiration and those rich harmonies of color that alone can give  
LIBERATORS beauty and proportion to our thoughts and acts.

❧ We have wandered far, and know not the path, but hearken Thou unto us, for we thirst and are never quenched, our hearts hunger and are never satisfied, we cry and the heavens are but brass! God of Mercy, we beseech Thee to hear us, and in pity bring us back, through love, to Thee!

*Upon every face is written the  
record of the life the man has  
led: the prayers, the aspirations,  
the disappointments, all he  
hoped to be and was not—all  
are written there—nothing is  
hidden, nor indeed can be*

# Fashion In Letters & Things



T would appear that periodicity exists all through Nature. Night and Day, Winter and Summer, equinox and solstice; years of plenty and years of famine, commerce active and business depressed; volcanoes in state of eruption, then at rest; comets return, eclipses come back, the striæ of one glacial period are deepened by those of another, and the leg-o'-mutton sleeves that our

grandmamas wore in the Thirties are again upon us. When the hounds start game in the mountains, the hunter, knowing that the deer moves in a circle, stands still on the runway, biding his time. So no one need wail and strike his breast if his raiment is out of style: all such should be consoled by the fact that the fashion is surely coming back.

Mode in dress is only an outcrop of a general law. Why does fashion change? Because it is the fashion. The followers of fashion—that is to say, civilized men and women—are not content with being all alike. Eskimos and Hottentots never vary their styles. But people in the Temperate Zones are intemperate and desire to excel—to be different from others—distinctive, peculiar, individual. Very seldom is any one strong enough to stand alone; so in certain social circles, by common consent, all overcoats are cut one length—say, to come just above the knee.



Then this overcoat is gradually lowered: to the knee, just below the knee, to the ankle—until it conceals the feet. Then an enormous collar is added, which when turned up and viewed from behind completely hides the man. But this thing can not last; it is not many days before the same men are wearing overcoats so short that the wearers look like matadors ready for the fray.

Ladies wear hoops; the hoops expand and expand, until the maximum of possibility in size is reached. Something must be done! The crinoline contracts until these same ladies appear in clinging skirts, and the pull-back lives its little hour. Then the former width of the dress is used to lengthen it. The skirt touches the ground, trails two inches, six, eight, a foot, two feet. Its length becomes too great to drag and so is carried, to the great inconvenience of its owner; or in banquet-halls pages are employed. But this is too much, a protest comes, and two hundred women in Boston agree to appear on the streets the first rainy day in skirts barely coming to the boot-top. "Dress Reform" societies spring up, magazines become the organs of the protestants and the printing-presses run overtime.

The garb of the Quaker is only a revulsion from a flutter of ribbons and towering headgear. From Beau Brummel lifting his hat with great flourish and uncovering on slight excuse, we have William Penn who uncovers to nobody; the height of Brummel's hat finds place in the width of Penn's.

All things move in an orbit. Even theories have their regular times of incubation. They are hatched, grow lusty, crow in falsetto or else cackle; then they proceed to scratch in the flowerbeds of conservatism to the hysterical fear of good old ladies, who shoo them away. Or if the damage seems serious, the ladies set dogs—the lapdogs of war—upon them.

"The sun do move!" Brother Jasper is right. All things move.

And when matters get pushed to a point where they fall on t'other side, lo, a Reformer appears. The people proclaim him king, but he modestly calls himself "Protector." He is spoken of in history as the Savior of the State.

THERE are only two classes of men who live in history: those who crowd a thing to its extreme limit, and those who then arise and cry "Hold!" A Pharaoh makes a Moses possible. The latter we write down in our books as immortal, the first as infamous. This is true of all who live in history, whether the realm of politics, religion or art. History is only a record of ideas (or lack of them) pushed to a point where revulsion occurs. If Rome had been moderate, Luther would have had no excuse. ¶ Literature obeys the law; its orbit is an ellipse. The illustrious names in letters are those of the men who have stood at aphelion or perihelion and waved the flaring comet back. The so-called great poets are the men stationed by Fate at these pivotal points. And as fires burn brightest when the wind is high, so these men facing mob majorities have, through opposition, had their intellects fanned into a flame. More than thirteen decisive battles have taken place in the world of letters.

And the question at issue has always been the same: Radical and Conservative—calling themselves Realist, Romanticist, Veritist or Whatnot—struggling for supremacy. Term it "Veritism" and "Impressionism" if you prefer—juggle the names and put your Union troops in gray—but this does not change the question. The battle between the two schools of literature is a football-game. The extreme goal on one side is tea-table chatter, on the other an obscure symbolism. "The difference is this," said Dion Boucicault: "When Romanticism goes to seed it is 'rot'; when Realism reaches a like condition it is only 'drivel.'"

In literary production, why should we hear so much about the

dignity of this school and the propriety of that? Men who fail to appreciate the individual excellence of a certain literary output declare it to be without sense and therefore base. In letters they assume that a style is wholly good or it is wholly bad. They make no allowances for temperament; they would have all men speak in one voice.

Yet liberty need not result in disorder, nor can originality serve as a pretext for boozy inaccuracy. In a literary production, the bolder the conception the more irreproachable should be the execution.

THERE is a tendency for thought to get fixed in set forms, and this form is always that which has been used by some great man. For any one to express thought and feeling in a different way is blasphemy to the eunuchs who guard the tents of Tradition.

Writers of different schools exist because their style fits the mind of a certain style or type of reader. Sprightly, animated picturesqueness, the play of wit and flights of imagination, are only a full expression of what many faintly feel. Thus their mood is mirrored and their thought expressed: hence they are pleased.

In fact, the only reason why we like a writer is because he expresses our thought in a way we like. And the reason we dislike a writer is because he deals in that which is not ours. We of course might grow to like him, but the process is slow, for according to Herbert Spencer we must hear a thing six hundred times before we understand. If we comprehend a proposition at once, it is only because it was ours already. If the portrayal of a situation in fiction fascinates us, it is because we (in fancy or in fact) have gone before and spied out the land. There must be more than one school of literature, because there is more than one mood of mind, just as in religion there must be many sects.



We worship God not only in sincerity and in truth, but according to the temperament our mothers gave us.

The emotional "school of religion" finds its votaries in Methodism: Methodism fits a certain mind. The stately dignity of the Ritualist is a necessity to a certain cast of intellect. And until we get a church that is broad enough, and deep enough, and high enough to allow for temperament in men, "church union" will exist only as an abstract idea or a nebulous fancy. Until we have a school of literature that will combine all schools and give the widest liberty to a full expression of every mood, there will be a warfare between the "sects" that give free rein to imagination and the sect that, having no imagination to speak of, merely describes. When one school driven by the gibes and jeers of the other tilts to t'other side, a heavy man will start the teeter back, and he is the man we crown.

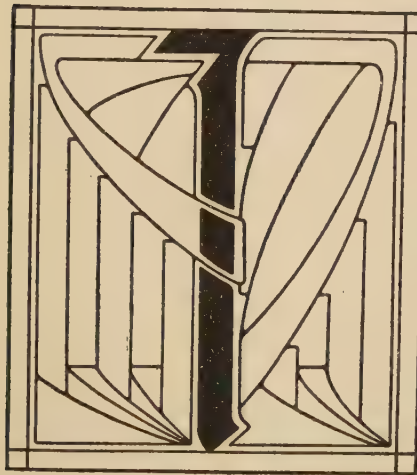
And let us crown the heavy man whensoever we find him.

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*Man creates both his god and  
his devil in his own image. His  
god is himself at his best, and  
his devil himself at his worst.*

# The Journal of Koheleth



IN the Book of Ecclesiastes, as in all other works of genius, we may see strongly mirrored the human qualities of inconsistency and contradiction.

The man is not writing for publication; he has no ambitious idea that he is writing for immortality. Forsooth! most authors are like farmers in a photograph-gallery—very different persons from the awkward men in shirt-

sleeves who so gracefully toss the golden sheaves over the cross-beams into the mow. In Shakespeare there is a careless quality which shows that of whatsoever he wrote he never blotted a line. And although we say with Ben Jonson, would he had blotted a thousand, the work lives and is deathless on account of its very imperfections. A lawyer's brief, a malefactor's defense, a shop-keeper's advertisement, may be perfect and complete, but their author's motives are ulterior, and like all other selfish things that strive to clutch and hold, they are ephemeral and live the length of life of a moth. Only second-rate men have exalted aims. The great of earth simply endeavor to do their work, not to be great. They meet each problem of life as it presents itself, cheerfully, bravely, manfully, be the duty high or low. The great navigator dies in innocent ignorance of the fact that he has discovered a continent. Darwin loved Truth with a high



and holy passion, and wot not as he wrote that he was working a revolution in the thought that had been many hundred years crystallizing. Had the author of *The Tempest* been told that his name would go thundering down the ages as the greatest literary name of all time, he would have been staggered with incredulity.

And thus it has come about that a goodly portion of the world's great books are posthumous publications. Their authors either did not expect their words would be published to the world, or else they purposely provided that the work should not be issued until their hands could receive no royalty, their ears hear no applause, and their eyes observe no menace. Add to these the books written behind prison-bars by men who had neither hope of reward nor fear of censure, and we have no small per cent of the classics. The ingenuous honesty of Ecclesiastes stamps the work as great literature. Men rarely confide their perplexities to the world. They fear being misunderstood; they dread the accusation of weakness, and so assume a swashing and martial outside, justifying themselves in the position by the thought that the good of humanity demands it. Yet we deceive no one but ourselves—although our example doubtless does make hypocrites—for the manner put on for a specific intent does not convince, and the book written with anxious purpose is made from paper, and to the paper-mill it soon returns. To me the Book of Ecclesiastes is simply the Journal of a man who has lived long and studied much; who has traveled and observed and meditated; who has tasted of all the so-called pleasures of life. And now he has played the game to its limit, and, Old Age plucking him by the sleeve, he recognizes that he is about to quit. We catch him off his guard and hear him talking aloud. ¶ The old man's mind is in undress not criticizing itself nor hampered by the consciousness of having to submit to the criti-

cism of others. For, however easy and familiar conversation or correspondence between friends may be, there is usually something of the play-actor entangled in it. No man allows his thoughts to appear in dressing-gown and slippers, save with the wife of his bosom, and she never tells his best, because she can't translate it, even if she would. Conversation is comment and criticism on things external: very, very rarely does it rise to self-revelation or soul-confession. Talleyrand was right: Words were invented that men might conceal their thoughts, and the purpose has never been forgotten. Just as the vital organs of the body are placed by Nature in a position where they can not be trifled with, so we unconsciously guard the holy of holies against assault. The greatest egotist has his reticences. It is only during the sessions of sweet, silent thought that a man can summon his soul to judgment. Not even then is he always quite sincere or free from pose, for we view our acts as a passing procession, in which we proudly march; and even into the deepest seclusion we carry somewhat of this strange dualism of character. The average man plays to the gallery of his own self-esteem; but Koheleth, being more than an average man, may sometimes be dramatic, but he is never theatric.

Comedy and tragedy have the same source, differing only in degree or depending on one's point of view. A small lack of right adjustment causes laughter—a great one sobs and tears. Sympathy and accurate judgment form the base of humor, and we see that Koheleth appreciates that “there is a time to laugh.” A subtle touch of wit comes in now and again, and a gentle sarcasm plays its part in softening the somberness of the whole. Thus again do we see the master mind; for as pure comedy does not satisfy, so the tragedy of life without its smiles is too concentrated for us to endure: its departure from truth is too great for us to forgive. In the most intense scene of perhaps the



THE most intense tragedy ever written, the tipsy porter appears just before the breaking strain is reached—we laugh and the play is

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saved. Laughter has a certain proportioned relation to tears, and unless this relativity is shown in literature the lines come tardy off. But the relationship must be easy and natural and glide lightly from one condition to another. These dual or multiple qualities mark the work of all strong men.


A cheerful resignation is always heroic; but no phase of life is so pathetic as a forced optimism. A Mark Tapley is the most depressing of companions, and the man who hopes against hope is not only gradually sinking, but he is pulling others down with him. Hope pushed to the other side is only cowardice. In all riot of the senses, whether the agent be opium or religious zeal, the punishment is dire and relentless. For the man who believes in a heaven of perfect bliss, also believes in a hell of abject torment; so, unless his heart be hopelessly seared, his peace is broken by the clank of an ever-lengthening chain. Or if, higher up the scale, his heaven be not a place, but "a condition of complete harmony," gained by the denial of the existence of matter, there is still the belief in a perdition of discord for those who think otherwise, and the result is a smooth and ironed complacency bereft of pity, that is fatal to all advancement. The ostrich's plan of disposing of difficulties is not without its disadvantages.

¶ Then there is a sort of skyey metaphysics that is unlike charity, being exceedingly puffed up. It always has an answer ready. It claps its calipers to science, art or philosophy without warning, and reasons high, finding meanings, portents, proofs, where'er it lists. Whatever is not in accordance with its preconceived predilections is boldly argued down, or calmly waived, or smiled away. Through its nimble alchemy it extracts sunbeams from cucumbers, or resolves the gold of experience into vapor by the breath of its mouth. Pressed too closely, like the inkfish it

clouds its slippery form in misty, meaningless words. Beware of these mazy, hazy, hotly arguing philosophers who twist and distort all the beautiful things of earth into "proof." They love not Truth; they only pander to a Sect. And knowing these things, down deep in our hearts, we crown with laurel the literature that contains the honest doubt. Hamlet is a vast interrogation-point; Faust is a guess; the Divine Comedy is a dream; and Abt Vogler, alb-clad, amice-tired and stoled with the sacred tippet, is carried on the wings of music free and clear of all the ensnaring fixity of faith.

A SCORE or more of learned men have written at appalling length concerning the Book of Ecclesiastes, and various more or less violent efforts have been made to show a consistent continuity in the thought. Indeed, the most flagrant fault of the theologians has ever been an attempt to get more out of literature than there is in it. Thus one man with ingenious argument proves the book to be a dialogue, and the contradictory character of the text is accounted for by the hypothesis that two men are talking, the inventor of this suggestion seemingly being all forgetful of the fact that man is a dual creature and asks himself questions all day long. A learned Bishop in the Seventeenth Century published a lengthy treatise proving that originally the book was written on very small pages; and in a high wind these leaves were carried out of the window and then collected haphazard and "copied by a woman or foolish person." Others still have held that it is the mere babbling of a demented old man; defeated in his life's aspirations, discouraged and waiting for death, he recalls but snatches of the wisdom that once animated him. Still another school holds to the belief that the work is a symposium.

But one thing is plain, and that is that the lines giving the authorship to the son of David are an interpolation by some one

THE LIBERATORS  possessed of the popular belief that "Solomon was the wisest man that ever was," and therefore more likely to have written the book than any one else. Nor is the plan of attaching the names of famous men to the work of obscure authors wholly without precedent.

Canon Cook calls our attention to the fact that the much-discussed first verse does not affirm that Solomon was the writer; it merely says "the son of David," and thus the actual author is relieved from the accusation that he is telling a falsehood—a bit of pious evasion that surely merits our admiration. To meet the objection that the work contains forms that are purely Aramaic or Chaldean and therefore unknown to Solomon, a writer in Smith's *Bible Dictionary* says that such knowledge probably was obtained by Solomon from his "strange wives." And this writer, who possesses an acumen quite beyond the average Biblical student, naively suggests that the vast extent of Solomon's wisdom is only to be accounted for by taking into account that he was much married. It is very true that Solomon had many wives and that in his household there were women "from all the nations 'round about." In fact, whenever Solomon heard of a beautiful and highly intelligent woman he sent for her and she was brought to the court and legally married to him. That the great wisdom of Solomon was derived from his wives is inferred by Smith on the assumption that a newly wedded woman will always tell her husband everything she knows. The learned Doctor Pusey also seems to hold to this view. But the man who wrote the Book of Ecclesiastes had not been benefited by women. There are, and always have been, as many good women on earth as good men, but the kind that Koheleth knew were the wrong sort. Men judge women by those with whom they have been intimate. Koheleth is a man with a "past," but a limited past, and his experience with women has stranded his

faith in femininity: "One man among a thousand have I found, but a woman among all those have I not found."

Long years before some chit of a maid played battledore with his heart and he can not forget it. How pitifully human! Small men understand women and are able to cope with caprice, but the guileless great fall an easy prey to the designing.

The absence of a Hebrew original caused the book to be excluded from the Jewish canon, but Preston avers that the first verse declares it was written by Solomon, and "if we reject the truth of this statement we doubt the literal accuracy of Scripture, and this no man has a right to do." To this Smith files a rejoinder to the effect that men are only inspired once in a while, and although Solomon did write the book it was in one of his "off" periods.

THE Book of Ecclesiastes, in point of philosophic insight and literary quality, is by far the most valuable book of the Bible. In these thoughts of the Prophet there is mingled an undefinable element of the writer's personality: the strong, well-poised independence of the man who is convinced of his kinship with the Divine: of one who, feeling his footsteps mortised and tenoned in granite, knows the amplitude of time. He does not strive to be explicit, to make his philosophy synthetic, to convert or to proselyte. As in all sublime oratory there is a dash of indifference to the opinions of the audience, so in great literature there is a quality that says with Browning, "I do not write for you." And thus we behold that egotism which is the soul of Art.

MENDELSSOHN says, "The Wise Men sought to secrete the book Koheleth because they found in it words tending to heresy;" but later the Wise Men bring in a report that "on closer examination we have discovered a meaning in it." But it was provided that no man under thirty years of age should be allowed to read it. Between the schools of Shammai and Hillel a

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THE bitter controversy arose as to whether the book was inspired or  
LIBERATORS not, and a running fight has been continued down the centuries  
on the same question. Even in our day men have arisen who  
deny its inspiration. But it seems to me that if we admit that  
“inspiration” exists at all we must accord it here.

OUR highest civilization today may be likened to a river  
made by the uniting of two streams—the Grecian and the  
Judaic. That which is antique in life and letters is medieval;  
that which is modern is pre-Christian. The philosophy of Kohe-  
leth is Greek overcast with the somberness of the Hebrew. A  
consensus of the best scholarship seems to agree that the  
unknown author was a Jew who lived about the Second Century  
before Christ—a Jew who had drunk deep at the Pierian Spring,  
and who was no longer an Israelite.

For at the last no man who does his own thinking is an “ite.”  
Outwardly he may subscribe to this creed or that, and if he be  
very discreet he may make his language conform, but inwardly  
his belief is never pigeonholed, nor is his soul labeled. In theology  
the great man recoils at thought of an exact geometrical theorem,  
for he knows its vanity; and all algebraic formulas in our  
sublime moments are cast away. There will doubtless be a  
certain general mental drift or tendency in a thinker, but until  
one abandons his reason, and barter his birthright for a mess of  
assuring pottage, his belief is in a state of flux, and sedimentation  
does not take place. It is a low grade of intellect that expects to  
corral truth in a “scheme” or to hold it secure in a system.  
Dean Stanley has beautifully said: “Ecclesiastes is an inter-  
change of voices—higher and lower, mournful and joyful, hope-  
less and hopeful within a single human soul. Every speculation  
of the human heart is heard and expressed and recognized in  
turn.” The sublime fantasies of thought continually baffle and  
perplex: the Prophet sends filament after filament swaying out





into the darkness of the Unknown. Sometimes he thinks the thread catches and holds, and that he is in communication with Another World, but the spell does not endure. For on the morrow the sun rises calm and resplendent and reveals the great enigma of the world anew; and though he may listen never so closely at the stony lips of the Sphinx, yet she gives no answer to his questionings save the systole and diastole of his own throbbing heart.

THE words of Koheleth have always held a fascination for every true lover of Letters. Perhaps it would be difficult to explain why the literature of Indifferentism holds its place against all inroads of that which is professedly purposeful. But one thing is sure, and that is that the sublime tragedy of Hamlet will never be replaced by any modern melodrama with a domestic moral. The fate that catches the feet of the honest Dane in its relentless mesh is as cruel as that which puts a quietus to his guilty mother, or her partner in murder, the king. The contemplation of the hopeless fight, whether of Leonidas at Thermopylæ, of Horatius at the Bridge, or of Custer at the Lava Beds, does not sink us in despondency. Rather it gives us courage, and like the survivors of the *Jeannette* when they stood on the ice and saw the pennant on the mainmast of their gallant ship swallowed in the crevasse, we pull our belts one hole tighter and give three cheers for the flag that surrenders only because it must. Those prisoners of *Ninety-Three* awaiting death in the Luxembourg were a merry lot. Without tears they kissed their companions who were about to be led away to the scaffold, and one of the men so soon to die said: "Be brave, comrades! I'll see God in an hour and tell Him how things are mixed down here—He surely has forgotten you!" And does melancholy lure us because we unconsciously feel that we, like the prisoners of the Luxembourg, are awaiting a time when our loved ones shall be

THE led away, or we from them, and that there is no hope whatever  
LIBERATORS of reprieve? Is it because we know that life is a tragedy and that  
for us the fifth act of the play will surely end in death? And do  
we laugh because in our sanest moments we know that, after  
all, death is as natural as life and a deal kinder?

I QUOTE from the lips of a strong and gentle man: "To be  
born and to die is the record of existence to which all else is  
tributary. The pangs of birth and of death thrill all the poet  
strains: only the tragedy that sweeps along the strings lives to  
echo in human hearts. It is the deathless minor chord that has  
ever distinguished the melody of true poetry from the dancing  
cadences of rhyme in all literature. The undertone is the soul  
in all song, in verse or in the unmeasured periods of epic prose."

SOCIAL discontent is plainly set forth by Koheleth; it is the  
burden of much of his Journal. And in the iteration "that  
the profit of the earth is for all," that all wealth comes from "the  
field," that man is entitled to "the fruits of his labor," he voices  
a cry that is startlingly modern. Since history began, men have  
held to the thought that "the former days were better than  
these." This old man two thousand years ago heard that senti-  
ment expressed until he was weary. He denies it flatly. No one  
knows better than he that care rides on the crupper: it always  
has and ever will. He knows that there is no such thing as a  
"New Year;" it is only the old year come back.

The burden of the Preacher's thought seems to be: We are  
unable to fully reconcile the events of life with any satisfactory  
theory of the government of the Universe. Let us be frank: For  
all we know this life is the sum of existence for us; there is no  
proof of a future life. True, we feel a certain confidence in  
Eternal Justice, and loving our friends we hope to meet them  
again after death. But God's ways are past finding out, and all  
we can do is to make the best of this condition that surrounds us.

Whenever any good comes our way let us enjoy it to the fullest. It is better to be absolutely honest and admit that we do not know.

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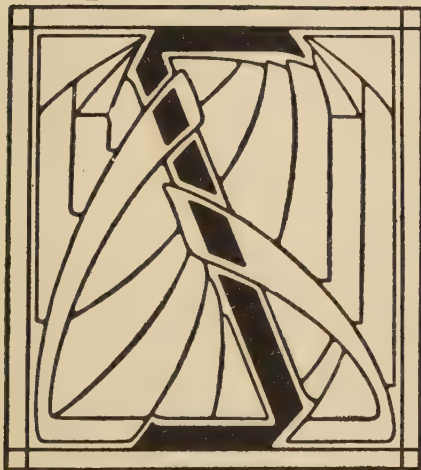
Speak today what you think is true and contradict it all tomorrow if necessary. Of all things avoid excesses. "Be not righteous over-much," he says, but recognize that a line of conduct that may be right under one condition may be evil when pushed on too far.

OUR author does not believe in ironbound rules of conduct. In several places he suggests the thought that common-sense is a form of godliness, and that in the last analysis wisdom and virtue are synonymous; and that whatever is wise can not but be good. He never loses his belief in the Universal Intelligence that governs the world. At times the light of his face seems to be feeble, but the flame never dies. He dissents entirely from the stupid Jewish belief that material riches are the reward of righteousness, and he also sees clearly the patent fact that the best and purest souls often suffer most, while baseness and flaunting pride go free. This he feels is an injustice—he can not understand it. If God is just, why then does He allow the weak to perish and misery to continue, or can it be that even Elohim Himself is powerless in the matter? The pains of the world press upon him; and like many great and lofty souls he is thus robbed of the joyousness that otherwise might be his. Through the thought of the grief that others endure he himself suffers, a condition often referred to and recently emphasized best perhaps in the life of the illustrious Phillips Brooks. In this somber intensity of feeling Koheleth shows the influence of his Jewish ancestry. He makes no claim of being one of the Lord's Anointed, and his sympathy is not centered in Israel; rather it embraces mankind. And it is this superior strength of moral fiber combined with a directness of insight into existing conditions

THE which, together with its wistful, unswerving honesty, makes the  
LIBERATORS book so valuable to us. The precepts of Koheleth are few and  
    ❧ simple; they belong chiefly to the domain of Natural Religion:  
    Do the duty that lies nearest you and leave the future to God.  
    Our times are in His hand.

*What wonderful things we  
imagine we would do if we  
were off on an island some-  
where where folks did n't  
bother so eternally! But why  
not consider the whole earth  
an island—a speck—and  
perform our wonders right  
here and now?   ☛   ☛   ☛*

# Experiment In Communism



SOME years ago I was one of a syndicate of twenty-eight men that purchased a tract of ground on a waterside near a certain large city.

¶ We did not purchase this land on speculation: we secured it for the sole and exclusive purpose of establishing thereon homes for ourselves. We divided our beautiful woodland up into plots and were assigned our portions by lot.

And then we began to beautify our acres—that is to say, we cleared off the brush and trees, removed the stumps and boulders, and leveling the ground, we purchased lawn-mowers, terra-cotta dogs and cast-iron flower-vases. And we erected “cottages,” some of which had many rooms with spacious fireplaces, and wide verandas, and observatories, and north windows built on angles so as to catch the beams of the rising sun, and from which his last lingering rays could be seen as he sank a golden ball into the waters of the lake.

¶ The whole scheme was ideal, and we named our little city Arcadia. We were to have our own homes, yet live as one happy family; with the sacred silences of the forest we were to have the advantages of the city. No member had been admitted who was not guaranteed respectable by three members, and the two men who organized the Association each vouched for the other. No



THE bonds were given that the wives were women of tact and good  
LIBERATORS temper, nor were assurances demanded that the numerous  
    ♫ children were reasonably well behaved—we took all that for  
    granted. We only insisted on this: That the couples should all  
    have been legally married and the children all born in wedlock.  
    That these conditions were complied with can be proven; and in  
    several cases they were.

And we were very happy. There were twenty-eight men and  
twenty-eight women and many children; besides these there  
were maidservants and manservants. We had a public dining-  
hall which at first all patronized; and on those first summer days  
we were all very gracious and dignified and polite.

But there was one man in our Association who, when the day  
was warm, appeared at mealtime in his shirt-sleeves.

And once a lady at our table allowed her baby—a dimpled  
yearling—to crawl across the festive board to its papa who sat  
on the other side, and after this my wife preferred to prepare  
meals in our own house, rather than avail herself of the advan-  
tages of communal feeding.

Several of the ladies in our Community were musical, one or two  
painted china, others did “fancy work.” One had been an  
actress, and when she proposed getting up private theatricals  
a sharp line of demarcation was struck between those who  
believed it was wicked to go to the theater and those who  
considered the stage elevating.

And it was then I discovered that several of our members were  
Methodists; and soon, after a little investigation, I ascertained  
that in theology we ran the gamut, from an infidel who denied  
everything, to Close-Communion Baptists who boasted of their  
credulity and hesitated at nothing. Yet for the most part we  
were Agnostics—with liberal leanings and Orthodox wives, but  
once stirred up we drew the most hairsplitting lines ’twixt

tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum; and these lines caused a coolness to spring up between families, so certain mothers cautioned their children not to play with certain other children. We had a chapel where two or three gathered themselves together on each Wednesday night. On Sundays there were "Union Services," led by pastors from the city, invited by different members, and all except the directly interested kept away so as to discourage "the opposition."

In our membership was one Jewish family, who "kept" Saturday very punctiliously in satin and broadcloth. And they kept Sunday, too—by opening beer-bottles on their front veranda and inviting in the infidel and his wife. These good people had a little pen of geese in their back yard, and at certain times a dark man whom they called "Koheleth" used to come and kill the geese for them, and the feathers blowing on to the lawns of others, the others protested, for they did not like feathers on their lawns. And some, perceiving that there was danger of our community growing apart, gave progressive euchre-parties to cement the social bonds. At the first meeting there were no refreshments and we went home at ten o'clock. At the next meeting we had a solo and there was lemonade and cake and we stayed until eleven; soon we had coffee, ice-cream, lemonade and cake and cheese-straws and we stayed until twelve. Shortly after it came the turn of our Jewish member, and we had all the items on the menu that had been on the menu before, with *pate de foies gras*, oysters and "yellow label" added, and we did not go home till morning. For when the refreshments were served we were surprised by the strains of an orchestra hidden behind a bank of ferns in an adjoining room, and at this some one suggested "doncing" and we donced. The refreshments were served by colored men brought from the city; there were also flitting about several old Afro-American aunties in white

caps and aprons, who afterwards, I understand, did the dishes. In the kitchen, perched on a sawbuck, was a keg of lager on tap, in deference to several members of Teutonic origin, and others of Teutonic proclivities. Many guests found their way to the kitchen. Now, the Oppenheims (for it was they) had carried the matter of entertainment to aphelion, and the next week we had a Longfellow Talk and this was followed by a Dickens Party, which marked the perihelion of our social orbit.

But I saw that nearly all who attended these entertainments were hopelessly bored; they strived hard to look pleasant at the time, but on the morrow many asked me quietly if I did not consider the whole thing abominably managed. And the question arose in my mind: Why did these twenty-eight families, so totally unlike, come together in this way? Women practically make society—in the society-column sense, at least—so I looked to the women for a reason, and I found that these women did not come together in this way because there was any affinity between them, but the one point in common was that they all had diamond-earrings and sealskin sacks.

I discovered that every woman on the ground had a sealskin sack and I perceived that nearly all of these sacks were new or had been worn at most but a few years, so I concluded that the husband's income was formerly less—in short, the happy husband of the woman in sealskin had recently struck pay-gravel. This was the case with me, and on further investigation I found it was the case with all others. We wished to get into society, and we had all made the break together. Our society was founded on a purely financial basis. Having about the same incomes, we all had bitten at the same bait.

In fact, on quiet questioning I found that the highest income among our members was thirty-five hundred dollars and the lowest was twenty-five hundred dollars. Practically we were a

plutocracy. This view of the case was fully corroborated shortly after by the fact that two of our members falling heir to large fortunes abandoned the Idyllic Association—one for Newport and the other for Saratoga—and the places that knew them once knew them no more forever.

Then another man got struck by a financial blizzard: his income was suddenly cut down to a thousand a year, and the air no longer agreeing with his wife's lungs he sold out cheaply. But the places of each of these three men were taken by others who were making about three thousand dollars per annum. And so after a year I saw that without fail if a man's income went over four thousand or under twenty-five hundred dollars we soon lost him.

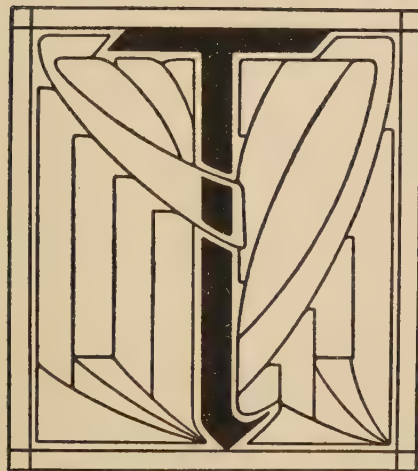
NOW, just about this time wheat dropped ten points, and my cash-balance appeared in red ink at my banker's. I managed to hold on for a few months by my eyebrows, but when my wife was forced to trim over her last summer's hat, and make over my trousers for the boys, we could no longer hide our shame, and we moved back to the city by night and took our old quarters over the corner grocery. This happened some ten years or more ago. Last Summer, in disguise, I visited and found Arcadia still in a flourishing condition. But the minimum of income required now to hold out is four thousand dollars instead of twenty-five hundred as formerly. There is less discord than at first, and I am sure that the mental misery endured by the members is much reduced. For time adapts men to environment.

Thus I see the infidel of Arcadia is no longer blatant, nor are the Baptists now severe. The Methodists dance and the Presbyterians play cards: the pork-packer wears his coat in the dining-hall; the Jewish family have their geese killed away from home; and the good people with German proclivities have their beer

THE delivered by the grocer in boxes, marked books, and they drink  
LIBERATORS it indoors instead of popping corks on the veranda at the passer-  
by. For the Law of Reversion to Type is doing its perfect work.  
As a dozen varieties of pigeons put together in a loft will in a few years all change to a plain slaty-gray, with no distinguishable difference between individuals, so have the residents of Arcadia reverted to a type. And if there are no pronounced virtues in Arcadia, neither are there flagrant faults. All voice the same words when approached; all make the same movements under any certain set of conditions; and very dull is the psychologist who can not anticipate any and every opinion they may express. The jarring pains of life are reduced to the minimum; the problems are solved—all are content—for a smooth lawn with terracotta dogs gives a peace to the possessor that even religion can not lend.



# The Man of Sorrows ㊦㊦㊦㊦㊦



THE sincere attempt here made to limn the times and life of the Man of Sorrows is founded on history. And history is a branch of the science of Sociology. Of miracle Sociology knows naught, any more than does modern jurisprudence—the miraculous would not now be admitted as evidence in any court in Christendom. The test of innocence is no longer to walk on red-hot iron, and

the admissions of a witch or one possessed by devils are referred to the trained nurse or pathologist.

We seek the truth, and in so doing we believe we best honor ourselves and our Maker. History has nothing to do with miracle, any more than has geology or astronomy or chemistry, and from these the supernatural has been forever barred and banished. No miracle has ever been proved—they all come to us at second hand, by people who saw people who said they saw people who saw them. By no modern rules of evidence can miracles be even considered where truth and justice are sought. The miraculous indeed strikes at the integrity of Nature. To admit that a Supreme Being might interfere with chemical law would render science vain and learning a delusion and folly.

¶ Biology and history know nothing of “the fall of man.” So



far as we know, the race has risen constantly in general well-being and intelligence. Man has fallen upward.

When Napoleon ironically asked, "What is history but a lie agreed upon?" he had in mind that peculiar form of history which believed "there is a divinity which doth hedge a king," and which has always been written with the intent to uphold some man or institution. And for this defense was the writer of such history paid.

The men who yet uphold the miraculous are those who gain a livelihood by so doing. Charles Bradlaugh forever forced the admission upon the courts of the civilized world that the affirmation of a man who does not believe in the miraculous is just as valuable as the oath of one who does.

The recompense of the historian is the approval of his Inmost Self that he has endeavored to express the truth. The reward for a good deed is to have done it.

Yet absolute historical truth is, perhaps, impossible. Truth is a point of view. And so truth can not be final nor absolute nor binding upon all. The author of this sketch claims nothing beyond the fact that for himself he has, in degree, expressed the truth.

The task of the scientist is to construct the skeleton of a mastodon from the fragment of a bone: and the task of the historian is to take the scattered fragments of record, legend, song, myth and fable, and give us an accurate, vivid picture of a passing procession. The historian is one who resurrects the past and makes those long dead live again. The history of a country is after all the biography of her great men, and the history of Palestine—we might say of the entire Christian world—forever swings, like planets 'round a central sun, about the memory of the Man of Sorrows.

References such as that of a miraculous star that appeared in the

East and guided certain wise men to the stable where the young child lay, need not now be considered seriously. The star was conjured forth by an astrologer, and not by an astronomer. Since Copernicus put the astrologers out of the society of astronomers, stories of vagrant stars, seen by a few, or "sent as a sign," have no place in science. When men believed that stars were God's jewels, hung in the heavens by angels to amaze men and magnify God's power in their sight, such stories were not unusual. Even yet they surely have a place in that great museum of strange and curious things in which men, in civilization's dawn, have implicitly believed. Belief or disbelief in dryads, naiads, witches, ghosts, devils, angels, gnomes, fairies, men with one parent, and women with none, will not fix for us our place in eternity, and should not in society here and now. Vagrant stars would do violence to astronomy; the laws of the Universe, unfailing, unchanging, are the true miracle, and not their capricious undoing to suit trivial circumstances. The theology of the past, which admitted the miraculous, limited God's power in that it made Him subject to anger, whim, mood, notion and caprice. He changeth not, and in Him there is no variableness nor shadow of turning.

THE town of Nazareth where Jesus grew up to manhood has now about four thousand people. At that time it had, probably, but half this number. It is situated in a beautiful and fertile valley in Galilee in the northern part of Palestine. There are great towering mountains above and beyond, green at the base, and growing rocky and rugged as you ascend. In this vicinity was the home of the Shulamite maiden, of whom Solomon sung. Solomon gives us glimpses of this beautiful valley—the pomegranates and the figs, the maize and the melons, the swaying cornflowers, the many-hued morning-glories that clambered over the simple cottages, the shepherds

THE and their flocks, the kine on the hills, and the goats that leaped  
LIBERATORS from rock to rock.

Q Much of the country has now grown arid, and as the years have passed, Islam has left it desolate. The giant cedars of Lebanon, that once towered toward the sun and tossed their branches in defiance to the storm, are gone, but even yet the gardens in the Springtime are fresh and green, and the foothills above the town and the valleys below laugh in glee with their carpet of flowers. On the west is Mount Carmel, which lifts a jagged front against the sky, like a great stone face; and in the early morning when the wind blows in with messages from the sea, great white clouds of mist reel and roll up the mountain-side like drunken giants. Down the valley one catches glimpses of Endor, where once lived a terrible witch; beyond is Mount Tabor; to the north is Mount Hermon, rich in story and legend. To the south lies the desert of Judea, desolate and wind-swept, and the rocky road that winds in and out among the barren sands, loses itself like a thread, on to Jerusalem, two days' journey, or sixty miles away. Above the town on the little plateau sleeps Mary, the mother of Jesus; in a near-by tomb rests the dust of Joseph, the honest carpenter, his foster-father, side by side with thousands of simple Nazarenes who to us are nameless. The square little stone houses, mostly of one room, are thereabout as they were two thousand years ago—the same narrow streets, the winding alleys where the brown, barefoot children frolic, just as when the little son of Mary played and romped, or wandered over the grassy slopes, climbed the rugged rocks, or waded in the little stream that the freshets of Summer transformed, to the delight of the children, into a rushing torrent.

I IN Nazareth there is no court of fashion, no famed schools where scholars teach, no wealth nor flaunting equipage. The synagogue is only a barren stone structure, devoid of orna-

ment, somewhat larger than the largest of the houses. ¶ The poverty of the place, however, is more apparent than real, for this, we must remember, is a land where little is needed. Here there is no struggle to maintain life, nor is there strife for place and power. The Winter is short and not severe and very much of the time the entire family lives out of doors. The women grind their corn at the mills, milk their goats, tend their gardens, look after the climbing trumpet-flowers, and carry their tall jugs to the public well. The men work at weaving, at simple blacksmithing, carpentering; mend the stone walls, and now and then help in the construction of a new house, built just like the rest. There is plenty, for wants are few, and in the evening, old men sit on the benches of stone and gravely talk.

**A**ROUND the memories of men of power, who write their names large on history's page, myth and legend weave their garlands in the endeavor to add luster to the fame that does not need their aid, and "seven towns struggle for the honor of being their birthplace."

The legend that Jesus was born at Bethlehem evolved into being many years after his death. David was born in this Judean village, and the prophecy that when he was reincarnated he would again be born there, was made by the Prophet Micah. ¶ The "taxing" mentioned occurred ten years after the death of Herod, and both Matthew and Luke state that the birth of Jesus took place during the reign of Herod. Besides, in going to Jerusalem, Joseph and Mary must pass out of their way to reach Bethlehem—this town being directly south of Jerusalem, while Nazareth is directly north. In any event, the mere locality of a man's birth is not vital, and counts for little. All agree that the stay at Bethlehem was very short, and that Nazareth was the childhood home of Jesus. During his life, and long afterward, he was spoken of as "the Nazarene."



THE LIBERATORS

THE Romans never issued any order to kill all children under two years old. Such an order at the time of Christ would have



been as absurd as if issued now in Canada. The Romans at the time Christ was born were sticklers for law; neither Herod, nor any other Roman governor, ever gave an order to kill children under any condition. The myths and legends of this man's birth are trivial, childish and unimportant. The real questions that interest us are: Who was this wonderful and unselfish individual? What did he strive to do? What did he accomplish? ¶ The parents of Jesus were simple, earnest and intelligent people—neither rich nor poor, without titles, position or proud pedigree.

Jesus never called himself the "Son of David," and the attempt to make him the pretender to the Jewish Throne, by giving him an unbroken pedigree from David, was evidently worked out by sectarians who did not believe in or had never heard of his miraculous birth.

The line of David had died out centuries before, and most of the men named by Matthew and Luke, as progenitors of Jesus, evidently never had any existence outside of their own lively imaginations. Matthew and Luke do not agree in their records. Mark climbs the genealogical tree to David and there stops, but Luke in his zeal follows the line clear to Adam and then to God, to prove its purity. If Joseph had been the direct heir to the Jewish throne he doubtless would have known it and told of it. In his community he would have been a marked man. Neither the high priests of Jewry, Herod, nor the rulers of Rome knew of any lineal descendants of King David, and none such could have escaped them if they had existed. Besides this, the entire Christian faith is built upon the declaration that Joseph was not a blood-relative of Jesus. According to the record, Joseph was a simple, honest, unpretentious man of middle age. Before

Joseph and Mary entered upon their married life, Joseph discovered that Mary was ere long to become a mother. It seems also that Joseph was on the point of putting his wife away, but something in his heart aroused his better nature and he stood by the friendless woman in spite of her disgrace. We have the plain and undisputed record that Joseph denied being the father of Jesus. So we thus have three propositions; One, the declaration that Jesus had but one parent. Two, that Matthew and Luke, who gave a royal line to Joseph, believed that Joseph was the father of Jesus. Three, the claim of Joseph that he was not the father of Jesus, backed up by Mary herself, and the presumption, therefore, that Mary had some unknown lover. From what we know of biology, and by the exercise of our knowledge as rational beings, we are compelled to discard the hypothesis in Number One.

In the light of the disavowal of both Joseph and Mary, and the uncorroborated claim of royal pedigree, we must also discard Number Two as untenable. This leaves only Number Three with which to deal. And since Mary herself, the mother of Jesus, corroborates Joseph in the statement that Joseph was not the parent, we are forced to assume that the father of her child was an unknown lover of Mary who deserted her at the critical moment, and thus forever forfeited his claim on immortality.

¶ Of all men who have blundered, no man ever blundered more or worse. Oblivion now has swallowed him, where otherwise he might have worn a crown of glory. When confronted and questioned, Mary would not name her lover, but took refuge in the naive statement, "An angel visited me in a dream!"

¶ It is the answer that loving woman has given since time began. No sweeter and more touching reply was ever given by motherhood when attacked by coarse, leering brutality: "An angel visited me in a dream." Beyond this she would not speak.

THE To her the matter was sacred, and the hearts of all good men and  
LIBERATORS women, everywhere, must go out to her in love and sympathy.

❧ No judge, no jury, no lawyer can, in the face of the facts, say anything else than this: "We do not know who was the father of Jesus." However, the word "illegitimate" is not in God's vocabulary; but if its use is ever admissible, it should be applied wholly to the defective, the incompetent, the degenerate, the noncogitabund, and never to the brave, the beautiful, the radiant, the unselfish and the intelligent. Says Ernst Haeckel: "The dogma of the immaculate conception seems, perhaps, to be less audacious and significant than the dogma of the infallibility of the pope. Yet not only the Roman hierarchy, but even some of the orthodox Protestants (the Evangelical Alliance, for instance) attach great importance to this thesis. What is known as the 'immaculate oath'—that is, the confirmation of faith by an oath taken on the immaculate conception of Mary—is still regarded by millions of Christians as a sacred obligation. Comparative and critical theology has recently shown that this myth has no greater claim to originality than most of the other stories in the Christian mythology; it has been borrowed from older religions, especially Buddhism. Similar myths were widely circulated in India, Persia, Asia Minor and Greece several centuries before the birth of Christ. Whenever a king's unwedded daughter, or some other maid of high degree, gave birth to a child, the father was always pronounced to be a god or a demi-god; in the Christian case it was the Holy Ghost. The special endowments of mind or body which often distinguish these 'children of love' above the ordinary offspring were thus partly explained by 'heredity.' Distinguished 'sons of God' of this kind were held in high esteem both in antiquity and during the Middle Ages, while the moral code of modern civilization reproaches them with their want of honorable parentage. This

applies even more forcibly to 'daughters of God,' though the poor maidens are just as little to blame for their want of a father. For the rest, every one who is at all familiar with the beautiful mythology of classical antiquity is well aware that these sons and daughters of the Greek and Roman gods often approach nearest to the highest ideal of humanity."

JESUS had sisters who grew up and were married at Nazareth. He also had brothers. For them he seems to have had but little regard—family ties were nothing to him. Like all men over whose birth there is a cloud, he recognized only the kinship of the spirit. So we hear of his asking almost contemptuously, "Who is my brother?" He had two cousins, sons of Mary Cleopas, sister of his mother, who were very much attached to him, and called themselves "the brothers of our Lord." His earnest, thoughtful ways set him apart from the rest, and he was regarded as strange and different. They did not understand him—they could not—and evidently had little faith in his unusual, strange and peculiar ways.

THE word Galilee means "mixed." It was evidently so used because of the extremely varied population which inhabited the province.

There were Egyptians, Syrians, Greeks and Jews—the latter being somewhat in the majority. Many were reckoned as Jews who had simply married into Jewish families; for a Gentile to become a Jew, no particular rite was required. The assumption is that Jesus was a Jew by birth, yet of Mary's genealogy we know nothing, and we are also ignorant, of course, of the unknown father of Jesus. That Jesus did not have the fixed and idolatrous regard for the Jewish Laws that the orthodox Jew had, we know full well. He quite often disregarded the laws openly, and encouraged his disciples to do the same, spurning the old rules, and giving them commandments of his own for

THE LIBERATORS      their guidance. Joseph treated the boy as his own, kindly and gently, and brought him up to be useful; to wait on himself; to respect his elders, and to do good work. He learned the carpenter's trade, which then included that of the stone-mason, working side by side with Joseph. Doubtless Jesus was also a pupil at the village school taught by the "hazzan," or school-master, who was really the janitor of the synagogue, which served both as schoolhouse and temple. The children were taught to read by reciting in concert, repeating over and over again the same thing. This method of teaching was in general operation, even in America, up to within a comparatively few years ago. This bright, active, impressionable and serious-minded boy learned by hearing the older ones recite; by listening to Joseph and the neighbors as they sat and discussed the Law and the Prophets after the day's work was done; from the chance visitors who came along at times; and from the pedlers who carried their curious wares and trinkets for the women-folk.

**N**AZARETH was not a pagan town like Cæsarea, where the Roman politicians lived and Greek learning had taken root. Evidently Jesus knew nothing of Greek culture, but he did know something of Buddhism. Where he got this knowledge we do not know—it is probable that he evolved it, for ideas are in the air, and belong to all who can appropriate them; or some traveler might have let fall the seeds by the wayside.

In towns like Nazareth there was no caste—all one person knew belonged to the rest. The conversation was full and free. And that this boy with his thoughtful ways and his thirst to know, and all of his fine energy, absorbed ideas on every hand, there is no doubt. He knew all that the best in the place knew, and all he himself knew besides. Like all country boys he was familiar with the birds of the air, the lilies of the field, and the foxes that made their holes beneath the rocks.



The lake, exaggeratedly called the Sea of Galilee, twelve miles long and seven wide, was only a few miles away, and there he used to go with his companions to fish; so the various processes of fishing and the handling of boats were to him quite familiar. He grew to be very fond of these fisherfolk who lived along the Lake. They were strong, hardy, companionable men with the dash of the hero in them.

**J**ESUS was not an educated person in our sense of the word and this is most fortunate. Learning tames and dilutes a man; he grows to reverence authorities and things that are dead, and so he gradually loses his own God-given heritage of self-reliance. A reformer must of a necessity be more or less ignorant. In fact, the finest nobility is only possible in a man who has never had a teacher—who acknowledges no authority but the God within.

As a general proposition, ignorance and isolation are both necessary in the equipment of the supremely great who are to mold the minds of men and break up the firm ankylosis of social habit, fixed thought and ossified custom. Learning hesitates and defers, but ignorance is bold. Originality is not a thing that is fostered by the schools—a statement that requires no proof.

Some of the words of Jesus are paraphrases from Buddha Siddhartha, but these were old maxims, floating free, known in all countries, and repeated from mouth to mouth by men of a certain temperament.

A Jewish rabbi by the name of Hillel had, some years before, uttered aphorisms much like those which Jesus repeated; and Philo Judæus, a most earnest young Jewish philosopher, had spoken words of love and tenderness in similar speech. But there is no reason to believe that Jesus ever knew of Buddha, Hillel or Philo, save as the wisdom of these thinkers had passed into the

THE current coin of thought. Strong men of similar type, placed in  
LIBERATORS certain circumstances, will come to similar conclusions. On  
truth there is no copyright.



WITH the Hebrew Prophets Jesus very early became familiar by hearing them read in the Synagogue, and in fact it was in reciting from the Prophets that he learned to read. Isaiah was especially interesting to him. The Book of Daniel and the account of the Captivity of the Jews by Nebuchadnezzar impressed him greatly. He read with vivid interest the story of those earnest young Hebrews who trod in safety the fiery furnace, and of Daniel in the lions' den. The wild wailing and the torrent of pathetic eloquence of Jeremiah shook his boyish frame. The splendid dreams for the future, and the hot invective toward those who blocked the way to the realization of the Jewish Utopia, filled his heart. Jesus read and re-read the visions of Enoch, and the prophecies of a coming Messiah took a firm hold upon his impressionable nature. He read of how political revolutions were to occur, nation would rise against nation, family against family, and at last the Messiah was to unite the faithful and lead them out of their poverty and woes, out from the captivity of their enemies, bringing them into peace, prosperity and plenty.

Jesus knew of Cæsar, but beyond this, Roman history was to him a blank. He knew nothing of the peace Augustus had brought about, but supposed the nations of the earth had little occupation beyond fighting one another. He believed that political power was for persecution; that governments were simply institutions for undoing the people; that taxation was robbery; and that the rich were lecherous gourmands, devoid of pity and dead to shame, a dangerous, selfish class whose amusement was oppression.

His own people were very lowly; all of his friends and compan-

ions were simple people; the fisherfolk he occasionally visited were poor. Poverty grew to him to be a sort of virtue, and wealth a crime. The fierce imprecations of Isaiah toward the false priests, michers, lawyers and skulking hypocrites found easy lodgment in his heart, and to be rich and a hypocrite were to him synonymous. Even at the early age of twelve we find he was so self-reliant in his thinking, so fearless of opposition, so indifferent to precedent, that on a trip to Jerusalem with his parents, he forgot the booths and bazaars, the music and processions, and going into the Temple, engaged the learned, gray-haired Doctors in earnest theological dispute, very much, likely, to their astonishment, if not amusement.

THE feeling of sublimity was early developed in Jesus, a soaring sense of expansion and power. There are very many who go through life and never know anything of this higher existence, when the heavens appear to open and truth comes to us without the medium of books and teachers. The love emotions do not have to be taught—they are not imparted—they spring out of our nature when the time is ripe, and we feel and know. ¶ So there is a sense of Divinity that comes to certain men—they feel their kinship with God—the Universal Life flows through them, and they realize they are instruments of Deity. This is what may be termed Natural religion—religion given by Nature.—a religion sent from God. It is different from a dogmatic belief that is explained to us by a man who has thought it all out for us, and who had it explained to him by some one else. That quality of the mind which constructs creeds, argues fine points, and logically proves or syllogistically disposes, will spread its own withering aridity and dry up the fountain of the soul. Spirituality is seldom the possession of those who profess it, and culture ever eludes those who stealthily pursue her as a business.

THE LIBERATORS Suppose lovers were required to explain why they love and believe in each other—could they do it?

¶ Natural religion is a matter of the heart: a great welling emotion of love and gratitude—an overwhelming desire to give, benefit and bless mankind. Man-made religion is a question of theology—a matter of the head—and has fear as its base, not faith. Theology is a clutch for power; but love is a desire to give, benefit and bless.

THIS high sense of kinship with the Divine came to Jesus at adolescence. No doubt the children of the street informed him concerning the peculiarities of his birth, for a little town, of Oriental cast, especially, is only a big family, and everybody knows everybody else's history in minutest detail. Jesus had, while but a child, asked his mother about his birth, and she had satisfied him with the very natural explanation, "You are the son of God." This calm, serious youth with the big, open, wondering eyes had not forgotten the remark—he had repeated it to other children on the street and repeated it to himself. Some of the children had laughed, and others had gone home and told their parents, and as Jesus grew older he held himself aloof from the rest somewhat moodily. He possessed great pride, and his fine intellect of itself set him apart from the swarms of Syrian youngsters who frolicked and fought in the gutters of sleepy old Nazareth.

AT the Synagogue he could read before any of his playmates could—he could read alone, while the other children had to read in concert or not at all. There were no priests in these village Synagogues, simply the hazzan or caretaker and the readers. These readers were volunteers and were not paid anything for their services.

By a sort of natural selection, however, the man of intellect and purpose gravitated to the reading-desk, and the hazzan,

who had charge of the sacred rolls, would unlock the little closet where these precious documents were kept, and hand to the reader the book desired for that particular service. Very early in life Jesus had acquired the habit of entering the Synagogue on the Sabbath day, and reading aloud to the little company from the scrolls, expounding the Scriptures as he read, and commenting on them.

It is somewhat curious that where children are taught to read by repeating the alphabet in concert and reading aloud together, there are some who really never learn to read at all. People with abnormal memories often have very mediocre intellects. The story-tellers and reciters of the East, and those whom one meets at times in the byways of Europe, very often can not read. Blind people have much better verbal memories than those who can see. To read and write carries with it a penalty—in degree you lose your memory. So in Palestine there were very many who went to school and learned to read in concert, who, when their schooldays were past, never again looked at a book, and soon they were absolutely illiterate, having forgotten all save the few things they had memorized. Hence, the man who kept up his reading practice was the exception, there being no books in these poor villages, save, mayhap, those that the hazzan so jealously guarded. And we can easily imagine that if a person could not read well, the hazzan, feeling the importance and responsibility of his position, would refuse to entrust him with the scrolls. Jesus read remarkably well, because he had intellect, backed up by a noble and beautiful spirit. Expression is a matter of mind, and the voice is the index of the soul. The person who understands what he reads, and through whom emotion spontaneously plays, has a fine, expressive and vibrant voice. It is tone that tells, not words. Jesus was affected by the tones of the people and often spoke of this, once telling how the



THE sheep knew the voice of the shepherd and came at his call, and  
LIBERATORS how we were moved by the voices of those we loved and in  
whom we had confidence.



Through this continued habit of reading aloud and expounding the Scriptures, there grew up in the little villages of Cana, Nazareth and Capernaum an increasing regard for the young man, and they addressed him as Rabbi, Teacher or Master. While Jesus was yet a child, Joseph died, and Mary moved with her little brood to Cana, about seven miles away. She had kinsmen in Cana, and she hoped to better her material condition by the change. Mary was evidently a woman of considerable strength of mind and decision. She was the head of the household, and long after Jesus had grown to manhood he was called "the son of Mary." Noble as he was, Jesus did not overshadow the mother who bore him.

Cana was not nearly so pleasantly situated as Nazareth, and was only about half its size. It was at Cana that Jesus first manifested, in a public way, his religious power. This exaltation of spirit is essentially the mark of genius, and it might also be truthfully stated that when carried to an extreme it is the mark of insanity. All sublime poems, great pictures, and marvelous musical compositions have been produced in this mood of uplift and ecstasy. Doubtless most people have spasms of insight, but to hold the mood and utilize it in oratory or any other form of art is the distinguishing symbol of greatness. Those who are uniformly wise are very commonplace. Religious fervor or ecstasy is a secondary sex manifestation; what is known as the artistic impulse is a variant of the same mood. Both are highly creative, and by their spell other minds are uplifted and vitalized.

The man sees, knows, does, and very often he can not give reasons, or explain how or why. This ecstasy of faith, hope,

uplift and sublime strength is highly contagious, and sick people, especially those with nervous disorders, coming under its influence are often made to stand erect, unsupported, leap with joy—and are well. Thoughtful physicians know and admit the wonderful effects of mind upon mind, and of mind over matter. Most physical ills proceed from disordered imagination, and in passing, it may be well to state this fact: Imagination is the most intensely real and actual thing of which we know. The pains and sorrows of the imagination are the only real ones, and all the joys and delights of men are matters of spirit. All appetites, with their attractions and revulsions, are matters of the imagination. The extent to which one highly imaginative individual of sterling purity of purpose and sublime power may benefit the weary, the weak, the depressed, the sorely stricken and the sick, we do not yet know. But the cures and benefits are not miraculous—they are all under some distinct, invariable law which as yet we very imperfectly understand. It is part of the great Unknown.

The belief that the Spirit of God was acting through him came to Jesus as an actual, living fact. He read and re-read the story of Daniel, and he noted how this brave young man kept himself free from defilement by refusing to eat the meat and drink the wine that the pagan king had provided. And he resolved that he, too, would keep his body pure. He would not defile the Temple of the Most High by being led into sensuality and a search for bodily pleasure and gratification.

There is a fine tang in doing without things, in living plainly, sleeping hard and scorning the soft and luxurious.

The ascetic gets his gratification by having spirit rule the flesh, instead of flesh ruling spirit. In his moods of fervor Jesus felt that indeed he was the Son of God. All people who can catch a glimpse into this higher life of the spirit come to

THE LIBERATORS this conclusion, that all is One. There is only one Source of life and we are all partakers of it. Yet there are many degrees of

life, and we hear of Jesus urging his followers to have "life in abundance." We are all Sons of God, and we come close to our Father as we seek to ascertain and do His bidding. When we truly pray, "Thy will be done," then we are bringing about a heaven now—His Kingdom upon Earth. This desire to do the will of God became the controlling impulse in the life of Jesus—he would live humbly, truthfully and earnestly, and being in communication with God, he would get his instruction directly from Him and not through the Jewish Law. He thought of God actually as his Father, and as a loving father would lead, instruct and direct his child, so would God lead and direct him.

The Kingdom must be gained, not by making war on the established order, but by accepting it, paying taxes to Cæsar, making the best of outward environment by submitting to it, and then conquering through this sublime ecstasy of the soul that raises one clear above the dross of earth and the rust and dust of time. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon the earth." The continued habit of pure thinking and simple living brings a reward beyond the value of gold, lands and barns. And this wealth of the soul endures. He had felt the richness of the loving heart that asks for nothing, wants nothing, envies no man, that never resents, which accepts all—sublimely rich and satisfied in doing the will of God!

"The Kingdom of God is within you," he said. The Prophets had continually told of a Messiah who would come and lead the Jews out of the rule of the pagans and unite them in a great, happy and prosperous family. It came to Jesus with a thrill and a throb that he himself might be this Messiah! But the more he thought of an earthly kingdom—a place where the Jews might be gathered together—the more impossible it seemed to bring

such a matter about. ¶ The first attempt would lead straight to an armed resistance on the part of the established order—the priests, scribes, publicans and all the other officers of the Government. He therefore easily came to the very sensible conclusion that the Kingdom of God was a matter of the spirit. Again and again he says, “Blessed are the pure in heart.” ¶ Jesus revered and had faith in his inmost convictions, because he believed these came directly from God. He believed that if he were absolutely honest, simple, direct and unselfish in his thoughts and acts, speaking as his Father directed, then indeed would he reflect the will of God, and bring about the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth. Thus would he be the long-looked-for Messiah.

In general intent the idea of Jesus was expressed by Confucius, five hundred years before, when he said, “Be free from desire, lust, greed and wrath; be tranquil, unaffected by pain or pleasure, praise or censure, honor or dishonor; be moderate; treat friend and foe alike; utter only such speech as shall cause no sorrow; be true, agreeable, beneficent, and you shall govern the world.”

Contemporaneous with Confucius there lived Gautama, who expressed practically the same truths in the “Eight-Fold Path of Peace.” The plea was for cleanliness, kindness, sobriety, purity, cheerfulness and right intent, and the belief was that these things would lead to a happy reincarnation and at last to blessed Nirvana.

WHEN Jesus came to believe that the firm character of Daniel came from his absolute reliance on God; that freedom to every man arrives when he deserves it; and that the Kingdom of God was not in the far-off future, but here and now, if we would only cease striving and become as little children, and enter in, a great load was lifted from his heart. It was n't a

THE LIBERATORS matter of strife and struggle—no, it was just letting go, living lightly, easily, naturally, in faith and love, confidence and hope.

¶ A great light had come to him—he would overcome through affection and not through resistance. “Resist not evil”—he would conquer by yielding—violence begets violence, force begets force, and love begets love. In his soul he felt a great and abiding peace, and this peace was tokened in his gentleness, his sweetly modulated voice; and the light that illumined his soul shone out eloquently through his calm and lustrous eyes. He wanted nothing, and to want nothing is to possess all. If we want nothing and have nothing that others can take away from us, we are unafraid. Perfect love casteth out fear.

AT this time Jesus had no disciples, and had founded no sect or school. He moved in and out among the people freely—he talked little, but his silence was eloquent. The loungers, awed, moved out of his way as he passed, but the children, recognizing in him one in whom there was neither fear nor reason for fear, clung to his hands and robe and came and seated themselves on his knees while he sat. This sweetness, gentleness and strength, especially appealed to women. Women are instinctively on their guard against the selfish, gluttonous man. But the self-contained man who makes no demands upon them; who in degree is indifferent to them; who can do without them; who is without passion, having mastered passion, and therefore is not passion’s slave, such a one always attracts women before he attracts men. All good women seek the man they can trust—one in whom they can believe.

And so through the winning gentleness of Jesus, his poise, his unselfishness, his high intellect, there grew up about him a little company who followed him, finding peace in his presence. If he read and spoke in the Synagogue in the morning they would all be present; and if it were known that he was to speak in some



neighboring village later in the day, a goodly group of women and children, and men as well, would follow him. Once we hear of his riding a mule that was supplied by some well-to-do admirer, and the children in playful mood ran ahead and strewed palms in the way, and doubtless the young man smiled upon them kindly. And surely the smile from such a one was reward enough.

Jesus had absolutely no sympathy with a paid, professional priesthood. He thought the intermediary quite needless and unnecessary: and worse, it was the sure undoing of the intermediary, for such a one at once began to take honors to himself, and to inwardly say, "I am holier than thou." At Jerusalem he had seen the Pharisees, a sect of the Jews, many of them wealthy and powerful people, pray on public street corners. This had offended his sense of fitness, and so also had the badges, "phylacteries," and the peculiar dress they wore to show their rank. And so he sought to explain to the people that God was spirit, and not a Governor or Ruler, and we must worship Him in spirit and in truth. That is, the outward worship was not worship at all—this falsehood and this pretended piety were offensive to God. "When ye pray," he said to them, "ye shall not be as the hypocrites: for they love to stand and pray in the Synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thine inner chamber, and having shut thy door, pray to thy Father, who is in secret." He did not regard himself alone as the Son of God, but he spoke repeatedly of "thy Father" or "your Father," thus showing his belief in a Universal Fatherhood. In fact, the exclusive Son-of-God idea was not evolved until the faith had been carried to Rome, where great men dead and gone were deified, and the descendants of gods and virgins ruled as Emperors.



**PHYSICALLY** Jesus was of medium height, slight in form, with light complexion, blue eyes and tawny hair. His power lay in the fact that his body and mind were under almost perfect control. Usually he talked but little. He was a sympathetic listener—he seemed to give himself to his hearers. This habit of self-control—asking for nothing, giving all—is essentially the symbol of great mental ability. The essence of power lies in reserve. The man who asks for nothing and wants nothing has everything. We need Messiahs now just as much as they did two thousand years ago—and more. Let a man arise who believes in his own divinity; who is filled with the spirit of love; who has the yearning heart and unselfish soul, and men will everywhere flock to his standard. Jesus saw the truth without blinking; he wanted nothing, and had a complete indifference toward social preferment; priestly precedents were to him as naught. He expressed what he believed, not simply what it was expedient to state. Men with a social position to maintain, with political superiors to appease, and a mob of retainers to satisfy, are untruthful of necessity. Simplicity and directness of speech and manner are quite out of their province.

At first thought it seems strange that an obscure man, by using all of his faculties—mental and physical—and by being frank, direct, simple, honest and unpretentious, could set himself apart from mankind; but one who has this ability is practically without rivals—he has no competitors.

**IT** must not be thought that Jesus spent all of his time preaching and in going from place to place. His whole life was quiet and free from undue excitement, except those few weeks at the last. He was never more than seventy-five miles from home, and was known, comparatively, to but a few. Most of the time he worked at his trade, often finding diversion in dressing the vines, or helping gather the clusters of grapes in the vineyards that

dotted the hillsides, thus assisting his neighbors in their tasks. At other times he would tend the flocks, and at night-time assist in housing the sheep in the stone enclosures so they would be safe against prowling wolves. Preaching, therefore, was quite incidental to him, although he talked with any or all who showed a desire to know the truth. His life was without worldly ambition. His desire was to serve, and no useful task was alien to him. This life of humility, simplicity and useful effort, of truth and gentleness, he regarded as the Godlike life. "Whosoever would save his life shall lose it: and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it," he said. The man was not wholly indifferent to happiness, but he knew a better way to secure it than to deprive others of it or to clutch, strive and struggle for it. Man's true wants are few and Nature is bountiful; if we love God and seek to do the will of God, we should show it in our attitude toward our neighbors, and all good things will be added unto us.

This is a very beautiful religion and if followed out by a majority, would surely redeem the world; and after all our philosophizing, we turn at last for rest to this gentle religion of Jesus, so simple, yet so noble and true—the religion of love and service. Here, only, do we find rest for our souls.

SO passed the years in peace and plenty. Jesus was twenty-eight years of age, in the very prime of his early manhood, when the quiet of his life was broken in upon by the actions of a young man by the name of John, whose fame had gone throughout all Palestine. John was the son of Zacharias, a Jewish priest, and was about the same age as Jesus. Their mothers were cousins, and were acquainted before their births, so it is quite likely that the young men, too, knew each other as they grew up. John was born at Hebron, a little town about fifty miles from Nazareth, on the border of the desert. His ideas as to asceticism

THE LIBERATORS went clear beyond those of Jesus—he would wander forth into the desert and live alone for days, drinking out of the clefts of the rocks and keeping himself from actual starvation by eating locusts and wild honey. He dressed in skins like a savage, discarding every comfort, and when he came out of his hiding-place and approached a town, he would call aloud to the people to repent and “flee from the wrath to come.” He seemed to be a reincarnation of the Prophet Elijah, dressing like him, acting like him, and talking like him. His prophecies were especially severe on the rich and the politicians, and he seemed to think that the end of the world was about to come, and that, indeed, the Children of Israel were soon to be redeemed from the heavy yoke of oppression and to be brought together to live in peace and unity, free from all bondage.

He himself was not to bring about this great revolution—he was only preparing the way for another who was to come soon, the latchet of whose shoes he was not worthy to unloose. Such evangelists with an excess of zeal are not uncommon; even in our day we have seen a man claiming to be the third incarnation of Elijah. This modern prophet is not exactly an ascetic, but like Elijah the First, he has foretold much evil, and like John, warned men to flee from some mysterious wrath. John was essentially of the Yogi type, and his power and earnestness sent a thrill of terror through the people wherever he went. The Jewish mind was quite prepared for such men as John, having seen others of his kind, and being already filled with the Messianic thought.

Jesus had a peace and poise that John did not possess. However, Jesus was powerfully impressed by him. John called upon the people to repent and to band themselves together, and the symbol of this repentance was baptism by immersion—a public renunciation and a performance that all could see. John had

journeyed to within a few miles from where Jesus was then staying, and Jesus hearing of the excitement, and to a degree sympathizing with it, went with several of his comrades to the river Jordan, where John was baptizing.

John did not have a scintilla of that beautiful and gentle religion of Jesus—he was bold, denunciatory, iconoclastic, threatening. But the people he denounced were the very same people whom Jesus inveighed against—the Scribes, Pharisees and the professional priests and politicians. So it will be seen there was a natural bond of sympathy between John and Jesus, and the difference in their methods and manners was largely a matter of temperament. John, like all evangelists, called upon the hearers to “come forward,” and in common with many others present, Jesus accepted the invitation, went forward, and was baptized. Jesus did not think of rivaling John, nor did he assert his superiority—he simply showed that he was in sympathy with the zealot.

Yet he did not mix with the disciples of John on an absolute equality; he and his comrades kept aloof and soon went their own way. But John had profoundly impressed Jesus, and we hear of Jesus imitating him, in soon starting on his own account to baptize his converts.

Jesus saw that the plan of baptizing was a good one—it was doing something positive, and could not help giving the candidate a thrill he would long remember. Such a form of initiation has its psychic use with people of moderate intellects—a simple spiritual change of thought and life is not enough—they want to do something positive and pronounced. And we can easily see how immersion would impress the convert in a way that the modern, attenuated manner of baptism by sprinkling would not. The nature of Jesus was essentially feminine—he was sympathetic, impressionable and easily moved towards imitation.





Indeed, this is the artistic type of character, and most of us know the feeling of reading a great book and wanting to write one just like it. When preparing a speech, Webster used to read the orations of Cicero to key his mind to the proper pitch, and such a self-reliant man as Robert Browning had a habit of beginning the day by reading Shakespeare, that he might get somewhat into the swing and stride of the master. Jesus now began to preach and baptize after the manner of John. One was on the eastern bank of the Jordan, the other on the western. ¶ John had gotten along undisturbed while he remained in Judea, as Pilate, the easy-going Roman Procurator, was not inclined to dictate to his people; instead, he allowed them the fullest liberty of expression, as he believed that all excesses tended to cure themselves. But John had now invaded the province ruled by Herod Antipas, a degenerate son of Herod the Great. Antipas was a whimsical and weak man, with an ambitious, robustious, violent and turbulent helpmeet. This woman also had a royal pedigree, and so far as we know she never for a moment forgot it. She had a strong bias for interference—and also a grown-up daughter, Salome by name, born of a former marriage. Salome was the child of her mother.

Many reports had come to Antipas, and his interesting family, of John the Baptist, whose fame was constantly growing. Men were leaving their work, getting ready for the great change that was soon to end the world, with the coming of the Messiah. This of course meant an end to Herod Antipas. Excitement was in the air! Rumor was rife and great uneasiness was apparent.

**P**ERSONALLY the Governor was not disturbed as to his own fate, but this religious excitement was taking on a political complexion. We have seen religious movements in America that gave spasms of fear, perhaps not without reason, to statesmen, so called, in Washington. Very seldom, indeed, do religious

bodies keep clear of politics—they vote solidly. John inveighed against the existing government—against all governments—and he even went so far as to seriously criticize the domestic relations of his Governor or tetrach.

Herodias had been the wife of Philip, brother of the tetrarch. John condemned this second marriage as indecent, wicked, and contrary to the laws of God, thereby bringing upon his head the vindictive hatred of a revengeful woman who possessed the power to punish—a proceeding more dangerous than the mere infraction of statutory law. John was as bitter towards Antipas and his consort as Hamlet was towards his mother and her husband, King Claudius.

**N**OW, it came to pass that John the Baptist, the strong, the fearless, the virile, came up out of the wilderness crying in the streets of Jerusalem: "Repent ye! Repent ye!"

Salome heard the call and from her window looked with half-closed, catlike eyes upon the semi-naked, young fanatic. She smiled, did this idle creature of luxury, as she lay there amid the cushions on her couch, and gazed through the casement upon the preacher in the street. Suddenly a thought came to her. She arose on her elbow—she called her slaves. They clothed her in a gaudy gown, dressed her hair and led her forth. Salome followed the wild, weird, religious enthusiast.

She pushed through the crowd and placed herself near the man, so the smell of her body would reach his nostrils. His eyes ranged the swelling lines of her body. Their eyes met. She half-smiled and gave him that look which had snared the soul of many another. But he only gazed at her with passionless, judging intensity and repeated his cry: "Repent ye! Repent ye, for the day is at hand!" Her reply, uttered soft and low, was this: "I would kiss thy lips!" He moved away and she reached to seize his garment, repeating, "I would kiss thy lips—I would

THE kiss thy lips!" He turned aside, and forgot her, as he continued  
LIBERATORS his warning cry, and went his way. The next day she waylaid  
the youth again; as he came near she suddenly and softly stepped  
forth and said in that same low, purring voice, "I would kiss  
thy lips!" He repulsed her with scorn. She threw her arms about  
him and sought to draw his head down near hers.

He pushed her from him with sinewy hands, sprang as from a  
pestilence, and was lost in the pressing throng. That night she  
danced before Herod Antipas, and when the promise was recalled  
that she should have anything she wished, she named the head  
of the only man who had ever turned away from her. "The  
head of John the Baptist on a charger!"

In an hour the wish was gratified. Two eunuchs stood before  
Salome with a silver tray bearing its fearsome burden. The  
woman smiled—a smile of triumph, as she stepped forth with  
tinkling feet. A look of pride came over the painted face.

Her jeweled fingers reached into the blood-matted hair. She  
lifted the head aloft, and the bracelets on her brown bare arms  
fell to her shapely shoulders, making strange music. Her face  
pressed the face of the dead. In exultation she exclaimed,  
"I have kissed thy lips!"

REPRESSION is invariably the first ingredient in the  
recipe for revolution. The biting tongue of John had been  
silenced, his lips were dumb, his followers scattered, and Jesus,  
subdued and sorrowful, had returned to his home in Galilee.  
But he did not long remain silent. His new experiment had  
tended to broaden his mind, deepen his nature and intensify his  
thought. The execution of John was a terrible thing—done by  
government—his hatred for officialism was increased! In all of  
this tragedy Jesus seemed to foresee the somber symbol of his  
own undoing. But he was not dismayed. He would live his life—  
he would speak the truth as he saw it—he would express his

inmost self! When he began once more to preach, it was with confidence and power of expression that was before unknown to him. He talked now to "the multitude," which probably means several hundred people at a time, and in his oratory there was plainly apparent a dash of lofty scorn. Like all men who are led largely by their feelings, his words were strangely inconsistent. He spoke in parable. He urged submission to the established order, yet rebuked those in authority. He explained that his kingdom was not of this world, but prophesied peace, now and here, to the souls of such as would follow him. He talked of glad tidings, and yet said that the righteous would be persecuted. "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted," but whether comforted here or hereafter, he is not always sure.

THE Old Testament contains no hint of future rewards and punishments—the grave ends all. If man is immortal the Hebrew Prophets did not know it. Jesus believed in a life after death, and urges his followers to lay up treasures for themselves in heaven—that is, in another world, where moth and rust do not corrupt, nor where thieves break through and steal.

Jesus now boldly proclaimed himself the Son of God, and said, "I and the Father are one."

Several of the followers of John had now come to him, and these by their presence and faith, if not in actual words, had inspired him to take up the work of John the Baptist. John had foretold the quick coming of the Messiah, and Jesus was now confident that he himself was the "Son of Man," prophesied by Daniel, who was to come and found a Kingdom and who would judge the world and lead it out of bondage. And by "bondage," Jesus meant the bondage to custom, habit and sin—not bondage to Rome. Yet for Rome he had not a shadow of respect. Jesus had now practically ceased to be a Jew—he had gone beyond that. He called all men to repentance, not the Jews alone, and

THE LIBERATORS deliberately placed his own commands above those of the Hebrew Law. He had a way of saying, "They have said unto you in olden time, but I say unto you," thus revealing his implicit belief in himself and his own divine mission.

HE now lived at Capernaum, an important village located on the shores of Lake Tiberias. Here he had close personal friends and few carping critics. He had gotten quite out of conceit with the gossiping little hamlet of Nazareth—he had tried to arouse that place, but there he could do no "mighty work on account of the unbelief of the people."

Grave old men had shaken their heads and stroked their beards as they asked: "Is not this Jesus, the Son of Mary? Why, we knew him when he was a youngster, playing in these alleys and going with the shepherds to bring in the lambs to the fold!" These old men belonged to the great order of "We knew him when!"

¶ And Jesus repeated an old saying, "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country." At Capernaum he did not find this prejudice that is the result of familiarity. He made his home there with a prosperous and excellent man called Zebedee, and all deference and honor were paid him. Zebedee had two sons, James and John, who especially believed in Jesus and his divine mission and longed to help him bring about this "New Jerusalem" of which they heard.

The mother of these young men also had much faith in Jesus and his mission, as we are told she once secretly requested Jesus to reserve first places in heaven for her two sons—one on his right and one on his left hand—a beautiful and motherly request. This John, the son of Zebedee, was only a youth, but he was impressionable and full of the spirit—gentle and clairvoyant by nature. Jesus became much attached to him, although neither then knew what an important part this John, "the beloved disciple," would play in placing the Gospel before the people of



the world. Then there were two other brothers, sons of one Jonas, by name Simon Peter and Andrew. Peter was married and in his family lived his wife's mother, who once was taken very sick, and they sent for Jesus that she might be cured of her illness.

THESE fishermen continued their regular work while Jesus was with them, but we hear of Jesus one day telling them that they had better quit and go with him on an evangelizing tour, and "I will make you fishers of men."

For Peter, especially, Jesus had the greatest admiration. Peter was ten years or more older than Jesus and of a very strong sturdy type. His name meant "the rock," and Jesus was fond of playing upon the fitness of it. Peter did not have a great amount of intellect or insight; he was impulsive—usually doing his thinking after he had spoken. He was of the motive temperament and a natural leader of the hardy, rough men of his class. Yet even though he had small delicacy of spirit, he had faith, which often answers the purpose of this world better. Jesus lived at the home of Peter part of the time, and used to borrow his boat and preach from it to the people who gathered along the shore. Capernaum, Bethsaida and Magdala were only a little way apart, and at all of these places Jesus had many friends. At Magdala was a woman named Mary, who was known as the Magdalene for the same reason that Jesus was called the Nazarene. This woman was to play quite an important part in his history. Evidently the Magdalene was a woman of much spirit, but of a neurotic temperament. She had suffered long from some nervous disorder, which the simple villagers said came from her "being possessed with devils"—her reputation being of a kind that doubtless made it easy for her neighbors to believe in this devil theory. Jesus was not afraid of having his reputation smirched—he was a friend to the Magdalene.

THE By his wonderful magnetic presence Jesus sent the "devils"  
LIBERATORS out of her nature, and she became calm, poised and sane.

THIS territory where Jesus preached, we must remember, was very limited in extent—the entire distance that he traversed being only about fifteen or twenty miles and back. Jesus simply traveled through these simple little villages, where the people supplied their few wants by fishing, growing grapes and tending the flocks. The world of economics, education, science, politics and industry was absolutely unknown to them. There were no post-offices, banks, stores, or enterprises for public transportation; they knew nothing of geography, botany, astronomy, and little of history; the problems of labor and capital were unguessed. They planted little gardens, plucked the ripe fruits, ate the melons, trod out the grapes for wine, drew their nets, looked after the flocks, and wore their simple, homemade garments. They did no traveling to speak of. They knew nothing of the size of the world, its evolution, nor of the people who inhabited it beyond a scant two-days' journey from their homes. They were children who ate when they were hungry, slept when they were sleepy, and worked a little when they felt like it. They were contented and happy.

THE whole of Galilee is now practically a desert waste. For centuries men did not plant trees nor care for them. No effort was made to rotate the crops nor to fertilize the soil. They burned the wood and sought not to replace it, so Nature naturally grew discouraged and ceased to send her rain; the dews no longer formed, and where once were smiling gardens, trees, vines and flowers, there is now, for the most part, only a parched, barren soil and a desolate outlook of broken rocks.

In the time of Jesus one could live for quite a while along the shores of Lake Tiberias, practically without labor, and this is what Jesus and his disciples did. "Be not anxious for the mor-

row," Jesus said. " Behold the fowls of the air, are they not fed? THE  
And for clothing, look at the lilies of the field, they toil not, LIBERATORS  
neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not  
arrayed like one of these! "

This, we would now say, is poor economics, but the disciples did not argue the point. Jesus was enough of a pantheist to believe men are brothers to the lilies and to the birds, and that the Power that cared for these would care for us if we only had faith: " No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one and love the other; or else he will hold to one and despise the other. Ye can not serve God and mammon. Therefore I say unto you, Be not anxious for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than the food, and the body than the raiment? ¶ Behold the birds of the heaven, that they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; and your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are not ye of much more value than they? And which of you by being anxious can add one cubit unto the measure of his life?

And why are ye anxious concerning raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. But if God doth so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? Be not therefore anxious, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? For all these things do the Gentiles seek; for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first His kingdom and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Be not therefore anxious for the morrow: for the morrow will be anxious for itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

THE LIBERATORS Jesus would seat himself on the hillside and thus talk to those gathered near. They were all quite satisfied—was not this

⚡ enough? Why should they not thus be happy always? The kingdom of heaven was at hand. Everything they needed was theirs, and like the Prophet of Concord, they owned the landscape. They helped themselves to corn on the Sabbath day as they passed through the fields—all days were good! The only thing that we should hunger and thirst after is righteousness, and if we really do hunger for it we shall be filled. The way to inherit the earth was not to sweat, work and toil for it, but simply be meek. If we desire mercy, we must be merciful; and if we are pure in heart we shall have the great happiness to see God. Then, after all, if we are persecuted, why, so much the better, for as reward for enduring the persecution, we shall be partakers in the kingdom of heaven. In playful mood he referred to the disciples as the sheep of his pasture. It was a very happy period—this out-of-door life, with the grand comradeship of faithful friends—mountain, plain, valley, trees, birds, fowls and flowers as symbols for spiritual things. Men alone could not enjoy this life, but there were women, and this mingling of the male and female minds in joyous abandon produced a fine intoxication; and the lofty and delicate asceticism of Jesus lifted the whole atmosphere out of the sensual into the sensuous.

If Jesus was not able actually to procure and produce grand mansions, jewels and all the soft luxuries of the rich, he could at least inspire his disciples with a disdain and an indifference for such things. It seems a lapse in logic to offer as a reward in heaven the very things that his disciples affected to despise on earth, but such inconsistencies always go with simple minds, that make a virtue of necessity. Ill-gotten wealth is surely not to be desired, but rags are no recommendation, and poverty is of itself no passport to paradise, even though a rich man's

wealth might keep him out. Lazarus, so far as we know, had nothing to recommend him beyond the fact that he was a beggar; and so far as we know, there was nothing against Dives but the fact that he was rich.

Then we hear of some peculiar political economy in reference to a certain steward who canceled the obligations of the debtors of his employer, without the employer's consent. Also, there are prayers asking that we may be forgiven our debts without payment. Such a philosophy could be attractive only to very poor and very childish people. Civilization demands that men shall face their obligations, and surely we do not want to be forgiven our debts—we pray rather that we may have the ability to pay them, and this prayer, moreover, is expressed by work and action much more than in words.

The admonition, too, as to bestowing alms and selling all one has and giving the money to the poor, we recognize now as unscientific sociology. To sell goods simply to get the money to give away is not the method of an economist—goods may be worth more than money. To follow the advice would pauperize the rich and not benefit the poor. Every good thing in life must be earned. And if the wealth of the world were turned over to the poor, they themselves would have to give it away, or else be barred out of paradise.

And then if wealth is a bad thing on earth, why is it a good thing in heaven? Why should man toil and sweat, dig and delve, deny himself bodily comfort and pleasure that he may inherit a "mansion in the skies," and enjoy for an endless eternity the luxurious idleness that is condemned on earth as selfish and wrong?

THESE things are noted here not by way of criticism concerning a philosophy that glorifies poverty and execrates wealth, but simply to call attention to the fact that such preaching would appeal only to very poor and lowly people,



THE LIBERATORS those of the child-mind. Jesus was certainly not as ignorant as the average man in his audience, but an audience of ignorant

people never will get an address that ranks uniformly high. In talking at jails and to people in prison, I have always found myself congratulating the prisoners on their condition and making pleasant references to the rogues who have not been caught. Oratory is always a collaboration between the speaker and the hearer, and in large degree the pew keys the discourse of the pulpit.

Jesus was certainly possessed of a very pure and lofty philosophy—the philosophy of love and service—but when he advocates quitting work, ceasing thrift, and the indulgence in sharp practise and violence towards the rich; when he places a premium upon poverty, and favors mendicancy as a legitimate business; we see in it all simply a reflection of the extreme crudity of the times.

AT the annual Feast of the Passover at Jerusalem, there was a great gathering of the Jews from all over Palestine. Jesus had made several pilgrimages—how many we do not know—but now in his thirty-first year, we find him, with his little band of Galilean supporters, setting out for the Holy City. They could arrive there in three days, walking leisurely.

Just what caused Jesus to go at this time we do not know, since he surely had very little sympathy with the cold Jewish formulas that served as an excuse for bringing the throng together.

Possibly he wanted to convince the Galileans that he was still a Jew in spirit; or perhaps he thought it was time to strike a blow right at the heart of the cold sectarian practises that made clean the outside of the platter, but left the inmost hearts of many full of extortion and excess.

It is quite likely that the followers wanted excitement; they had grown tired of the ideal life that only dreams and rhapsodizes—

they were Orientals, and the sweaty smell of the mob, the bells, the music, the gongs and songs and cries of the market-place were attractive to them.

In Jerusalem they could hire a room for a small sum and all huddle into it at night, and in the morning they would get food at the tents which supplied the wayfarer, and then all day long, like the true rustics that they were, they could wander, open-mouthed, and enjoy the sights of this great Celestial Midway. Camp-meetings are attractive places and have their social and psychic use.

**T**HE Temple itself interested Jesus more than all else. It was a great, stretching, white stone building, with porches and large pillars that ran clear around it. It was really the capitol, for the easy-going Romans allowed the Jews to carry on their own ecclesiastic government, up to certain limits, undisturbed. This Temple was courtroom, assembly and business-place combined.

In the porches animals and fowls were sold for sacrifice, and for food as well. The money-changers were in evidence, and everywhere the whole place bore the bustle and boom of business.

¶ The Temple had been built by Herod the Great at much expense so as to please and placate the Jews over whom he ruled.

¶ The fact that it was built by the Romans after their own particular style of architecture was doubtless one cause of the prejudice that Jesus seems to have felt towards it.

**B**ESIDES the commercial air of the Temple, it was a place of contention, argument and dispute. The learned men here met and made plain the difference 'twixt tweedledee and tweedledum. Education at Jerusalem was nothing but the empty science of scholastics.

The study of the Law was pushed to the point of absurdity, and the topic of how chickens should be killed so as to make the

THE most acceptable sacrifice to God was wrangled out with citations, precedents and references at great length. Fanaticism, hate, bitterness and pedantry grew like jimson-weeds out of a soil where swine have been fattened. And like all purely theological learning, the ones who could follow abstrusities and absurdities furthest, took to their vain and empty hearts much credit for their fatuous and futile performances.

The very things that drove love, gentleness, truth and pity from their hearts were the things upon which they most plumed and prided themselves. In these learned theological wrangles the humanities had small place.

Jesus plainly says that to make a profession of a beautiful sentiment is to degrade it into the mire. Love as a business gives us moral degradation; and the worship of our Creator as a profession produces pride, pretense and pompous hypocrisy. ¶ Well has it been said by Edward Everett Hale that you will find God everywhere and anywhere but in a theological seminary.

THE controlling desire of Jesus was to do the will of his Heavenly Father, to worship Him in spirit and in truth, and here was only a perversion of all that he held most dear. Simplicity, gentleness, unselfishness, kindness, love and truth—these were unknown.

And no doubt he was further stung by the indifferent treatment that he himself had received. He was a man, and a man of pride; he had grown used to a certain amount of deference: when he spoke in Galilee others had listened, but here he was swallowed up in a bellowing crowd.

His companions were laughed at, and all of them, dust-stained, rude and rustic, supplied diversion for the onlookers. The inhabitants of Galilee were regarded by the Jews of Jerusalem as a mixed race: they spoke a peculiar dialect that often caused much amusement, and we hear of how once the brogue of Peter

made his birthplace plainly evident, to his great discomfort, danger and annoyance.

Only Jews were allowed to go into the Temple: warning placards forbade, and the door-keepers were free with their challenges. It is quite likely that these priests had openly affronted the Galileans.

Jesus had seen before, all this scramble and disorder that called itself religion, but now he had grown in purpose and spirit. In a moment of revulsion, he took a scourge of cords, and making a dash at the keepers of the booths and the money-changers, who were calling and crying their business, he forced them from their places in the porch, calling to them in wrath, "Ye have made this place a den of robbers!"

This was certainly contrary to the general attitude of Jesus, who had been preaching the religion of humility and non-resistance; but he was a man of stubborn courage, and the old Adam got the better of his judgment, for the moment, and he drove them out in terror. It is probable that within the hour all were back, crying their wares, quite forgetful of the disturbance made by the fanatical and mysterious stranger.

**W**HETHER it was on this trip that Jesus met Mark and Luke, who lived at Jerusalem, and Judas, who came from the south of Jerusalem, and welcomed them into the little company, we do not know: the chronology is much mixed, and just when a particular event occurred we are not able to say. Uncorroborated history is always received with doubt—the writer may have been mistaken or prejudiced.

The moral teachings and self-evident truths of the four Gospels are all that can be relied upon, for in the period immediately following the time of Jesus there were hundreds of gospels and creeds, each purporting to be the only true and authentic version.

THE At the Nicene Council, in the year Three Hundred Twenty-five,  
LIBERATORS the assembled bishops, after much argument, decided by ballot  
just which books were the inspired words of God, and settled on  
those Gospels which were written in Greek, the language of the  
fashionable circles of Jerusalem, while the immediate followers  
of Jesus were uneducated Hebrews.

Evidently at this time Jesus had not made the acquaintance of  
that interesting little family at Bethany, three miles beyond the  
walls, where he afterwards made his home.

All he had seen in Jerusalem saddened and depressed him. The  
coldness of the priests, the indifference of the people, the clutch  
for place and power on one side, and dense stupidity on the other,  
filled his heart with sadness. The Jews had even refused to give  
him a hearing at Jerusalem, so busy were they with their own  
sordid plots and plans. He declared to his disciples that such a  
state could not endure: God would soon destroy it all, and not  
one stone would be left upon another of this gorgeous Temple  
that was quite as much pagan as Judean.

And the little company started back home, to Galilee, disap-  
pointed, silent and subdued, for fairs are always disappointing,  
since they tire us out.

THE division of Palestine known as Samaria lay between  
Judea and Galilee. The Samaritans were regarded as  
heathen by most of the orthodox Jews, and they were accord-  
ingly shunned and despised by their narrow-minded Hebrew  
neighbors.

When Jesus and his followers reached Samaria, and had passed  
beyond the dust and heat and the caravans of the Judean desert,  
good-cheer gradually returned to them. Once more were they  
among friends.

In a majority of these scattered villages Jesus had acquaintances.  
To these he returned, and having memory of the exclusive and



insulting placards in the Temple at Jerusalem that forbade any but Jews to enter, he now proclaimed that he had not come to save the Jews alone, but the whole world. "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

He broke down all lines of caste utterly, and purposely and openly visited with the outcasts of society. This love for the common people had become the distinguishing feature of his preaching; he welcomed the sick, the weak, the depraved, those "possessed of devils." In that day there was no public plan of caring for mental defectives or the insane: they roamed abroad at will, and often turned away from houses, they lived in the cemeteries—that is, in the neglected caves in the hillsides which had served for graves.

Jesus had no fear of these poor creatures, nor did he try to shield himself from the presence of lepers or those with any other contagious disease. By a smile, a look, a word, a blessing with his hands upon the head of the sufferer, his strong spirit of love caused a new hope to spring alive in the heart of the stricken person, and very often the patient was made whole, "leaping for joy."

There is no doubt that many of these miraculous cures were genuine, yet doubtless with the passing years and the stories told and retold and written out long after the death of Jesus, many errors and exaggerations have crept in, the result, largely, of excessive zeal.

In one town of Samaria, Jesus went to a well where there was a woman drinking water. When he asked her for a drink she was much surprised, for the Jews usually shunned the Samaritans. He told her how he had been down to Jerusalem to worship, and the woman, pointing to the hills, said, "Our fathers worshiped in this mountain." And he answered, "Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when neither in this mountain, nor in Jerusalem

THE shall ye worship the Father. The true worshipers shall worship  
LIBERATORS the Father in spirit and truth."

¶ Then again we have a vivid glimpse of his psychic power when he guessed the woman's whole history, much to her amazement. ¶ This insight into the hearts of things—seeing the motive behind the act, and knowing the conditions and environment of each soul—gave Jesus a sense of justice such as the world has very seldom witnessed.

Knowing humanity well, and realizing its many temptations and weaknesses, made him forgiving. "To know all is to forgive all." To really know people is to love them. So with the wrongdoer Jesus was ever lenient. All of his biting sarcasm was for those in high places, the rich, the educated, who deliberately entered into a life of selfish aggrandizement.

The courtesy and kindness that Jesus had been shown in Samaria he repaid by various complimentary references to the Samaritans—he glorified these people that the Jews despised.

His parable of the Good Samaritan is the finest piece of literature in the New Testament, and the only parable that rings absolutely true: "A certain man was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho; and he fell among robbers, who both stripped him and beat him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

And by chance a certain priest was going down that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And in like manner a Levite also, when he came to the place, and saw him, passed by on the other side.

But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he was moved with compassion, and came to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring on them oil and wine; and he set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

And on the morrow he took out two shillings, and gave them to

the host, and said, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, I, when I come back again, will repay thee. Which of these three, thinkest thou, proved neighbor unto him that fell among the robbers?"

Arriving back at Nazareth, Jesus now found that his presence scarcely made a ripple on the surface of the lazy town. It was also thus at Capernaum and Bethsaida—naught but indifference.

¶ Jesus did not seem to consider that in its very nature excitement is transient: to be accorded one big reception in a place is quite enough for a lifetime—a great success can very seldom be repeated.

The dumbness, dullness and inane stupidity of the people seriously offended the Master. He cried aloud at the unimportant little crossroads hamlets: "Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works had been done in Tyre and Sidon which were done in you, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes. And thou, Capernaum, shalt thou be exalted unto heaven? Thou shalt go down unto Hades."

¶ This coldness and indifference that he had met with, for a time soured his disposition and made him forget his native poise and serenity.

The chief charm in the teachings of Jesus lies in their paradoxical and enigmatic quality. Without this, it is certain that his words could not have endured.

The expressions of Jesus, which are found to be untrue literally, are never discarded, for they are believed by many to be true poetically and spiritually.

New interpretations and new meanings can constantly be found for doubtful passages. Indeed, a most prosperous and powerful sect has been built up in America within twenty years, founded upon an entirely new view of the work and words of Jesus.

¶ The use of metaphor, paradox and parable is an attempt to

THE make clear an uncertain thought to one's self, and we indulge  
LIBERATORS in it only when we do not exactly know what we desire to express.

¶ Metaphysics is valuable only to the man whose feelings outmatch his intellect. When he is cornered, such a one can always retreat in a fog of words. A metaphysician is an inkfish.

Such expressions as "the Kingdom of God," "the Son of Man," "the Child of God," "the Gospel of Truth," "the Son of God," "the World of Spirit," "redemption," "fallen man," "salvation," "damnation," all require an explanation, and are valuable only as we read meanings into them, and scarcely any two men will define them alike.

The chief advantage of metaphysics is that it makes people think—they have to cudgel their imaginations in order to comprehend what it all means. And it means, for them, what they think it means—all they can evolve out of it or read into it.

¶ From the day that Jesus left Jerusalem until he returned there for the last time, was about a year and six months. During this time he seems to have been wandering about the country—preaching, talking, discoursing and healing the sick.

The tone of his discourses grew more severe, and life to him took on a somber tinge. The lightness and buoyancy of his spirit in degree had departed; the future seemed full of grim forebodings. He had broken loose from all home ties. The advice which he had so freely given to others, he himself now followed.

"There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or mother, or father, or children, or lands, for my sake, and for the Gospel's sake, but he shall receive a hundredfold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life."

He told his disciples to carry neither scrip nor purse, nor change of clothing, but when they wanted anything, to enter into the

nearest house, gently and firmly saying, "Peace be to this house!" and there remain as long as they wished, "for the laborer is worthy of his hire."

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This seems to be a reversal of his former teaching, for when a man preaches and asks for food and shelter because he preaches, and declares "the laborer is worthy of his hire," he at that moment establishes a priesthood that demands recompense and also immunity from labor. The old, old idea of priestcraft has come back by a new route! All things move in circles.

**I**T is very plain that Jesus could not have been a deep and accurate thinker. He knew nothing of mathematics, and the law of cause and effect was outside of his realm. For commerce and trade he had only contempt. Architecture and art he despised. He was a carpenter, but we never hear of his taking any pride in the product of his hands. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

¶ He cared more for rest than for work, and seemed to know nothing of the difference between joyous work and joyless labor. He did not know that commerce is the carrying of things from where they are plentiful to where they are needed. He did n't know that business is founded upon man's faith in man, and is the real civilizer: missionaries only doing good as they prepare the way for trade. With such thinkers as that other great Jew, Spinoza, Jesus does not for an instant compare in point of intellect. Neither was his mind capable of the daring reach made by such thinkers as Leonardo, Newton, Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill and Ernst Haeckel.

Where he greatly surpasses the men just named is in his sublime faith in both himself and his divine mission. He believed that he was in absolute communion with the living God, the Creator of the World.

And this great welling heart of love that went out to all humanity,





seeking to bring all men into a relation of brotherhood, was at once his supreme virtue and his fault. For such faith as his there is no fulfilment. To do away with all property—and property is only stored-up labor—and to break all earthly ties, we do not now regard as sound philosophy.

Jesus was laboring under the illusion of all great reformers: he expected the great change to come quickly. "Lo! the time is at hand and now is!"

NEARLY two thousand years have passed, and mankind is not yet ready to accept the doctrine of peace on earth, good will to men. The nations that, somewhat ironically, are called "Christian" have the largest armies, the most complicated and powerful machines for destruction, and a stubborn and dogmatic priesthood, almost as useless as that against which Jesus preached, and which, in truth, put him to death. ¶ Those men of the French Revolution who expected that when they did away with this, why, then that would rule, were mistaken. Mankind is part of Nature, and Nature works by very slow evolution; her silent changes are scarcely perceptible to us in our little lives. "Leave all and follow me;" nothing is of value.

"The end is at hand," said Jesus. But it was not. "Before you have gone over the cities of Israel the Son of Man shall appear." He did not seem to realize that the building up of a Perfect Society would necessitate a Perfect People, and that these require ages to evolve. A Perfect Society, to be sure, will be a matter of soul and right intent, all founded on the blessed idea of brotherhood, but beyond this it will be the result of deliberate, mathematical calculation. It will demand intellects that consider sanitation, architecture, agriculture, civil engineering, transportation and education quite as valuable as faith in a Supreme Being who does not count the hairs of your head, nor

note the sparrow's fall, since three-fourths of all sparrows die in the nest or fall to the earth and perish before they can fly.

¶ The men who will bring about the Kingdom of God on earth will believe that sewerage is as necessary as prayer; and they will likewise realize that the useful work of Martha was just as much the "better part" as that of Mary, who merely sat and listened to the beautiful words of a beautiful teacher. We believe in the woman who sweeps a room to the glory of God. ¶ More than this, when the Ideal arrives, it will come through useful effort, and not through contemplation. Starving India, lost in thought, falls an easy prey to barbaric "Christianity," active, alert and inventive. Work and love will be the solvents—not faith and prayer and preaching.

THERE has been only one Christian, and he was a Jew," said Heine, but this was irony. Christ could not be called a Christian. The Christianity that we know is a composite institution, formed by the grafting of Judaism upon Paganism, and this hybrid faith by a series of strange coincidences took the name of the obscure but noble ascetic of Galilee.

Paul was the real founder of Christianity—not Jesus. Paul never saw Jesus, and it was many years after the death of the Savior before Paul heard of him. Paul was an educated Jew—and was a bit boastful of the fact. He was versed in all the intricacies of Jewish Law, and by habit was an expert in all the quip and quibble which occupied the so-called learned men of his time. He became convinced that Jesus was the actual Messiah foretold by the Jewish Prophets, and he set out to prove the fact by the use of exegesis and forensics.

The quality of Paul's intellect is shown in the remark, "If the dead are not raised, neither hath Christ been raised: if Christ hath not been raised, your faith is vain: ye are yet in your sins." All the gentleness, beauty and nobility of Jesus were as nothing



to Saint Paul, unless he was the Messiah foretold by Daniel, Ezekiel and Micah. Saint Paul was a sciolist, and it was sciolism that the spirit of the hive then wanted.

And curiously enough, this cleaving to the letter, and all of this wrangle and contention about abstruse nothings, was exactly the thing that Jesus had inveighed against. So, essentially, Christianity, with its hairsplitting differences, was what Jesus most despised.

THE newspapers nowadays having the largest circulations are not necessarily the best: they are simply those that most ably reflect the intelligence—or the lack of it—of the people. Great things are done only by the minority.

The zeal of Saint Paul and his apostles gave the people what they wanted, and Christianity grew so popular that, in three hundred years, the Roman Emperor thought well to make peace with it by adopting it. The fiat of Constantine turned every Pagan temple into a Christian church, and every Pagan priest into a Christian preacher.

The old Roman fable of Orpheus and Eurydice, typifying the approach of Spring, was changed to Easter, and the Feast of Ceres became the Eucharist.

Names change quickly, but humanity evolves so slowly that we almost say it is forever the same.

So Pauline Judaism and Pagan Rome joined hands, and we have "Christianity," with its thousands of variations and modifications, tempered and twisted by custom and desire, and the peculiarities of race prejudice. At the last, men do what they want to do, or at least what they can, and they name it what they choose.

We refer to London, New York and Chicago as Christian cities—at least, all these cities send millions of dollars and numerous missionaries abroad to convert "the heathen"—but we can

well imagine that the lowly Nazarene could not at this time, by any stretch of his vivid imagination, see his spirit reflected in these "Christian" centers, any more than he saw his heart's desire made manifest in Jerusalem of old.

IF the question were asked, "Is the religion of Jesus feasible in practical life?" the answer would have to be, "We do not know—it has never been tried."

The nearest approach to the Christ Life has been made manifest in the life and teachings of Tolstoy. Like Christ, Tolstoy believed he carried the burden of humanity. His mighty soul was gashed by the evils of the age. He saw that life and suffering were interchangeable terms; that man here below had been caught like a rat in a trap; that knavery, force and fraud ruled everywhere, especially in his own native land.

Although himself a man of noble birth, Tolstoy chose the company of the peasant, of the lowly and the suffering, because he knew that they held the secret of existence. He sought out the erring, because he felt that they were more sinned against than sinning.

And he spurned the complacent pharisaism that swims in its own lard; he thundered against the sinning phrase-makers, the hypocrites on 'Change, the hypocrites in high places.

He made his appeal directly to the heart of his listeners. He went into the homes of the peasants, sitting with them at their meals, meeting them in the fields.

Mercy, charity, self-conquest, renunciation, and finally, through discipline, the extinction of the pain-absorbing and pain-begetting personality and union with God—this was the essence of Tolstoy's teaching.

Perhaps the methods of Tolstoy were mistaken, just as the methods of many reformers were wrong; but the heart of the man beat true to the tides of divinity that played through him.

THE LIBERATORS To follow the literal example of the Man of Sorrows would never redeem the world. In order to bring us up to the line, he had to go beyond it. Like Christ he has sent his soul into the Invisible, and being dead, yet lives in minds made better.

Tolstoy was of his time the supreme Man of Sorrows, acquainted with Grief. Yet, like Christ, no one could imitate him. He did what no other man could do. He had no system. He was a voice crying in the wilderness.

Men heard it, were uncomfortable, some were afraid, but no one prepared the way of the Lord. His religion is not mine, nor yours. The love of man and woman—the resulting love of beauty as manifest in Art—was not for him. He was great on account of what he was. He asked for nothing, and so was without fear.

But with this single exception, no one has tried with any degree of success to live the Christ Life. Perhaps such a life would practically be an impossibility.

ALMOST eighteen months had gone by since Jesus and his disciples were at Jerusalem. Their life of leisure began to pall, and the ecstasy of their religious faith was on the wane. The simple fishermen Jesus had taken from their work were needed at home. Soon their little gardens and vineyards would be overrun with weeds and brambles. The disciples were growing restless—a holiday that is continued indefinitely ceases to be a holiday. They were going back to their homes—the promised Kingdom of God, to them, was not in sight.

Jesus, much disturbed by their complaints, sternly answered thus: "No man, having put his hand to the plow and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God!" At another time he met a man and said in his brief, direct way, "Follow thou me!" To this the man replied, "Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father." And Jesus answered, "Let the dead bury their dead,



but do you go and proclaim the Kingdom of God.” ¶ Evidently he himself was growing impatient, for where before he was proclaiming the joy of owning nothing, and urging everybody to dispose of their homes and everything in them, and give the proceeds to the poor, he now exclaims wearily, “The foxes have holes, and the birds of the heaven have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.”

There were monks before the time of Jesus, but his thoughts of celibacy and poverty, and of keeping one’s self unspotted from the world—regarding the world and the world’s work as unholy and unclean—gave a powerful impulse to monasticism.

Marriage was regarded by Jesus as purely an expediency and soon to be done away with. In heaven we would be sexless, and there would be neither marriage nor giving in marriage. It will thus be seen that to him the only true Christian was a monk.

¶ Our ideal of bravely living in the world and helping to carry the world’s burdens, had no lodgment in the mind of Jesus. To him family ties and the life of business and useful activity would not win heaven.

“Teacher, what good thing shall I do, that I may have Eternal Life?” a young man asked. And Jesus answered, “Go, sell that which thou hast, and give to the poor: and come, follow me!”

¶ Jesus knew that there was trouble ahead—he could hear the mutterings of the thunder.

“Think not that I came to send peace on the earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I came to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law.”

“They shall put you out of the synagogues: yea, the hour cometh, that whosoever killeth you shall think that he offereth service unto God.”

“If the world hateth you, ye know that it hath hated me before

THE it hated you." ¶ He felt that it was impossible to prove by  
LIBERATORS reason all he taught, and therefore he demanded faith, and  
¶ urged all of his followers to "believe." Indeed, it is highly  
probable that he did not have any clear idea himself about his  
mission.

One day it was heavenly kingdom; the next the perfect fulfilment  
was to take place here and now. Yet at all times he was clear  
on the purity of life, and the thought of living close to God.  
¶ He experienced great anguish and was much disturbed by  
the crassness and indifference of the people and the opposition  
he met with. His enemies said he was insane—"possessed with  
devils."

Even the disciples became capricious, and quarreled among  
themselves about who should have precedence now and here-  
after. Their impatience communicated itself to the Master.  
We become like those with whom we are associated. Contact  
with querulousness begets querulousness.

Such a nerve-tension can not last forever—we must get relaxa-  
tion in some way; through death at the most we can gain rest!  
¶ Jesus remembered the fate of John the Baptist and possibly  
he was aware that now his tone had become very much like  
that of John. If he continued to preach, he knew that death  
would be the result. He had little to live for—he had broken  
with his family—he had no wife, no property and no worldly  
ambitions.

Jerusalem seemed to be a very den of iniquity. He would go  
there and do all in his power to reclaim it from its faults and  
wickedness. It is quite probable that his journey was hastened  
by reports which came to him that Herod Antipas was on his  
trail, believing that he was the successor of John. Jesus had  
been preaching within five miles of Tiberias, where Antipas and  
Herodias reigned, and there was danger of his being kidnapped,

taken across the border and beheaded. ¶ He did not value his life highly, but he was not yet ready to fling it away—he would first sound a warning voice to the iniquitous and corrupt Jerusalem, a voice that was to thunder down the centuries, cause thrones to totter, and affect the destinies of millions yet unborn. He started southward, accompanied by various disciples and faithful women, who ministered to him.

He was bidding goodby forever to his home, kinsmen and beautiful Galilee.

Imagine a Yorkshire man standing in front of Saint Paul's Cathedral in London, preaching the overthrow of the Episcopal Clergy, and we have a spectacle no more peculiar than that of Jesus standing in the porch of the Temple at Jerusalem, declaring of it, "Verily I say unto you, there shall not be left here one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down."

The rich Pharisees who prayed on the street-corners, who affected a peculiar apparel, and carried a holier-than-thou attitude, absolutely disgusted Jesus. He ridiculed them all with stinging contempt. The Roman publicans who collected taxes—and who therefore were to Jesus really thieves—were far preferable to these Jewish hypocrites.

He saw a poor widow approach the Temple and drop into the box a farthing, and turning to his disciples he said, "This poor widow cast in more than all they that are casting into the treasury: for they all did cast in of their superfluity; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living."

¶ The proud, richly robed priests pushed in past him, jostling him out of the way, and his eyes followed them with pitying scorn. He was so much of a theologian that he could not keep away from the Temple, any more than can a Protestant clergyman at Rome keep away from Saint Peter's.

JESUS was very unhappy here at Jerusalem. He was separated from all the world of valleys and mountains and flowers and birds that he loved so well. His days were passed in bitter arguments. If he preached in the streets, he was interrupted, and his discourse would end in wordy warfare and often in sophistication.

Evidently he came to be regarded as more or less of a nuisance by the self-important priests, but he was scarcely known at all to the people at large.

Not a contemporary writer mentions him, except that single allusion by Josephus, and this is now believed to be an interpolation.

There were mad mutterings by the officials against his sharp criticisms. Nicodemus, who was a lawyer of some note, and admired him so much on his former visit that he came to him secretly by night for an interview, once defended him in an offhand way, and one of the priests asked, suggestively, "What! are you, too, a Galilean?"

And another one passed the pleasantry along by asking, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" At which, we can well imagine, all laughed. This zealous Nazarene, to them, was a proposition not to be taken seriously.

Jesus disliked the city proper so much that he usually spent the night at one of the little villages outside of the walls.

At Bethany he was on the most friendly terms with Mary and her sister Martha and their brother Lazarus, a plain, honest carpenter. Mary, especially, though a woman of the town—a sinner—appealed to him, and he prized her friendship.

Jesus had no standing in respectable society, and we hear of his going to the houses of lepers and being entertained by them. It was at the house of one Simon, a leper, where Mary entered, and in a moment of adoration, bathed his feet with her tears



and wiped them with the hairs of her head. There is no love like the love of a proscribed person. When Simon reproved her, Jesus at once came to her defense.

ONCE a mob had collected and were going to kill a woman. They asked Jesus what they should do with her, and he answered, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."

We can imagine how the mob slunk away before this glorious presence. He lifted the terrified woman to her feet and tenderly asked: "Woman, where are they? Did no man condemn thee?" And the accusers all having fled, she looked around and then slowly replied, "No man, Lord."

And Jesus said, "Neither do I condemn thee: go thy way; from henceforth sin no more."

Very little headway was made in his preaching, however—only the poor, the outcast and the despised came to him. Jerusalem went its riotous way as of old—just as it does today.

So we hear of Jesus going up on the Mount of Olives above the Temple, and in sorrow and disappointment crying, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, that killeth the prophets, and stoneth them that are sent unto her! How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate."

The exhibition of religious rancor that at times forms a fierce hate, seems to be an essential part of the fabric of most religions. It is like the sexual impulse in those animals which are docile except in the rutting season. Intensity of any emotion may produce an irritability that unships reason's rudder and makes life uncertain and unsafe.

We are all familiar with people who love their enemies, yet hold the balance true by hating their friends. If you are in sore



THE LIBERATORS      THE distress, and the hot breath of the pack is close upon your heels, do not count on receiving succor and assistance from the ones who profess a religion of gentleness, magnanimity and love.



¶ In argument the Jews have ever been bitter and acrimonious when dealing with questions which they consider as sacred. Even among themselves they have revealed little patience in dispute. Jesus seemed to be a genuine Jew in his mental attitude toward what he thought wrong.

Several of the Greek and Roman philosophers understood perfectly that truth is a point of view, and is to be found at the end of a circle. Belief is largely a matter of temperament; so Epictetus, for instance, was lenient with opponents. Socrates once said: "No man is so thoroughly right as to be entitled to say that others are totally wrong. It is well to affirm your own truth, but it is not well to condemn those who think differently."

This judicial quality was lacking in the Nazarene—he was a thorough revolutionary in his intensity. With simple folks, the ignorant, the sick, weak or helpless he was gentle, but when it came to those in authority, he was most severe. He forgave the erring woman, but he would not forgive these priests.

"Woe unto you lawyers! for ye load men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers. Woe unto you! for ye build the tombs of the prophets, and your fathers killed them. So ye are witnesses and consent unto the works of your fathers: for they killed them, and ye build their tombs. Therefore also said the wisdom of God, I will send unto them prophets and apostles; and some of them they shall kill and persecute; that the blood of all the prophets, which was shed from the foundation of the world, may be required of this generation; from the blood of Abel unto the blood of Zachariah, who perished between the altar and the sanctuary:

yea, I say unto you, it shall be required of this generation. Woe unto you lawyers! for ye took away the key of knowledge: ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered.”

THE  
LIBERATORS  
8

THE tide of events was fast hastening Jesus to his doom—that is to say, to deathless fame. Had he been left to himself, he would have beaten his wings against the bars of condition until discouraged, and then slipped back to the sheltering obscurity of Galilee.

By his life he could not reform the world, and this he surely saw—but through his death he might accomplish much.

Jerusalem was too densely dull and dead in a spiritual way to pay serious attention or take note of his warnings—in Jerusalem he had performed no wonders. And indeed it seems he remained there but a little while altogether.

From the last time he left Galilee until his death was only about six months, and much of this period was occupied in excursions to the villages round about. In these little places Jesus and his disciples felt more at home. Once they went as far away as Jericho, and there made at least one convert, Zacchæus, a little man who filled a big office, and he turned over to them one-half of his goods for the poor.

This circumstance encouraged them so much that when they again went back to Jerusalem they prepared a demonstration. Jesus rode a she-ass, followed by her colt, and the disciples ran before and strewed palms in the way, and called aloud: “Hosanna to the son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!” They proclaimed the rider as “King of the Jews.”

¶ Doubtless this created some stir, and we can imagine that the little procession was looked at by many people in the amused way that we regard the drums and cries of the Salvation Army. In truth, Jesus and his disciples formed the first Salvation Army,

THE LIBERATORS and it is the claim of its leaders that the modern "Army" is patterned after the original one at Jerusalem.

Q In many cities the Salvation Army has been voted a nuisance, and in certain instances the police have placed the leaders under arrest.

Only a few years ago in England, such people who did not work under the auspices of the established church paid the penalty for public preaching by an ignominious death.

THE high priests of Jerusalem did not regard the brilliant and daring young preacher and his noisy disciples amusing at all—they were a menace. Jesus desired to disrupt Judaism, and if possible he would place himself at the head of the new order! Was he not, even now, being hailed as "King of the Jews?"

Fear and hate spring from the same soil—this man must be suppressed for the safety of society. It is a curious fact that most religious leaders regard themselves and their institutions as the cornerstone of civilization.

In February of what is now our year Thirty-three, the chief priests met in council, and the question was discussed as to what should be done with this Galilean disturber. And we hear of one of the speakers stubbornly putting forth the suggestive thought: "It is expedient for you that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not." That is to say, for the good of society, Jesus should be put to death.

The high priest at this time was Caiaphas, appointed by the Roman Procurator, Valerius Gratus. This office seems to have been merely nominal, for the actual high priest of the Jews in Jerusalem was Annas, sometimes called Hanan. Annas held no office, yet was regarded as the ruler, and evidently named the legal high priest, for Caiaphas was his son-in-law, and five of his sons filled the office in turn. Annas was a successful politician.

It was a son of this Annas who caused James, "the Lord's brother," to be executed by being stoned, which was the death probably at first intended for Jesus. Society has always reserved for itself the right to destroy those who threaten its existence. This is as much so now as it was then. Annas was eminently logical and right from the standpoint of civilized Christianity. Jesus was clearly an anarchist—he was placing his own individuality above the law. He quoted the law, and then added a law of his own, saying, "But I say unto you—"

THE Mosaic Law provides a penalty of death for any who seek to overthrow it. Law, like capital, is timid. Of course the political priests quaked and trembled.

Annas ordered that the warrant of arrest be issued. Hearing of the danger, Jesus went to a town called Ephraim, a day's journey from the city of Jerusalem. The Feast of the Passover was about to occur, so the enemy quietly waited, knowing he would soon return, as was his custom.

Jesus and his little band of followers had often been threatened before, and they thought the trouble would shortly subside and that they might go along as usual. After a few days at Ephraim, they returned to Jerusalem to attend the Feast of the Passover.

¶ The disciples were full of zeal—they thought "the kingdom" was at hand.

They were like John Brown at Harper's Ferry, imagining that simply to strike the match would be enough to start the conflagration. But for himself Jesus was troubled and in sore doubt.

¶ It was decided to enter the city in a bold manner, and this they did, the disciples going ahead and crying aloud: "Hosanna to the son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

"Teacher, rebuke thy disciples," advised a well-meaning and kindly disposed Pharisee. But Jesus refused to interfere in any

THE way with their exuberance. ¶ The officers of the chief priests  
LIBERATORS could then very easily have arrested Jesus, but to do so at this  
public time might create a dangerous excitement. The city was  
full of visitors who had come to attend the feast, not to witness  
an execution.

FOUR days passed and Jesus came regularly to the Temple  
and preached on the steps and in the porches. The chief  
priests held another council at the house of Caiaphas. Some of  
them hesitated about taking the step, but now it was decided  
to arrest the man at once, and do it surely, quietly and quickly,  
so as not to create a public scene.

There was really great danger that an open arrest and a public  
trial might be used by Jesus to bring about a revolutionary  
climax—his eloquent tongue and noble presence must not be  
given too much chance to show their power! It was therefore  
decided to seize the man the next night, and to this end detect-  
ives of the priests bribed Judas, one of the disciples, who had  
some personal grievance against Jesus, to guide the arresting  
party to the place where Jesus was to be found.

It seems that Jesus was not so well known to the police but that  
he had to be pointed out. And this Judas agreed to do for the  
miserably small sum of “thirty pieces of silver,” or about five  
dollars.

Only a few days before, at the house of Simon the leper, Mary  
had taken costly spikenard and anointed Jesus, and Judas  
asked: “To what purpose is this waste? For this ointment  
might have been sold for much, and given to the poor?”

Jesus reproved him saying, “Ye have the poor always with you;  
but me ye have not always,” and the rebuke had rankled in the  
heart of the disciple.

When we quarrel with a man, we lose all faith in his mission.  
Judas had entirely lost faith and thought the whole thing was



going into dissolution very soon. The " Kingdom of God " was to him a failure and he had better get out of it all he could, and at the same time save himself from danger.

So he turned " State's evidence," an action that has made his name the most easily remembered of all the twelve, and handed it down to posterity as the synonym of all that is detestable and treacherous.

The person who deserts at the time of danger is a common type, easily understood. And that any man could have twelve disciples for three years, and none doubt, deny or betray him to his enemies, would be a miracle indeed.

It was night, and Jesus had just supped with his disciples for the last time.

They had passed beyond the walls of the city, and had gone through the valley and over the brook of Kidron.

Within a little park called the Garden of Gethsemane, close to the home of the father of Mark the disciple, at the foot of the Mount of Olives, they rested with the intention of passing the night there. The weary disciples had disposed themselves under the trees and were asleep.

The heart of Jesus was heavy—he was sore oppressed and God's gift of sleep was never again to be his. He went a little way apart to pray. The deep presentiment of coming peril was upon him—his psychic spirit intuitively realized that at that moment an armed force was marching toward him with hostile intent.

¶ In a moment of seeming weakness, he cried aloud, in agonizing tones, " My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass away from me! "

And even as he spoke there was the flare of torches seen through the trees and the steady tramp of soldiers could be plainly heard. Judas advanced at the head of the troop and cried out in a voice that ill-concealed his agitation, " Hail, Rabbi! " Jesus

THE moved forward to meet him and asked, "Whom seek ye?"  
LIBERATORS ¶ "We seek Jesus of Nazareth!" "I am he," was the firm reply.

¶ Judas stepped forward and kissed him on the cheek, which was the signal of identification agreed upon with the soldiers. Malchus, a servant of the high priest, and Annas, probably the son of Annas the actual ruler, proceeded to bind the hands of Jesus behind him. Peter, who was suddenly aroused from sleep, seeing the Master in the hands of the soldiers, rushed in, and with a sword struck at Malchus.

Jesus reproved Peter and before the surprised soldiers could capture the belligerent disciple, he slipped away into the darkness and was gone.

Mark, wrapped in a mantle, stood by. The soldiers tried to seize him, but he struggled, freed himself and fled, sacrificing his robe.

¶ The disciples now had all forsaken the Man of Sorrows—he was alone with his enemies, a prisoner. The march was taken up for the house of Annas. It was a little after midnight when they reached there, and evidently they were expected, for Annas at once held court and questioned the prisoner.

Peter and John followed afar off, but now entered with the rabble. The night was chilly, and Peter had approached a brazier of coals in the hallway to warm his quaking form.

Evidently he was indiscreet enough to talk, for a maid standing near accused him of being in the company of Jesus: "Of a truth thou also art one of them; for thy speech maketh thee known." And Peter denied that he had anything to do with Jesus, declaring with an oath, "I know not this man of whom ye speak!"

Annas, having satisfied himself that they had gotten the right man, and not having the legal power to condemn him, sent him away to his son-in-law, Caiaphas, the high priest.

Here Jesus was also expected, and two witnesses were ready to

swear that they had heard him say, "I will destroy this temple that is made with hands, and in three days I will build another made without hands."

To speak disrespectfully of the Temple was, according to the Jewish Law, the same thing as to blaspheme Jehovah.

At this place Jesus was given the privilege of examining witnesses and also of contradicting them by his own testimony, but he was silent. His lofty courage had now come to him in full measure.

He knew that nothing he could say or do would save him, and in fact he had resolved to let the proceedings take their own course. "As a lamb that is led to the slaughter, and as a sheep that before its shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth." By his silence he admitted his guilt.

THERE was only one thing to do. The Law provided that any one who tried to disrupt the Jewish religion should die. With one voice the company who made up the Sanhedrin, or court, declared him guilty of blasphemy and fixed the penalty as death.

But before the sentence could be carried out it must be ratified by the Roman Government. Now Pontius Pilate, the Procurator, was not a part of the conspiracy, and there was no other way to approach him except in the regular order of business.

They could go to his office early in the morning and then demand that he should hear the case. If they could make it appear that Jesus had plotted against the State, pretending to be "The King of the Jews," and therefore was in actual insurrection against the Roman Government, which did not recognize any king save the Emperor Tiberius, why, then Pilate would endorse their indictment and the rest of the proceedings would be quite easy.

IT lacked a few hours of daylight, and Jesus was left in charge of the soldiers, to be taken to the Judgment-Hall of Pilate early in the morning.



The priests and all the other members of the court had now gone and were sleeping in their comfortable beds.

As extra reward for their night service, strong drink had been given out among the soldiers, and when the priests went away, all dignity and decency vanished.

Jesus was bound hand and foot with cords that cut deep into his sensitive flesh. There is always a temptation among brutal men to take advantage of a prisoner. One soldier struck the cheek of the Master with his open hand. Others did likewise, and still others spat in his face. They platted a crown of twigs and set it on his head. They hailed him in mock respect as "Rabbi, Rabbi!" and called him "King of the Jews," falling down upon their knees and worshiping him in derisive insult.

Through this drunken riot Jesus spake no word, enduring all in the majestic silence that had been his throughout the farcical trial.

The long night gradually came to an end, the stars slunk away, the heavens grew bright in the east. The soldiers were tired out with their revelry and were sitting or lying around in drunken stupor, careless of their prisoner, having fully satiated their cruelty.

The prisoner's face burned with fever, his lips were parched, his eyes beamed with a strange, unnatural brightness. He knew that this day would be his last on earth; never again would he and his disciples gather together in joyous comradeship and live the life of love and faith; the dream of universal brotherhood for him was past, but by no outward sign did he reveal the inward thoughts and emotions that surged through his brain. A new guard now appeared, and the others were dismissed.

The soldiers unbound the feet of Jesus so he could walk. His arms were still pinioned behind him.

The order to march was given and the guard started down the stony street, the prisoner in their midst.

AS the squad of soldiers, dragging their prisoner, marched along through the streets, a curious crowd collected and followed after to the great stone structure that always reminded the Jews of their subserviency to the Romans.

It was early in the morning, but Pilate was at his post. He was apprised of what was the trouble—a Jewish renegade from Galilee had come down to Jerusalem, claiming to be the “King of the Jews.” He had been arrested, and was now at the door—would the Governor consent to listen to the charges against the man who had set himself against the Roman Government and defied the Emperor?

Pilate smiled in derision, but according to the demands of the gathering crowd, came out and mounted the Gabbatha, or Pavement, that faced the temple courts. These Jews were continually quarreling and bringing their racial quibbles to him for adjustment.

Twenty years later, Gallio, a brother of Seneca, was annoyed in the same way: the Jews had captured a little man, Paul by name, and had brought him to the Proconsul for judgment, and Gallio said: “If indeed it were a matter of wrong or of wicked villainy, O ye Jews, reason would that I should bear with you: but if there are questions about words and names and your own law, look to it yourselves; I am not minded to be a judge of these matters.” And then the historian adds, “And he drove them from the judgment-seat.”

Pilate was tempted to drive the mob away. Here were Jews who had captured a Jew, and now wanted a Roman to punish him. Pilate knew that the Jews were not so zealous in their loyalty to





Rome as to punish a Jew who was not in sympathy with the Romans. When before he had tried to apprehend Jews guilty of treason, he found such were always shielded by their countrymen.

Pilate scorned the clamor against Jesus, and taking the prisoner, retired into the Judgment-Hall and shut the door.

Here he questioned Jesus—no witnesses were present, and we know nothing concerning the specific conversation that passed between the two. In any event, Pilate was quite favorably disposed toward the man, and when he came out he said to the leaders, “I find no fault in this man.”

At this there was a mighty clamor of accusation, instigated by the priests scattered among the mob.

We know a little about how the mob-spirit grows and how stupidly blind its immature judgments always are. “He calls himself King of the Jews!” “He refuses to pay tribute to Cæsar.” “Crucify him—Crucify him!”

Pilate asked, “Art thou the King of the Jews?” Jesus ignored the question, but calmly said without a tremor of fear, “My kingdom is not of this world.”

**P**ILATE was not a weak man—he was a genuine Roman—and in conflict with ignorance and stupidity had shown before this, and revealed later, that he had a will of his own—he could strike and strike hard when in his opinion the occasion justified it.

The record of his reign is told at length by Josephus, and Josephus, being a Jew, would not be likely to gloss the truth concerning a man whom he considered as the tool of a usurping government.

Pontius Pilate was not a philosopher: for nice distinctions in ethics he had no head, and for religious differences he had a most profound contempt.

To him Jesus was only a Jew who had offended the Jews, and while he would save the man if he could, yet he was in Judea to preserve peace, and rather than risk a riot or seriously offend the people, he would let them have their way. Pilate's capitol was at Cæsarea, and he came down to Jerusalem only during the feasts. He never had with him a force sufficient to quell an insurrection, even had he desired to do so. The policy of all colonial governors is now, and was with the Romans, to allow the people to execute their own laws, except where vital issues are at stake, and the sovereignty is in danger.

Pilate was a diplomat. He had been a soldier before the influence of Sejanus had elevated him to the governorship of Judea, and life to a Roman soldier was cheap.

Yet the dignity and poise of Jesus appealed to him.

Finding that Jesus was from Galilee, Pilate put forth the excuse of lack of jurisdiction and said the man should be sent to the Galilean Governor for trial.

Herod Antipas, Tetrarch of Galilee, happened to be in Jerusalem at this time, and Jesus was sent to him, followed by the priests. Herod was "exceeding glad" to see him, and asked him to perform some "miracle," but he agreed with the priests that the offenses were committed in Jerusalem, and so here was where the man should answer. In this they were right, and Pilate was forced to retreat from his position.

Herod Antipas hated Pilate, and he would not free him from his disagreeable dilemma. Herod's share of his father's dominions had been only the provinces of Galilee and Perea, and here was a brawny Roman soldier, without a drop of royal blood in his veins, given, by the influence of a court favorite of Tiberius, authority over three provinces of Palestine and holding revels in the great white Pretorium built by his illustrious sire, Herod the Great! This explains the hatred.

THE LIBERATORS **B**UT another expedient suggested itself to the Procurator. It was the custom at the Feast of the Passover for the authorities to pardon one Jewish prisoner, and now if they would let this man go free Pilate would be glad. He suggested that they release Jesus, but their stony hearts were dead to pity and they cried aloud for Barabbas, a robber and an assassin, then in prison.

Pilate, following precedent, was compelled to release the man for whom the people called, so Barabbas was given his liberty and a lasting place in history.

The mob grew and the priests and the Pharisees were bawling out in loud tones the supposed transgressions of Jesus. It is a curious fact that whenever a man is accused of one thing, there are always plenty of people who assume that he must therefore be guilty of various other crimes and misdemeanors. The cry of "Crucify him! Crucify him!" again rang out, and it was taken up and echoed back and forth by those who had never before heard of the man. A mob demands blood, always blood—it is demonism unmasked—only death will satisfy it!

One more chance was left to Pilate. It was a most desperate and brutal thing to do, but the experiment might work. If Jesus were publicly whipped then and there, the sight of his quivering flesh and the blood streaming down his bare back might appease these cruel priests, so they would deem his punishment severe enough and let him then go free.

Pilate gave the order that the prisoner should be scourged. The Roman soldiers, impassive as machines, tore the clothing from the man, and a brawny lanista stepped forward with a whip made of leather; the thong sang through the air and fell upon the white flesh of the helpless, crouching victim. The scourging was continued until Pilate ordered it stopped for fear of killing the sufferer. But the bellowing mob still cried, "Crucify him!"

Crucify him!" ¶ Pilate had only scorn and scathing derision for the priests. "Jews, behold, your King!" he called out in ironical tones. And the answer was: "We have no king but Cæsar—away with him! Crucify him! Crucify him!" Then they added, "We have a law, and by that law he ought to die, because he made himself the Son of God!"

Before this the Jews had lodged complaints against Pilate at Rome, and now if he let this man go free, who was accused of plotting to overthrow the State, there would in all probability be further charges. Pilate must protect himself. "Take him yourselves, and crucify him: for I find no crime in him!"

**C**RUCIFIXION was exclusively a Roman form of execution, reserved only for thieves, brigands and those guilty of unnamable crimes.

The Romans used the sword for political offenses, or the victim was allowed to kill himself. But crucifixion was something else. It was similar to the custom now in vogue in some Christian countries of hanging a man by the neck with a rope until he is dead. Soldiers we shoot, but those whom we seek to disgrace, we hang. The Jewish Law provides that one who seeks to destroy Judaism shall be stoned—it does not anywhere provide for crucifixion.

The plotting priests, in their wily wisdom, demanded that Jesus should be crucified, for this form of execution would throw the onus on the Romans.

The Jews blamed the Romans for killing Jesus, and the Romans blamed the Jews. Both were right—and wrong—it was mob-law that did the deed, sanctioned by a Governor who could not prevent it, or at least thought he could not. The instigation was the work of the chief priests, lawyers, and the sects known as the Pharisees and Sadducees. All these Jesus had grievously offended and they had their revenge.

THE LIBERATORS In passing, it is well enough to note that mobs are led, almost without exception, by citizens of prominence and worth.

Q A man who has no influence in a community can not get even a mob following. The man who hypnotizes a mob practises hypnotism more or less as a business. He is a leader of men. ¶ The exact point where mob-rule begins and government ends is hazy and indistinct. The jury is often profoundly moved by the shouts of the crowd, and the judge who has not one ear close to the ground is a rare exception.

Most legal executions are now, and ever have been, to appease the mob. When the people cry, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" the courts have to obey.

"Law is the crystallization of public opinion," said Lord Brougham. Courts hold their sessions on sufferance of the mob that elects them. The difference between a legal murder and a judicial execution has not, so far, been clearly defined.

We are told that a lie always requires other lies to bolster it. This maxim is equally true of all departure from truth, reason and right. One misdeed sows the seeds of another. The number of murders, judicial and otherwise, that have grown out of this murder we are here considering would stagger mathematics to express.

The Crusades, the Inquisition, countless wars and fanatical sacrifices trace to that Judean mob.

Pilate's decision was no sooner made known than a loud howl of satisfaction went up from the mob. The priests and Pharisees had everything ready; for as in legal procedures the process is always well lubricated, so do the mob-leaders always know beforehand just what they are going to do. It looks like chance, but it is not.

Pilate had gone. A detachment of soldiers was standing near by, with two thieves whom they were about to execute—probably



they were detained so as to take a third victim! A cross was at hand—simply one rough plank nailed upon another in the form of a letter T.

This cross was balanced on the back of the Nazarene—each of the thieves carried a cross—and the command was given to march.

It was now near noon—the sun was burning hot. They had not gone far before Jesus fell, fainting under the burden. Sleeplessness, suffering, fasting, all combined to have their way, and tired Nature flagged.

The man was roughly lifted to his feet, once more the march was begun, when the Nazarene again stumbled forward, reeled and fell.

Every Roman soldier had a superstitious dread of carrying the cross: it was the instrument of death, and part of the victim's punishment was that he had to bear this symbol of his shame, disgrace, degradation and destruction.

In England, not so many years ago, the man to be hanged had to carry his coffin, but this led to so many accidents that later the culprit rode in a flat-topped cart, seated on the box that was so soon to hold his body.

As Jesus could not carry the cross and the soldiers would not, they seized a countryman, Simon the Cyrenian by name, whom they met on the way, and compelled him to bear the disgraceful burden. Simon used often to tell of this terrible experience afterward—he fully thought he himself was to be executed.

Much of the disgraceful insult of the night before was now repeated. Jesus was brutally struck, spit upon, scoffed and scorned. During it all he bore himself proudly, silently, and without resentment or complaint.

A march of a mile over a rocky road, much of it uphill, and the crowd reached Golgotha, “the place of a skull.” The crosses

THE were laid upon the ground. The victims were offered, as was the  
LIBERATORS custom, a strong narcotic that would stupefy them, lessen the  
pain and also make them easier to manage, rendering resistance  
difficult.

Jesus touched his lips to the bitter drink and put it away—he would endure the worst that his enemies could inflict.

Each victim was stripped of all his clothing and stretched out upon the cross. Nails were driven through the hands and feet. A strong cord passing under the arms of each victim and over the top helped to carry the weight, so the nails would not tear through the flesh.

Shallow holes were dug. The three crosses were uplifted and rocks piled around the bases to keep them in place. Jesus was placed in the middle, with a thief on each side.

Pilate had written on a board these words, *This is the King of the Jews*, written in the three languages, Hebrew, Latin and Greek, and sent the inscription, by the soldiers, to be placed over the head of Jesus.

There was something most ironical in this inscription. Pilate hated these fanatical Jews and hated them more for this frightful deed they had forced upon him. He would have the last word.—they had killed their King!

The chief priests complained of this inscription—they declared it should have read, “He said, ‘I am King of the Jews.’” But Pilate said, “What I have written, I have written.” He would not erase or change the wording in any way: let them have the honors—and the disgrace.

All of the disciples but John had disappeared. He remained in the distance with Mary, the mother of Jesus, and a band of faithful women. As the excitement of the mob died away and the onlookers grew accustomed to the terrible sight before them, John and the women came cautiously forward.

One account says that Jesus recognized them, and seeing that John and his mother were near together, as they approached, he said to the disciple, "Behold, thy mother," and then to his mother, "Woman, behold, thy son!" This seems hardly possible—Jesus would not imperil his friends by recognizing them. The agony for all of these was the greater because they could not express it.

These friends were helpless. The soldiers were seated at the feet of their victims, waiting for them to die. They had divided the clothing of the crucified men among them and were now casting lots for it, as the clothing of the victims was a part of the executioners' perquisites.

The crowd around was hostile—there was no sympathy for the sufferers—the mob had seen such sights before and had grown to relish them.

The knowing ones pointed Jesus out and gave parts of his supposed history. "He said, 'I am the Son of God!' He saved others; can he not save himself?"

"He said he could destroy the Temple and build it in three days." "Let us see whether Elijah will come to save him!"

A storm came up—the clouds grew dark and dense. The strained position produced a terrible pain, yet this torture Jesus might have endured, but his spirit was wrung by the insult, stupidity and ingratitude of those he saw before him. Had he lived in vain?

¶ An awful agony wrenched his soul. He cried aloud, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!"

Consumed by a burning thirst, he begged for drink. A soldier, with more pity than we should expect to see, saturated a sponge with vinegar and water, the drink the soldiers carried for themselves, and putting it on a reed, reached it up to the lips that had voiced so many words of tenderness and love—that had said, "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little

THE LIBERATORS ones a cup of cold water only, verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his reward."

¶ A PERSON with dull and sluggish temperament might exist on the cross for two or three days. But Jesus, with his exquisite capacity for pain, and his delicate and sensitive nature, could not long endure such agony.

For three hours he had hung there. He now felt the sleep of death creeping into his veins—his head drooped forward. Below he saw the soldiers; all around surged the waiting mob, watching his death struggles.

He aroused himself and prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" Another unconscious struggle—Nature trying to gain her freedom! Again he spoke—"Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit!"

That proud head fell forward. The form relaxed, swayed, and hung limp and still upon the cross.

A soldier with a spear pierced his side, but there was no response of life. Death, in pity, had set the captive free.

# White Hyacinths



COMMON question is this one, "Would you care to live your life over again?"

¶ Not only is it a common question, but a foolish one, since we were sent into life without our permission, and are being sent out of it against our will, and the option of a return-ticket is not ours. But if urged to reply I would say with Benjamin Franklin, "Yes, provided, of course, that you allow me the author's

privilege of correcting the second edition." If, however, this is denied, I will still say, "Yes," and say it so quickly it will give you vertigo.

In reading the *Journal of John Wesley* the other day, I ran across this item written in the author's eighty-fifth year, "In all of my life I have never had a period of depression nor unhappiness that lasted more than half an hour." I can truthfully say the same. One thing even Omnipotence can not do, and that is to make that which once occurred never to have been. The past is mine.

What does life mean to me? Everything! Because I have everything with which to enjoy life. I own a beautiful home, well furnished, and this home is not decorated with a mortgage. ¶ I have youth—I am only fifty—and as in degree the public is willing to lend me its large furry ear, I have prospects. I have a



THE library of five thousand volumes to read; and besides, I have a  
LIBERATORS little case of a hundred books to love, bound in full levant,  
hand-tooled.



I have four paid-up Life-Insurance Policies in standard companies; a little balance in the Savings-Bank; I owe no man, and my income is ample for all my wants.

Then besides I have a saddle-horse with a pedigree like unto that of a Daughter of the Revolution; a Howard watch, and a fur-lined overcoat. So there now, why should n't I enjoy Life?

¶ I anticipate your answer, which is, that a man may have all of these things enumerated and also have indigestion and chronic Bright's Disease, so that the digger in the ditch, than he, is happier far. Your point is well taken, and so I will gently explain that if I have any aches or pains I am not aware of them.

¶ I have never used tobacco, nor spirituous liquors, nor have I contracted the chloral, cocaine, bromide or morphine habit, never having invested a dollar in medicine, patented, proprietary nor prescribed.

In fact, I have never had occasion to consult a physician. I have good eyesight, sound teeth, a perfect digestion, and God grants to me His great gift of sleep.

And again you say, "Very well, but you yourself have said, 'Expression is necessary to life,' and that the man who has everything is to be pitied, since he has nothing to work for, and that to have everything is to lose all, for life lies in the struggle."

¶ All the points are well made. But I have work to do—compelling work—that I can not delegate to others.

This prevents incipient smugosity and introspection. For more than twelve years I have written the copy for two monthly magazines. During that time no issue of either magazine has been skipped. The combined paid-in-advance circulation of these periodicals is more than two hundred thousand copies each

issue, giving me an audience, counting at the conservative rate of three readers to a magazine, of more than a half-million souls. THE LIBERATORS

¶ Here is a responsibility that may well sober any man, and which would subdue him, actually, if he stopped to contemplate it. The success of Blondin in crossing the Niagara Gorge on a wire, with a man on his back, hinged on his not stopping to think it over. T

When I write I never consider what will be done with the matter, how it will be liked, and who will read it.

I just write for myself. And the most captious, relentless critic I have is myself. When I write well, as I occasionally do, I am filled with a rapturous intoxicating joy. No pleasure in life compares with the joy of creation—catching in the Cadmean mesh a new thought—putting salt on the tail of an idea. And a certain critic has said that I can catch more ideas with less salt than any other man in America.

I am not sure whether the man was speaking ironically or in compliment, but since the remark has been bruited abroad, it has struck me as being fairly good, and so I here repeat it, for I am making no special attempt to conceal the fact that I am still on earth.

One book I wrote has attained a sale of more than a hundred thousand copies, although selling at the unpopular price of two dollars a volume. And one article I wrote and published in one of the magazines has been translated into eleven languages and reprinted more than twenty-four million times, attaining a wider circulation, I believe, than any other article or book has ever attained in the same length of time.

In saying these things I fully realize that no man is ever in such danger of being elected an honorary member of the Ananias Club as he who states the simple truth.

In order to write well you require respite and rest in change.

THE Ideas come to one on the mountains, while tramping the fields,  
LIBERATORS at the woodpile. When you are in the best condition is the time  
to do nothing, for at such a time, if ever, the divine current  
surges through you.

If we could only find the cosmic switchboard when we want to think, how delightful it would be to simply turn on the current! But no, all we can do is to walk, ride horseback, dig in the garden, placing ourselves in receptive mood, and from the Unknown the ideas come. Then to use them is a matter of the workroom. And so to keep my think-apparatus in good working order I dilute the day with much manual work—which is only another word for play.

Big mental work is done in heats. Between these heats are intervals of delightful stupidity.

To cultivate his dull moments is the mark of wisdom for almost every thought-juggler who aspires to keep three balls in the air at one time. In the course of each year I give about a hundred lectures.

Public speaking, if carried on with moderation, is a valuable form of mental excitation.

Ill-health comes from too much excitement, or not enough. Platform work keeps your mental pores open and tends to correct faulty elimination of mental dross.

To stand before an audience of a thousand people for two hours with no manuscript, and only your tongue and brain to save you from the ruin that may engulf you any instant, and which many in your audience hope will engulf you, requires a goodly modicum of concentration.

I have seen the giving way of a collar-button in an impassioned moment cross-buttock a Baptist preacher. I am always prepared for accidents in oratory, such, say, as a harmless necessary cat coming on the stage without her cue. In public speaking one

shakes the brush-piles of thought and starts a deal more game than he runs down at the time, and this game which he follows up at his leisure, and the stimulus of success in having stayed the limit, make for mental growth.

But besides writing and public speaking, I have something to do with a semi-communistic corporation called The Roycrofters, employing upwards of five hundred people.

The work of The Roycrofters is divided into departments as follows: a farm, bank, hotel, printing-plant, bookbindery, furniture-factory and blacksmith-shop.

The workers in these various departments are mostly people of moderate experience, and therefore more or less superintendence is demanded. Eternal vigilance is not only the price of liberty but of success in business, and knowing this I keep in touch with all departments of the work. So far, we have always been able to meet our payroll. All of the top-notchers in the Roycroft Shops have been evolved there, so it will be seen that we aim to make something besides books. In fact, we have a brass band, an art-gallery, a reading-room, a library, and we have lectures, classes or concerts every night in the week. Some of these classes I teach, and usually I speak in the Roycroft Chapel twice a week on current topics.

These things are here explained to make clear the point that I have no time for ennui or brooding over troubles past or those to come. Even what I say here is written on by-product time, on board a railroad-train, going to meet a lecture engagement, seated with a strange fat man who talks to me, as I write, about the weather, news from nowhere, and his most wonderful collection of steins.

All of which, I hear you say, is very interesting, but somewhat irrelevant and inconsequential, since one may have all of the things just named, and also hold the just balance between

THE activity and rest, concentration and relaxation, which we call  
LIBERATORS health, and yet his life be faulty, incomplete, a failure for lack

of one thing—Love.

Your point is well made. When Charles Kingsley was asked to name the secret of his success he replied, “I had a friend.”

¶ If asked the same question I would give the same answer. I might also explain that my friend is a woman.

This woman is my wife, legally and otherwise. She is also my comrade, my companion, my chum, my business partner.

There has long been a suspicion that when God said, “I will make a helpmeet for man,” the remark was a subtle bit of sarcasm. However, the woman of whom I am speaking proves what God can do when He concentrates on His work.

My wife is my helpmeet, and I am hers. I do not support her; rather, she supports me. All I have is hers—not only do I trust her with my heart, but with my pocketbook. And what I here write is not a tombstone testimonial, weighted with a granitic sense of loss, but a simple tribute of truth to a woman who is yet on earth in full possession of her powers, her star still in the ascendent.

I KNOW the great women of history. I know the qualities that go to make up, not only the superior person but the one sublimely great. Humanity is the raw stock with which I work.

¶ I know how Sappho loved and sung, and Aspasia inspired Pericles to think and act, and Cleopatra was wooed by two Emperors of Rome, and how Theodora suggested the Justinian Code and had the last word in its compilation. I know Madame De Stael, Sarah Wedgwood, George Eliot, Susanna Wesley, Elizabeth Barrett. I know them all, for I can read, and I have lived, and I have imagination.

And knowing the great women of the world, and having analyzed their characters and characteristics, I still believe that Alice



Hubbard, in way of mental reach, sanity, sympathy and all-round ability, outclasses any woman of history, ancient or modern, mentally, morally and spiritually.

THE  
LIBERATORS  
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To make a better woman than Alice Hubbard one would have to take the talents and graces of many great women and omit their faults. If she is a departure in some minor respects from a perfect standard, it is in all probability because she lives in a faulty world, with a faulty man, and deals with faulty folks, a few of whom, doubtless, will peruse this book.

**R**IGHT here, of course, I hear you say: "But love is blind, or at least myopic, and every man who ever loved says what you are saying now.

The nature of love is exaggeration, and to take a woman and clothe her with ideality, this is love."

And you speak wisely.

But let me here explain that while the saltiness of time in my ego has not entirely dissolved, I have reached a time of life when feminine society is not an actual necessity.

I am at an age when libertines turn saints, and rogues become religious. However, I have never gone the pace, and so I am neither saint nor ascetic, and the Eternal Feminine is not now, and never was, to me a consuming lure. And while the flush of impetuous youth, with its unreasoning genius of the genus, is not mine, I am not a victim of *amor senilis*, and never can be, since world problems, not sensations, fill my dreams and flood my hours.

The youth loves his doxy in the mass; I analyze, formulate and reduce character to its constituent parts.

And yet, I have never fully analyzed the mind of the woman I love, for there is always and forever an undissolved residuum of wit, reason, logic, invention and comparison bubbling forth that makes association with her a continual delight. I have no

THE more sounded the depths of her soul than I have my own.  
LIBERATORS ¶ What she will say and what she will do are delightful problems;

only this, that what she says and what she does will be regal, right, gracious, kindly—tempered with a lenity that has come from suffering, and charged with a sanity that has enjoyed, and which knows because through it plays unvexed the Divine Intelligence that rules the world and carries the planets in safety on their accustomed way—this I know.

Perhaps the principal reason my wife and I get along so well together is because we have similar ideas as to what constitutes wit. She laughs at all of my jokes, and I do as much for her.

¶ All of our quarrels are papier-mache, made, played and performed for the gallery of our psychic selves. Having such a wife as this, I do not chase the ghosts of dead hopes through the graveyard of my dreams.

I have succeeded beyond the wildest ambitions of my youth, but I am glad to find that my desires outstrip my performances, and as fast as I climb one hill I see a summit beyond. So I am not satisfied, nor do I ever declare, "Here will I build three tabernacles," but forever do I hear a voice which says, "Arise and get thee hence, for this is not thy rest."

Who can deny that the mother-heart of a natural and free woman makes the controlling impulse of her life a prayer to bless and benefit, to minister and serve?

Such is Alice Hubbard—a free woman who has gained freedom by giving it. But her charity is never maudlin.

She has the courage of her lack of convictions, and decision enough to withhold the dollar when the cause is not hers, and when to bestow merely means escape from importunity. To give people that which they do not earn is to make them think less of themselves—and of you. The only way to help people is to give them a chance to help themselves.

She is the only woman I ever knew who realizes as a vital truth that the basic elements for all human betterments are economic, not mental nor spiritual. She knows that the benefits of preaching are problematic, and that the good the churches do is conjectural, but that good roads are the first and chiefest factor in civilization.

She knows and advocates what no college president in America dare advocate: that the money we expend for churches if invested in scientific forestry and good roads would make this world a paradise enow. She does not trouble herself much about Adam's fall, but she does thoroughly respect Macadam.

If she ever sings, "Oh, for the wings of a dove," it is not because she desires them to adorn her hat, nor as a means to fly away and be at rest.

AS a schoolteacher, woman was not deemed capable or acceptable until about Eighteen Hundred Sixty-eight. Woman's entrance into the business world is a very modern innovation.

It all dates since the Civil War, and was really not accepted as a fact until Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six, the year the type-writer appeared.

Even yet the average man keeps his wife in total ignorance of his financial affairs, thinking that she has n't the ability to comprehend the intricacies of trade.

The world was discovered in Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two; but man was not discovered until Seventeen Hundred Seventy-six. Before then man was only a worm of the dust, and the tradition still lingers, fostered by the sects that believe in the ministry of fear.

Woman was not discovered until Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six. Her existence before then was not even suspected, and the few men who did have their suspicions were considered unsafe,

THE erratic, strange and peculiar. ¶ In youth, when she was pink and  
LIBERATORS twenty she was a plaything; when she grew old and wrinkled  
‡ she was a scullion and a drudge. All laws were made by men, and  
in most States a woman has only yet a secondary claim on her  
child. If she is a married woman, all the money she earns  
belongs to her husband. Woman's right to have her political  
preferences recorded is still denied. Orthodox churches will not  
listen to her speak, and the logic of William Penn, "The Voice  
may come to a woman exactly as to a man," is smiled at indul-  
gently by priests and preachers. In English common law she  
is always a minor.

It does not require much reasoning to see that as long as a  
woman is treated as a child the tendency is that she shall be one.

¶ The success of the Bon Marché at Paris, not to mention Mary  
Elizabeth, Her Candy, proves what woman can do when her  
head is not in a compress, and her hands tied.

Man's boldness and woman's caution make an admirable busi-  
ness combination.

And in spite of that malicious generalization, pictured in print  
and fable, about woman's enterprise being limited to exploiting  
the trousers of peacefully sleeping man, I believe that women are  
more honorable in money matters than the male of the genus homo.  
Women cashiers do not play the races, harken to the seductive  
ticker, nor cultivate the poker face.

Alice Hubbard is an economist by nature, and her skill  
as a financier is founded on absolute honesty and flawless  
integrity. She has the savings-bank habit, and next to paying  
her debts gets a fine tang out of life by wise and safe invest-  
ments. She knows that a savings-bank account is an anchor to  
win'ard, and that to sail fast and far your craft must be close-  
hauled to weather squalls.

In manufacturing she studies cost, knowing better far than

most businessmen that deterioration of property and overhead THE  
charges must be carefully considered, if the Referee in Bank- LIBERATORS  
ruptcy would be kept at a safe distance. She is a methodizer

of time and effort, and knows the value of system, realizing the absurdity of a thirty-dollar-a-week man doing the work of a five-dollar-a-week boy. She knows the proportion of truth to artistic jealousy in the melodious discord of the anvil chorus; and the foreman who opposes all reforms which he himself does not conjure forth from his chickadee brain is to her familiar.

¶ The employee who is a knocker by nature, who constantly shows a tendency to get on the greased slide that leads to limbo, has her pity, and she in many gentle and diplomatic ways tries to show him the danger of his position.

With John Ruskin she says: "It's nothing to give pension and cottage to the widow who has lost her son; it is nothing to give food and medicine to the workman who has broken his arm, or the decrepit woman wasting in sickness. But it is something to use your time and strength to war with the waywardness and thoughtlessness of mankind; to keep an erring workman in your service till you have made him an unerring one, and to direct your fellow-merchant to the opportunity which his judgment would otherwise have lost."

I IN my wife's mind I see my thoughts enlarged and reflected, just as in a telescope we behold the stars. She is the magic mirror in which I see the divine. Her mind acts on mine, and mine reacts upon hers. Most certainly I am aware that no one else can see the same in her which I behold, because no one else can call forth her qualities, any more than any other woman can call forth mine. Our minds, separate and apart, act together as one, forming a complete binocular, making plain that which to one alone is invisible.

Now there be those, wise in this world's affairs, who may say



THE LIBERATORS that this man is evidently a victim of the gumwillies. Love, like all other things, has its limit. A month of close contact usually wears off the new, and captivity reduces the butterfly to a grub. Don't tell us—we know! The very intensity of a passion betokens its transient quality. Henry Finck in his great book, *Pas-sionate Love and Personal Beauty*, recounts the great loves of history, and then says, "The limit of the Grand Passion is about two years."

Hence I here make the explanation that I have known this woman for twenty years. I have written her more than three thousand letters, and she has written as many to me.

Every worthy theme and sentiment I have expressed to the public has been first expressed to her, or, more likely, borrowed from her. I have seen her in almost every possible exigency of life: in health, success, and high hope; in poverty, and what the world calls disgrace and defeat. But here I should explain that disgrace is for those who accept disgrace, and defeat consists in acknowledging it.

I have seen her face the robustious fury of an attorney weighing three hundred pounds, and reduce him to pork cracklings by her poise, quiet persistence, and the righteousness of her cause.

¶ She is at home with children, the old, the decrepit, the sick, the lonely, the unfortunate, the vicious, the stupid, the insane. She puts people at their ease; she is one with them, but not necessarily of them.

She recognizes the divinity in all of God's creatures, even the lowliest, and those who wear prison-stripes are to her akin—all this without condoning the offense. She respects the sinner, but not the sin.

Wherever she goes her spirit carries with it the message, "Peace be still!" With the noble, the titled, the famous, she is equally at home.

I have seen her before an audience of highly critical, intellectual THE  
and aristocratic people, stating her cause with that same gentle, LIBERATORS  
considerate courtesy and clearness that is so becoming to her. ¶

¶ The strongest feature of her nature is her humanitarianism, and this springs from her unselfish heart and her wide-reaching imagination. And imagination is only sympathy illumined by love and ballasted with brains.

She knows and has performed every item of toil in the ceaseless round of woman's drudgery on the farm; she realizes the stress and strain of overworked and tired mothers; the responsibility of caring for sick and peevish children; the cooking, sewing, scrubbing, washing, care of vegetables and milk; the old black dress that does duty on Sunday with the bonnet that carries a faded flower in Summer and its frayed ostrich-feather in Winter; the life of men who breakfast by lamplight and go to work in winter woods ere dawn appears, coming home at dark, with chores yet to be done, ere supper and bed are earned; the children who follow frozen country roads to school, and eat at noon their luncheon of corn bread and molasses and salt pork and count it good, being filled with eager joy to slide downhill ere the bell rings for the study of McGuffey's Reader; the slim, slender girl, mayhap with stocking down, who herds turkeys on the upland farm in the cool October dew, that she may get money to go to the distant High School or the coveted "Normal," and who finally receives the longed-for teacher's certificate and earns money to help satisfy the hungry mortgage on the farm; the young women who work in box-factories under the menacing eye of the boss; the tired, frayed-out, heedless clerks; the smartly dressed cashiers; the men who drive horses or work with pick, adz, maul and ax; the pilots who creep their crafts through fog along rocky coasts, or in mid-ocean take the temperature of the water, locating icebergs; the woman who flees the world in

THE order to be "good;" the businessman mousing over his accounts, LIBERATORS fearing to compare assets and liabilities, hoping for a turn in the tide; the flush of the orator, the joy of the author, the deep, silent pleasure of the scientist who finds a new species; the serene confidence of the railroad president who knows his departments are all well manned; the moment of nightmare and doubt when the general manager holds his breath and listens for the rumble of his "Limited," speeding with precious treasure through the all-enfolding night; the fever of unrest that comes to the captain of the man-of-war the night before the battle; the soldiers in the trenches, blissfully ignorant, needlessly brutal in their attempts to be brave as they peer at the enemy's campfires on the distant hills; the joyless, yellow-eyed children who toil in the mills and forget how to play; boys home from school; girls in cap and gown graduating at Wellesley or Vassar; city children from the slums in the country for the first time, begging permission to pick dandelions and daisies; women discarded by society and relatives for faults—or virtues; wives whose hearts are stamped upon by drunken husbands; men who are crazed through the vanity of wives who walk the borderland of folly; the hesitating, doubting, fearing, sick, through lack of incentive—work; to all these is she sister, and still the joy in work well done, the calm of honesty, the sense of power through facing unpleasant tasks, the sweet taste of food earned by honest effort, the absolution that comes through following one's highest ideals, the self-sufficient purpose and firm resolve to do still better work tomorrow through having done good work today—all these are hers.

She is patient under censure, just or unjust; and unresentful toward hypocrisy, pretense and stupidity. Of course, she recognizes that certain people are not hers, and these she neither avoids nor seeks to please or placate. Some indeed there be

who have called to her in insulting tones upon the public street; and to sundry and various of these she has given work and taught them with a love and a patience almost past belief. THE  
LIBERATORS

**S**HE has the sublime ability to forget the wrongs that have been visited upon her, the faults of her friends, and the good deeds she has done.

She knows history from its glimmering dawn in Egypt down to the present time. The reformers, thinkers, martyrs, who have stood forth and spoken what they thought was truth, and died that we might live, are to her familiar friends.

She knows, too, the poets, writers, sculptors, musicians, painters, inventors, architects, engineers of all time. And those who can build a bridge or make good roads are to her more worthy of recognition than those who preach.

She believes in the rights of dumb animals, of children, and especially women. She knows that woman can never be free until she owns herself, and is economically free. To this end she believes that a woman should be allowed to do anything which she can do well, and that when she does a man's work she should receive a man's wage.

To those who disagree with her she is ever tolerant; in her opinions she is not dogmatic, realizing that truth is only a point of view, and even at the last, people should have the right to be wrong, so long as they give this right to others. She does not mix in quarrels, has none of her own, nor is she quick to take sides in argument and wordy warfare.

She keeps out of cliques, invites no secrets and has none herself, respects the mood of those she is with, and when she does not know what to say, says nothing, and in times of doubt minds her own business.

Her seeming indifference, however, does not spring from a lack of sympathy, for nothing that is human is alien to her. On a

THE railroad-train at night she always thinks of two persons—the  
LIBERATORS engineer, with one hand on the throttle and the other on the  
air-brake, looking out down the two glittering streaks of steel  
that stretch away into the blackness of the night, and the other  
man she considers is the one a hundred miles or so away, with  
shade over his eyes, crouching over a telegraph-key.

At the hotels she thinks of those who wash dishes, and scrub  
and clean windows, and towards all servants she is gentle in her  
demands and grateful for services.

She wins by abnegation and yet never renounces anything. She  
has the faith that gives all, and therefore receives all.

She has proved herself an ideal mother, not only in every  
physical function, but in that all-brooding tenderness and loving  
service which is contained in the word Mother. She, of all  
mothers, realizes that the mother is the true teacher: that all  
good teachers are really spiritual mothers. She knows that not  
only does the mother teach by precept, but by every action,  
thought and attribute of her character. Scolding mothers have  
impatient babies and educated parents have educated children.

¶ That supreme tragedy of motherhood, that the best mothers  
are constantly training their children to live without them, is  
fully appreciated and understood by Alice Hubbard.

To be a good teacher requires something besides knowledge.  
Character counts more than a memory for facts. And as the  
great physician benefits his patients more through his presence  
than by his medicines, so does the superior teacher leave her  
impress upon her pupils more through her moral qualities than  
by her precepts. ¶ Franz Liszt did not teach at all: rather, he filled  
his pupils with a great, welling ambition to do, and be, and  
become. I believe it was Goethe who said that great teachers  
really do not teach us anything—in their presence we simply  
become different people.



THOSE who are admitted into the close presence of Alice Hubbard are transformed into different people. This is especially true of budding youth—boys and girls from fourteen to eighteen. For them she has a peculiar and potent charm—her vivacity, her animation, her sympathy, her knowledge of flowers, plants, trees, birds and animals delights them.

Then she knows the heroes of history, and all of the literature of story and romance is to her familiar. If her pupils wish to talk, she lets them—for to her listening is a fine art. Her mental attitude brings out the best in each, so in her presence the boor becomes gentle, and the loud and coarse moderate their voices and are on their good behavior.

She carries with her an aura in which vulgarity can not thrive nor pretense flourish. She has a gentle and gracious dignity that contains not a trace of affectation, prudery, pedantry or prig-gishness. She has the happy faculty of putting people at their ease and making them pleased with themselves; so with her they are wise beyond their wont and gracious beyond their accustomed habit.

In a room full of people she is not likely to be seen, nor even to speak; but if she chooses, she keys the conversation, dictates the theme, arouses genial animation, and by her presence and the gentle, finely modulated quality of her voice, the indifferent and the mediocre subside and fade away.

Alice Hubbard has the bodily qualities of grace, lightness, ease and manual skill, and the crown of her head obeys the law of levitation.

She imparts joy, never heaviness or weariness. Her raiment is always neat and becoming, not expressed in fancy nor of a kind or quality to beckon or bid for attention. In fact, very few people seem ever to remember the exact color of her attire; all that they can recall is that she was sweetly gracious, kind,

THE considerate and dignified in all of her words and manner.  
LIBERATORS ¶ She wins without trying to win, and if she pleases, as she  
always does, it is without apparent effort.



In mental qualities she appreciates the work of the great statesmen, creators, inventors, reformers, scientists, and all those who live again in minds made better.

especially with servants and children and those who can not enforce their claims; an absence of all exaggeration, with no vestige of boasting as to what she has done or intends to do—all of which sets her apart as one superior, refined and unselfish beyond the actual as we find it, except in the ideals of the masters in imaginative literature.

In mental qualities she appreciates the work of the great statesmen, creators, inventors, reformers, scientists, and all those who live again in minds made better.

Dozens of times I have heard her refer to the unresentful qualities of Charles Darwin, and tell of how he, as a scientist, was ashamed of himself in once jumping to a conclusion by saying, "It must be this, for if it is not, what is it?"

Herbert Spencer's monograph on *Education* is to her a textbook. Max Muller's *Memories* is her favorite love-story, and Emerson's *Essays* are always to her a sweet solace and rest. She admires Browning, but neither dotes nor feeds on any poet—life is her great theme, and to live rightly and well, without shame, regrets, compromises, explanations, apologies or complaints, is to her the finest of the fine arts.

So these, then, are the qualities that mark Alice Hubbard as the teacher with very few peers and no superiors.

She holds all ties lightly, never clutching even friendship—growing rich by giving. She is an economist and a financier, making a dollar go further, without squeezing it, than any man or woman I have ever seen. She buys what she needs, and has

the strength not to buy what she does not need. She never spends money until she gets it, and avoids debt as she would disease.

She is a model housekeeper, and her ability to manage people and serve the public is shown in the fact that the Roycroft Inn, of which she is sole manager, made a profit the past year of a little more than a thousand dollars. To direct and train the "help" (at times a somewhat ironical term) does not even supply her a topic for conversation. She never complains of the stupidity of others, knowing that such complaint is in itself a form of concrete stupidity.

However, the management of the hotel is to her only incidental, for she is Vice-President of the Roycroft Corporation, and General Superintendent of all the work. She hires all employees and has the exclusive power to discharge, fixing all salaries, and passing on all expenditures. She also teaches, gives lectures, and writes at least one book every year.

ASSUMING that one hundred is the perfect standard, a judicial rating would place Alice Hubbard somewhere between ninety and ninety-nine in the following: As a mother, housekeeper, economist, methodizer, diplomat, financier, orator, writer, reformer, inventor, humanitarian, teacher, philosopher. ¶ Tammam the Techy said, "We must be patient with the fools." But he never was. She is. And I myself have ever prayed, "For this, Good Lord, make us duly thankful." She has an abiding faith in Nemesis, and never for an instant considers it her duty to transform herself into a section of the Day of Judgment. She believes that people are punished by their sins—not for them.

In her nature there is a singular absence of jealousy, whim and prejudice. She can hear her enemies praised without resentment, and for those in competition with her, if such there be, she has

good-will at the best and indifference at the worst. These things are possible only in a very self-centered character, one tenoned and mortised in granite, with an abiding faith in the justice and righteousness of the Eternal Intelligence in which we are bathed. ¶ She has the hospitable mind and the receptive heart. She is alert for new truth and new views of life, and is ever ready to throw away a good idea for a better one.

She realizes the necessity of moderation in eating, of regular sleep, of fresh air, and regular daily exercise in the open. And not only does she realize their necessity, but she has the will to live her philosophy, not being content to merely think and preach it. Physically she is strong as a rope of silk; she can outride and outwalk most athletic men, although her form is slender and slight. Those who regard bulk and beauty as synonymous, never turn and look at her in the public streets. In countenance she is as plain as was Julius Cæsar, and to his busts she bears a striking resemblance in the features of nose, mouth, chin and eyes.

In the moral qualities of patience, poise and persistence she is certainly Cæsarian, and in these she outranks any woman I have been able to resurrect from the dusty tomes of days gone by.

THIS, then, is my one close companion, my confidante, my friend, my wife; and my relation with her will be my sole passport to Paradise, if there is one beyond this life.

I married a rich woman—one rich in love, loyalty, gentleness, insight, gratitude, appreciation—one who caused me, at thirty-three years of age, to be born again.

To this woman I owe all I am—and to her the world owes its gratitude for any and all, be it much or little, that I have given it. My religion is all in my wife's name.

And I am not bankrupt, for all she has is mine, if I can use it, and in degree I have used it.

And why I prize life, and desire to live, is that I may give the THE  
world more of the treasures of her heart and mind, realizing LIBERATORS  
with perfect faith that the supply coming from Infinity can ☪  
never be lessened nor decreased.

*If I had but two loaves of  
bread I would sell one of  
them and buy White Hya-  
cinths to feed my soul.*



*There are people who live near to  
Science and never know it; in the  
midst of Culture and never have it;  
close to Religion and never imbibe  
it; by the side of nature and still  
are strangers to her beauty ☞ ☞  
They are incapable of the concen-  
tration necessary to grasp a theme  
and become enthusiastic over it,  
and thus they live by the side of  
happiness and never taste it ☞ ☞*

# City of Tagaste ㊦㊦㊦㊦㊦㊦㊦㊦



One time Tagaste was considered to be the hub and center of civilization. So common, in fact, were books in Tagaste that the municipality supplied them gratis to all children, and when you went to a drug-store and bought a tooth-brush, the proprietor presented you a book.

Pliny the Elder relates that once in Tagaste a book-agent called on a man and asked him to subscribe, and

the man said, "I don't want your book." And the agent said, "Buy it for your children." And the man replied, "I have no children!" "Then buy it for your wife." "I have no wife—and look here," said the man, "if I bought your book, do you know what I would do with it?"

"No—what would you do with it?" asked the agent. "I'd throw it at the cat!"

"Put your name right here!" gleefully cried the book-agent.

¶ And so books became so cheap that men utilized them to throw at the cat. Instead of spelling it *missal*, they spelled it *missile*.

In Tagaste they used to cut down a tree, saw it into blocks, feed them into a machine, make the sawdust into a dried paste, and print a newspaper on it, all in forty-six minutes by the watch.

THE LIBERATORS The rage for invention increased—typesetting-machines came in, and typesetters by the thousand, too old to learn a new trade, were taken from their cases, and walked the streets looking for work, and not finding it, prayed for death.

By the use of photography, the engraver was abolished in many instances, and the illuminator had long turned to dust.

Even the bookbinder got up one morning and, like Othello, found his occupation gone: paper made to look like leather was pasted by machinery over boards made from wood-pulp. Other covers were fed into a machine by a girl, who was paid two boboli a day, and were stamped in gaudy red or blue.

The books were stitched on specially made sewing-machines, and no sheets of paper were folded by hand—all were fed into a machine. And so in a factory where ten thousand books a day were made, there was neither a printer, an illustrator, an illuminator nor a binder. There were sad-eyed girls and yellow, haggard boys, who stood all day and fed sheets into a machine, week after week, month after month, twelve hours a day, and they were paid just enough money to keep them from starvation. And so to us who view the condition through the dim lapse of time, it seems curious that there should have existed such a mad rage to make books cheap. Was the country so poor that buyers could not afford to pay more than the price of a ham-sandwich for a volume?

Not at all—this happened in the richest country in the world, and in cities where there were hundreds of homes that cost upwards of a hundred thousand dinars each. But the rage for cheapness was in the air: not how good can this be made, but how cheap, was the motto.

Society had gotten itself separated into two distinct classes: those who worked with their hands and those who worked with their heads. Those who worked with their heads thought it

disgraceful (or at least bad form) to work with their hands. THE  
¶ Many of those who used their heads flocked to the cities and LIBERATORS  
called the people who lived in the country, names—such as  
Hayseed, Rube and Buckwheat. ¶

THOSE people who used their hands had no energy left nor inclination to use their heads, after the day's work was done; and they often grew dispirited, dissipated and vicious; and those who used only their heads suffered from Bright's Disease, Paresis and Nervous Prostration. Both classes ceased to live in the open air.

But the wealth drifted into the possession of those who used their heads. They lived in a sort of barbaric splendor like Turkish Pashas, and were much given to buying things. They were unhappy and restless, and always in search of some new thrill which might make them forget the misery of their condition. To kill time, the women did what they called "Shopping."

¶ That is, they passed through the streets where the shop-windows were temptingly filled with things, and the rich women whose husbands worked with their heads clawed over things and bought things—they bought things to put in their mouths, to put on their heads, and on their backs. And then they ordered other things put into bundles and sent to their homes.

Of course they did not need all these things, and the result was that their houses got so full of things that many servants had to be employed to take care of them. And these servants were more of a care than the things.

Then the owners, still finding themselves uneasy, restless and discontented—not knowing what was the matter—concluded they had not bought the right things. So they went out and bought more things. And the husbands of these women who bought things schemed eternally with their heads to get money to pay the servants who looked after the things, and to buy

THE more things; and sometimes these men, noticing that in the  
LIBERATORS library a shelf was not quite full, telephoned down to a Dry-  
goods-Store somewhat as follows: "Send me up three dozen  
books—all discounts off—rush!"

THESE people who worked only with their heads often  
drove horses with half a tail; the women bought birds to  
decorate their bonnets, and no one seemed to know that a bird  
in the bush is worth two on a woman's hat. And the men so  
conducted the civil engineering of the cities that the sewage  
and filth of the factories were run into the rivers and the fish  
all killed. To talk of bathing in a river was a big joke to them.  
They also polluted the air so that a city could be located fifty  
miles away by the clouds of soot that hovered over it; and so  
thick was this dust, dirt and poisonous vapor that no valuable  
work of art could be safely kept in the municipality. Then they  
sent out gangs of men to devastate the forests, to get wood to  
make books and things.

At last in sheer desperation, certain fanatics got laws passed to  
preserve the forests, to protect the fish in the rivers, the birds  
in the air, and the horses' tails, and to do away with the dust  
and dirt and soot and vapor, so the works of art would not be  
ruined and people's lives shortened or dimmed by the absence  
of sunshine.

But these laws were executed only every little while—and not  
always then—for the fish in the river were all dead—dead as  
Reconcentrados—and the birds had mostly been caught, and  
the forests were gone, and as for the gas and soot and smoke,  
why the people were getting used to it—who cares!

And all the while sad-eyed girls bent over machines, and yellow,  
humpbacked boys, Polynesians and Abyssinians, fed bookcovers,  
made of paper to look like leather, into hoppers, and the din of  
wheels and pulleys and jangle and roar of machinery nearly



drowned the voice of the Proprietor, who only worked with his head, as he called over the telephone to his Foreman, "Have those fifty thousand books ready for Segull-Kuper Company, Saturday night!"

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LIBERATORS  
8

And in a hundred cities, five hundred publishers printed on great rolls of the wood-paper, records of the murders, stealings, scandals and vile doings of the day.

These records were called newspapers, and they were in size and extent actual books, containing on an average about forty thousand words each.

And on the Holy Day, or Seventh Day, called by many the Lord's Day, the paper was five times as large and ten times as nasty—it was a tale of crime and grime and blood and woe and death. And if the things did not really happen, they were invented.

I have said these papers were equal in size to books, and this was so, for a novel of one hundred thousand words is a good-sized book.

But in a city called Gotham, there were newspapers printed on the Lord's Day which contained over two hundred thousand words. It was a giant volume and was given away for a pittance, for the profit to the publisher was in the advertisements of bargain-day things.

Of course it was not bound, for there was no time for that, as the people wanted it hot and smoking from the press, and then, as it was thrown away after dinner, there was no need to preserve it. And so it could not even be used to throw at the cat. These papers were taken into most of the homes and were also read by children, young girls and women. And when at long intervals some man spoke of the uselessness of such records of ephemeral happenings, he was regarded by his neighbors as a mild lunatic. But no one knew the worthlessness and uselessness

THE of the papers better than the men themselves who made them.  
LIBERATORS ¶ And they made them only because they had to get bread and

butter whereby they might exist; they never expressed themselves—they simply expressed the things the Proprietor thought would sell the paper.

Possibly a few of these newspaper workers were deluded by the vain idea that the facility in writing acquired in a newspaper-office would lead to literature. But once caught in the mesh they seldom escaped until all the ambition and life were squeezed out of them; and when they were thrust out into the streets they were like the type-setters—too old to learn another trade, and without the vim and buoyancy to succeed in something else.

¶ And into the hungry maw of these gigantic newspapers and commercial sweat-shops were fed the bright, ambitious boys from the green countryside; and heat, fever, unrest and broken hours did their deadly work. And the toilers came out crippled, poor in purse, broken in health and spirit; or better, they died and received, at last, the rest that life had denied them.

THE city of Tagaste, centuries ago, turned to dust and ruin. Over its walls now creep the ivy and clinging wild flowers; serpents make their homes among its broken columns; and crawling lizards bask in the sun where once royalty and boundless wealth held sway.

Tagaste died because she sacrificed her brightest and best in the mad rush to gain wealth by making cheap things that catered to the whims, depraved tastes and foolish tendencies of the worst.

Where once proud Tagaste stood, green weeds wave in the empty casements; the chance-sown seeds of thistles sprout and blossom and bloom from between the mosaics of her courtways; on the deserted thresholds lichens and brambles cling in a brotherhood of disorder; while the filmy ooze of a rank vegetation

steals over the interlaced spider-threads that cover all. ¶ The damp and the dust, the frost and the sun, the fret of flooded waters, and the slow, patient inroads of the mosses have combined to obliterate the work of man and make his name but as a sound blown upon the breath of the winds. THE LIBERATORS

Tagaste is gone—gone like time, gone past recall. Tagaste is but a memory, tinged by a dream.

*The mintage of wisdom is  
to know that rest is rust,  
and that real life is in  
love, laughter and work.*

*A little more patience, a little  
more charity for all, a little  
more devotion, a little more  
love; with less bowing down  
to the past, and a silent ignor-  
ing of pretended authority; a  
brave looking forward to the  
future, with more faith in our  
fellows, and the race will be  
ripe for a great burst of light  
and life*    ♣   ♣   ♣   ♣   ♣   ♣

# A Dream and A Prophecy



LIFE is expression. Art is the expression of man's joy in his work. Life is a movement outward, an unfolding, a development.

Think this out for yourself, beginning with the germ, and behold how all things that grow develop from within! To obtain a place, a free field, a harmonious expansion for your powers—this is life.

To be tied down, pinned to a task that is repugnant,

and have the shrill voice of Necessity whistling eternally in your ears, "Do this or starve," is to starve—for it starves heart and soul—and all the higher aspirations of your being pine away.

¶ Art is beauty and beauty is a peace and a solace to every normal man and woman.

Beautiful sounds, beautiful colors, beautiful proportions, beautiful thoughts—how our souls hunger for them! Matter is only mind in an opaque condition; and all beauty is but a symbol of spirit.

Art is the expression of man's joy in his work. You can not get joy from feeding things all day into a machine. You must let the man work with hand and brain, and then, out of the joy of this marriage, beauty will be born. And this beauty mirrors the best in the soul of man—it shows the spirit of God that runs through him.



THE LIBERATORS

Once a letter was sent by the Queen of Italy to every reigning queen of Europe, asking that the recipient make a promise to wear upon her clothing no lace except that which was made by hand.



Every person who received this letter responded; and a letter from Queen Victoria was one of the first answers to the appeal. ¶ Schools were established where girls were taught to make beautiful things with their hands. When they acquired the necessary deftness of fingers, and the right taste and judgment, materials were supplied them, and a market promised for the product. Then the Queen of Italy herself established an exchange for the sale of the beautiful lace.

And we find Robert Barrett Browning—a man with kingly pedigree, the only child of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett—following the idea of the gracious Queen. Mr. Browning established and endowed a manufactory for the making of handmade lace, as a loving monument to his father and mother. This institution gives work to five hundred women. I've called it a manufactory, but it is not just that, for the work is mostly done at the homes of the workers, who live in the villages scattered about Venice. Each worker is paid according to the quality of her work. It is quality, not quantity, that counts—and so the constant incentive is held out for each woman to do her best.

To this factory once came an old woman past eighty. Her husband had been drowned at sea; her sons had been killed in the war; and she was alone with two grandchildren to care for.

She came with a piece of elaborate lace on which she had worked three months. The work was very uneven, for the woman was old, her fingers stiff, and her eyesight faulty.

The superintendent showed the work to Mr. Browning and asked, "What shall we do?"

“ Pay her for it, pay her for it,” said Mr. Browning, “ and give it to me—she has done the best she could.”

And so, for several years, has come each three months. hobbling on her cane, this old woman who deposits her work and joyfully carries away her silver knotted in her handkerchief.

But most of the work that is passed through the Browning Memorial is rarely beautiful and goes to those who covet it.

¶ And strangely enough (or not), the quality of the lace made is no better nor more beautiful than that made by the nuns in the convents of the Middle Ages. There are things you can not improve upon. You can not better the work of Praxiteles. The marbles of the Greeks are at once the inspiration and hopeless tantalization of every man who models in clay or puts chisel and mallet to stone.

In ethics you can not better the Golden Rule. “ In philosophy,” says Emerson, “ say what you will—it is all to be found in Plato.”

And in bookmaking we can not improve on the work of the Venetians or that of the Monks of the Middle Ages. All we have gained has been in speed—and what we have gained in speed we have lost in power.

So we find William Morris, that sanest of all men of modern times, that man who could do more things and do them well than any other man of the Nineteenth Century, going back to the method of the Olden Time in making books.

He made the matrices for his type himself, and with his friend, Burne-Jones, cut initials and ornaments in wood for head-bands, tailpieces and title-pages, and these books were printed on paper made from pure linen rags, made just as paper was made in the Thirteenth Century.

And the loyal helpers who made these books found a joy in their work, and something more than a living wage. And behold, the

THE people who loved good books proved more numerous than was  
LIBERATORS at first supposed—and they bought the books and paid for them.

¶ In making these books, it was the constant motto: “How good can they be made—not how cheap.”

Once upon a day, a woman of noble birth in England showed a friend a lace scarf made at the “Browning Memorial,” and this woman said, “I would rather have this one piece of good lace than a house full of lace made by a machine.” Then she held up a Kelmscott Book, printed on Vellum, and said, “I would rather have this one book than a thousand forty-nine-cent books bought at a haberdasher’s!” And there were many of like opinion.

And so the manufacturers of furniture and laces and cloth and books, gradually awoke to the fact that there were some people who preferred to have a few really good things, rather than a great many cheap ones.

Art is the expression of man’s joy in his work. When you read a beautiful poem—a poem that makes your heart throb with gladness—you are simply partaking of the emotion that the author felt when he wrote it.

To possess a piece of work that the workman made in joyous animation is a source of joy to the possessor.

Carry this idea one step further, and you see why the painting done by the hand of a man with soul and spirit can never be replaced by the work of a chromo-lithograph press.

When you look upon a beautiful painting you in some way catch the spirit of the artist who did the work; and the armless marbles of Greece, done five hundred years before the birth of Christ, yet subdue us into silence and tears.

And this love of the work done by the marriage of hand and brain can never quite go out of fashion—for we are men and women, and our hopes and aims and final destiny are at last one:

where one enjoys, all enjoy; where one suffers, all suffer. Say what you will of the coldness and selfishness of men, at the last we long for the companionship and the fellowship of our kind. We are lost children, and when alone and the darkness begins to gather, we sigh for the brothers and sisters we knew in our childhood, and cry for the gentle arms that once rocked us to sleep. We are homesick amid this mad rush for wealth and place and power. The calm of the country invites, and we fain would go back to simplicity and rest.

AND so it came about, that about the year Two Thousand One men began to think, and they saw that to work all day with your head, and never with your hands, failed to bring content. The most successful man was the most unhappy; and they turned at last from the city to the country.

They said, "Let us go home—all is quiet there." They found, having taken a little time, that there was a beauty in the country they had quite forgotten, and the melody of the water running over the pebbles, hastening to the sea, was a song of gladness.

¶ They saw, too, that animals and birds that lived in the open air, never went into decline—that the chipmunk's health did not fail, nor the quail have nervous prostration.

The thought came to them that life is expression, and art is the voice of joy that the workman finds in his work. So they worked with their hands. They carved in wood and made useful furniture, or they printed books and illumined them, and illustrated them after the manner of the Monks of the olden time.

And others became skilful in working with leather, and bound the books in a most artistic and beautiful way. And these people found that the best joy in life comes from work well done. The women were no longer the mere pets or playthings of the men—all worked, and worked with heads and hands. And the women

THE LIBERATORS were the comrades and companions of the men. ¶ So, though a man were rich, he did not feel ashamed to wear the garb of a workingman.

And working with his hands, he came to understand and comprehend the needs of the poor. And a right understanding and brotherhood sprang up between them.

And those who had formerly worked from daylight until dark, now found that a few hours' work a day sufficed. In the past, as a great many never worked with their hands at all, others had to work all the time. So the toilers had time to think, to read and enjoy; and as those who had formerly used only their heads now used their hands, nervous prostration took wing, and Doctor Bright and his pet disease became obsolete.

And they planted trees, and forests grew; the birds came back and made the boughs melodious with their songs of love. The sewage was used to fertilize the land instead of to pollute the rivers; and fishes played hide-and-seek in the bright waters; and as ways had been found to consume the carbon instead of liberating it in a cloud of soot, the sun's rays fell in golden beams, carrying health and healing.

AND the people found that happiness and reasonable content followed the right exercise of one's faculties. They further discovered that man had a triple nature—physical, mental and spiritual—and that to work a certain number of hours daily, with one's hands, is the part of wisdom, in that it gives zest to the exercise of the mental and spiritual natures.

They further found that the exercise of the spiritual or emotional nature through music, or the contemplation of beauty, was a necessity as much as food and drink.

They also discovered that the unrest and ruin wrought through overtaxed nerves in the days ago was caused very largely by owning a multiplicity of things.



So they simplified and found after all that the best of life is not to be gotten through the ownership of many things: it comes from doing the duty that lies nearest thee.

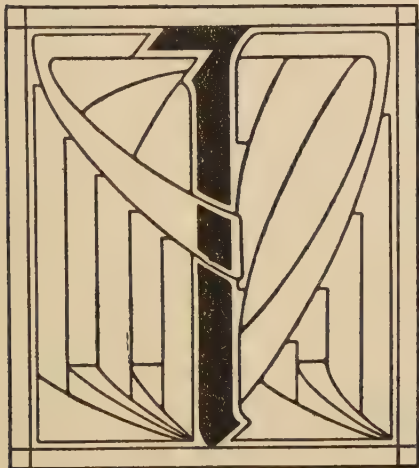
They said: "Life is expression, and we are endeavoring to express the beauty that is in our hearts. This life is full of gladness, and mayhap it is the gateway to another; and to live well here is surely the best preparation for a life to come. God is good and we are not afraid."

THE  
LIBERATORS  
❧

*We grow by doing, not by  
thinking of our thoughts  
and feeling of our feelings.*

*Would you have your name smell  
sweet with the myrrh of remem-  
brance and chime melodiously in  
the ear of future days, then culti-  
vate faith, not doubt, and give  
every man credit for the good he  
does, never seeking to attribute  
base motives to beautiful acts.  
We are all heroes in process* ♣

# The Titanic



It is a night of a thousand stars. The date is Sunday, April Fourteenth. The year Nineteen Hundred and Twelve. The time, eleven-twenty P. M. The place, off Cape Race—that Cemetery of the Sea.

Suddenly a silence comes—the engines have stopped—the great iron heart of the ship has ceased to beat.

¶ Such a silence is always ominous to those who go down to the sea in ships.

“The engines have stopped!” Eyes peer; ears listen; startled minds wait. A half-minute goes by.

Then the great ship groans, as her keel grates and grinds. She reels, rocks, struggles as if to free herself from a titanic grasp, and as she rights herself, people standing reach out to steady themselves.

Not a shock—only about the same sensation that one feels when the ferryboat slides into her landing-slip, with a somewhat hasty hand at the wheel. On board the ferry we know what has happened—here we do not.

“An iceberg!” some one cries.

The word is passed along.

“Only an iceberg! Barely grated it—sideswiped it—that is all! Ah, ha!”

The few on deck, and some of those in cabins peering out of

THE LIBERATORS

portholes, see a great white mass go gliding by. ¶ A shower of broken ice has covered the decks. Passengers pick up specimens

“for souvenirs to carry home,” they laughingly say.

Five minutes pass—the engines start again—but only for an instant.

Again the steam is shut off. Then the siren-whistles cleave and saw the frosty air.

Silence and the sirens! Alarm, but no tumult—but why blow the whistles when there is no fog!

The cold is piercing. Some who have come up on deck return to their cabins for wraps and overcoats.

The men laugh—and a few nervously smoke.

It is a cold, clear night of stars. There is no moon. The sea is smooth as a summer pond.

The great towering iceberg that loomed above the topmost mast has done its work unperturbed, gone on, disappeared, piloted by its partners, the darkness and the night.

“There was no iceberg—you only imagined it,” a man declares.

¶ “Go back to bed—there is no danger—this ship can not sink, anyway!” says the Managing Director of the Company.

¶ In the lull of the screaming siren, the hoarse voice of the Captain is heard calling through a megaphone from the bridge—

“My men: Remember you are Britons! Man the lifeboats! Women and children first!!”

“It sounds just like a play,” says Henry Harris to Major Butt.

¶ Stewards and waiters are giving out life-preservers and showing passengers how to put them on.

There is laughter—a little hysteric. “I want my clothes made to order,” a woman protests. “An outrageous fit! You have given me a man’s size!”

The order of the Captain is taken up and repeated by other officers—“Man the lifeboats! Women and children first!!”

"It's a boat-drill—that's all!" a passenger says. ¶ "A precautionary measure—we'll be going ahead soon," says George Widener to his wife, in reassuring tones as he holds her hand. ¶ Women are loath to get into the boats. Officers seize them, and half-lift and push them in. Children, crying, and some half-asleep, are passed over into the boats.

Mother-arms reach out and take the little ones. Parentage and ownership are lost sight of.

Some boats are only half-filled, so slow are the women to believe that rescue is necessary.

**L**IFEBOATS are lowered, awkwardly, for there has never been a boat-drill on this ship, and assignments are being made haphazard.

A sudden little tilt of the deck hastens the proceeding. The bows of the ship are settling—there is a very perceptible list to starboard.

An Englishman, tired and blase, comes out of the smoking-room, having just ceased a card-game. He very deliberately approaches an officer who is loading women and children into a lifeboat.

¶ The globe-trotter is filling his pipe. "I si, orficer, you know; what seems to be the matter with this bloomin' craft, you know?"

"Fool," roars the officer, with a pardonable oath, "the ship is sinking!"

"Well," says the Englishman, as he strikes a match on the rail, "well, you know, if she is sinking, just let 'er down a little easy, you know."

John Jacob Astor half-forces his wife into the boat. She submits, but much against her will. He climbs over and takes a seat beside her in the lifeboat. It is a ruse to get her in—he kisses her tenderly—stands up, steps lightly out and gives his place to a woman.



THE  
LIBERATORS

“Lower away!” calls the officer. ¶ “Wait—here is a boy—his mother is in there!”

¶ “Lower away!” calls the officer—“there is no more room.”  
¶ Colonel Astor steps back. George Widener tosses him a woman’s hat, picked up from the deck. Colonel Astor jams the hat on the boy’s head, takes the lad up in his arms, runs to the rail and calls in mock plaint, “You won’t leave this little girl, will you?”

“Drop her into the boat,” shouts the officer. The child drops into friendly hands as the boat is lowered.

Astor turns to Widener and laughingly says, “Well, we put one over on ’em that time.”

“I’ll meet you in New York,” calls Colonel Astor to his wife as the boat pulls off.

A man runs back to his cabin to get a box of money and jewels. The box is worth more than three hundred thousand dollars. The man changes his mind and gets three oranges, and gives one orange each to three children as they are lifted into safety. As a lifeboat is being lowered, Mr. and Mrs. Isador Straus come running with arms full of blankets, brought from their stateroom. They throw the bedding to the people in the boat.

“Help that woman in!” shouts an officer. Two sailors seize Mrs. Straus. She struggles, frees herself, and proudly says, “Not I—I will not leave my husband.” Mr. Straus insists, quietly and gently, that she shall go. He will follow later.

But Mrs. Straus is firm. “All these years we have traveled together, and shall we part now? No, our fate is one.”

She smiles a quiet smile, and pushes aside the hand of Major Butt, who has ordered the sailors to leave her alone. “We will help you—Mr. Straus and I—come! It is the law of the sea—women and children first—come!” said Major Butt.

“No, Major; you do not understand. I remain with my husband;

we are one, no matter what comes—you do not understand!" THE  
¶ "See," she cried, as if to change the subject, "there is a LIBERATORS  
woman getting in the lifeboat with her baby; she has no wraps!" ¶

¶ Mrs. Straus tears off her fur-lined robe and places it tenderly around the woman and the innocently sleeping babe.

WILLIAM STEAD, grim, hatless, with furrowed face, stands with an iron bar in his hand as a lifeboat is lowered. "Those men in the steerage, I fear, will make a rush—they will swamp the boats."

Major Butt draws his revolver. He looks toward the crowded steerage. Then, as he puts his revolver back into his pocket, smiles. "No, they know we will save their women and children as quickly as we will our own."

Stead tosses the iron bar into the sea. He goes to the people crowding the afterdeck. They speak a polyglot language. They cry, they pray, they supplicate, they kiss one another in frenzied grief. John B. Thayer, George Widener, Henry Harris, Charles M. Hays, Benjamin Guggenheim, Mark Fortune, Mr. and Mrs. Allison, Mr. and Mrs. Straus, move among these people, talk to them and try to reassure them.

There are other women besides Mrs. Straus who will not leave their husbands. These women clasp each other's hands. They look into each other's eyes, they smile—they understand!

Mr. Guggenheim and his secretary are in full dress. "If we are going to call on Neptune, we will go dressed as gentlemen," they laughingly say.

The ship is slowly settling by the head.

The forecastle is below the water.

The decks are at a vicious angle.

The icy waters are full of struggling people.

Those still on the ship climb up from deck to deck.

The dark waters follow them, angry, jealous, savage, relentless.

THE LIBERATORS The decks are almost perpendicular. The people hang by the rails.

❧ A terrific explosion occurs—the leviathan's heart, its boilers, has burst.

The last lights go out.

The great iron monster slips, slides, gently glides, surely—down—down—down—into the sea!

WHERE once the great ship grandly floated, there is now a mass of wreckage, the dead, the struggles of the dying, and the great, black, all-enfolding night.

Overhead, the thousand stars shine with a brightness unaccustomed. They are not disturbed. They have beheld sights and scenes like these before. What is the sinking of an "unsinkable ship" when you have seen galleys galore go down to their death in a mad mass; armadas tossed like cockleshells and destroyed; nations wither and perish; cities engulfed, and all the pride and pomp of circumstance laid low!

The stars, and the waves that mirror their loveliness, hug to their hearts the secrets of a million tragedies such as this.

Wait, and tomorrow you shall look long and closely before you are able to detect so much as a trace of where that imperious thing called the *Titanic* once roiled the waters that parted at her gliding as she proudly plowed the yeasty deep.

Four days, and four days only, she joyed and toyed with her title, "Queen of the Sea," and then she played forfeit with it once and forever.

Ah, by the breath of the North Wind, and his allies, the Rocks, the Ice and the lashing, rushing, angry Ocean, man is not master of this planet, yet.

Astor, Harris, Widener, the Strauses, Butt, Stead, Thayer, Guggenheim, Hays—I thought I knew you, just because I had seen you, realized somewhat of your able qualities, looked into

your eyes and pressed your hands, but I did not guess your greatness.

You are now beyond the reach of praise—flattery touches you not—words for you are vain.

Medals for heroism—how cheap the gilt, how paltry the pewter!

¶ You are beyond our praise or blame. We call, but you do not hear. We reach out, we do not find you.

Words unkind, ill-considered, were sometimes flung at you, Colonel Astor, in your lifetime. We admit your handicap of wealth—pity you for the accident of birth—but we congratulate you that as your mouth was stopped with the brine of the sea, so you stopped the mouths of the carpers and critics with the dust of the tomb.

If any think unkindly of you now, be he priest or plebeian, let it be with finger to his lips, and a look of shame into his own calloused heart.

Charles M. Hays—you who made life safe for travelers on shore, yet you were caught in a sea-trap which, had you been manager of that Transatlantic Line, would never have been set, baited as it was with human lives.

You placed safety above speed. You fastened your faith to utilities, not futilities. You and John B. Thayer would have had a searchlight and used it in the danger-zone, so as to have located an iceberg five miles away. You would have filled the space occupied by that silly plunge-bath (how ironic the thing when the ship had the whole Atlantic for a plunge!) with a hundred collapsible boats, and nests of dories.

You, Hays and Thayer, believed in other men—you trusted them—this time they failed you. We pity them, not you.

And you, Mr. and Mrs. Straus, I envy you that precious legacy of love and loyalty left to your children and grandchildren. The calm courage that was yours all your long and useful

THE career was your possession in death. ¶ You knew how to do  
LIBERATORS three great things—you knew how to live, how to love and how  
to die.



Archie Butt, you were a newspaperman and a soldier. Everything you attempted you did gracefully and well. The gloss and glitter on your spangled uniform were pure gold. I always suspected it.

You tucked the ladies in the life-boats, as if they were going for an automobile-ride. "Give my regards to the folks at home," you gaily called as you lifted your cap and stepped back on the doomed deck.

You died the gallant gentleman that you were. You helped preserve the old English tradition, "Women and children first."

¶ All America is proud of you.

Guggenheim, Widener and Harris, you were unfortunate in life in having more money than we had. That is why we wrote things about you, and printed them in black and red. If you were sports, you were game to the last, cheerful losers, and all such are winners.

As your souls play hide-and-seek with the sirens and dance with the naiads, you have lost interest in us. But our hearts are with you still. You showed us how death and danger put all on a parity.

The women in the steerage were your sisters—the men your brothers; and on the tablets of love and memory we have 'graved your names.

William T. Stead, you were a thinker, a writer, a speaker, a doer of the word. You proved your case; sealed the brief with your heart's blood; and as your bearded face looked in admiration for the last time at the twinkling, shining stars, God in pardonable pride said to Gabriel, "Here comes a man!"

And so all you I knew, and all that thousand and half a thousand



more, I did not know, passed out of this Earth-Life into the THE  
Unknown upon the restless, unforgetting tide. You were LIBERATORS  
sacrificed to the greedy Goddess of Luxury and her consort the  
Demon of Speed. ८

Was it worth the while? Who shall say? The great lessons of life  
are learned only in blood and tears. Fate decreed that they  
should die for us.

Happily, the world has passed forever from the time when it  
feels a sorrow for the dead. The dead are at rest, their work is  
ended, they have drunk of the waters of Lethe, and these are  
rocked in the cradle of the deep. We kiss our hands to them and  
cry, "Hail and Farewell—until we meet again!"

*Upon every face is written the record  
of the life the man has led: the prayers,  
the aspirations, the disappointments,  
all he hoped to be and was not—all  
are written there—nothing is hidden,  
nor indeed can be so so so so*

*In men whom men pronounce as ill,  
I find so much of goodness still;  
In men whom men pronounce divine,  
I find so much of sin and blot;  
I hesitate to draw the line  
Between the two, when God has not.*  
—Joaquin Miller.

# Joaquin Miller



HE wrote the greatest poem ever written by an American. He lives on The Heights at Oakland; his name is Joaquin Miller.

We took the street-car to the end of the line, and the conductor pointed to the road that led up the hill. "Take that road and sail on," he said, and smiled in a way that indicated he had sprung the allusion before and was pleased with it.

¶ We followed the road up the hillside. The day was one of God's own, done by hand, just to show what He could do. The sun was warm and bright; a gentle breeze, cool and refreshing, blew in with messages from the sea.

The road wound around the hill, and led upward by a gentle rise—back and forth, around and back, and soon we saw the roadway over which we had passed, a hundred feet below, with gardens between. Gardens everywhere! Gardens lined off with boxwood and fenced by nodding roses. Just above were orange and acacia trees, white with blossoms that showered their petals upon the passer-by.

And still we climbed. Up and up by that gentle ascent, up and up and up we went. The air was full of perfume and drowsy with the hum of bees. Birds twittered in the thick foliage, and at a bend in the winding road we saw a flock of quail running ahead

THE of us, and suddenly disappear among the masses of green.  
LIBERATORS ¶ Sandy was interested in finding out where the quail had gone;

Ben mopped his forehead, and with coat on arm, talked of the Higher Criticism, the wonders of the universe, and how beauty was free for all—his preacher habit still upon him.

Brudder and I turned and looked down upon the panorama spread out at our feet. Here was color—gorgeous, superb—the lilac of the wistaria winding in and out among the roses, while pale pink azaleas, delicate, esthetic and spiritual, trusted to our power of discernment to single them out from the more obtrusive masses of magnolia that everywhere sprang warm and voluptuous, heavy with perfume.

A little farther away the color was lost in masses of green that pushed off into a dark purple. Spires and steeples, and giant palms lifting their fronded forms in air, told us the city was down there, five miles away. And then there came a line of dark blue that wound in and out, and marked the bay, where little play-ships stood in the offing—their prows all pointing one way. Submerged in the blue ether across the bay lay the city of San Francisco—her schemes and her plots, her ambitions and her hot desires, her tears of disappointment and her groans and griefs, all veiled and lost beneath the translucent purple-blue coverlet of this lazy summer day.

Over to the left, clinging to the hillside, was Sausalito, replica in little of the villages that line the Bay of Naples.

There at Sausalito lives Bill Faville, Prince of Architects, making much moneys, they say, over in the city, but hiding away here on the hillside in a cottage of three rooms, where Mrs. Bill escapes the servant-girl question and the jealousies of the Smart Set by living the life that is genuine.

I will not say, "God bless Mr. and Mrs. Bill," because I know that He has and will.

Just beyond Richardson's Bay, where phantom ships toss on the tide and wait for cargoes that never come, is San Rafael, and Dick Hotaling's ranch—fairest of playthings—three thousand acres—belonging to Dick and his friends, where plates are always placed for me and the Cublet, and chants from the Good Stuff are done in minor key as the golden sun goes down through the Golden Gate, with Dick's permission.

Beyond is Mount Tamalpais, and just over there is Mount Diablo, where Preacher Ben says I should go on pious errand bent. Ben is a joker.

We trudge on up the hill, carrying coats and hats in hand. The air grows warmer, the flowers are even more plentiful.

We have been walking now nearly two hours, and must have come five miles. The road skirts through a dense mass of dwarfed oak that covers the driveway as the elms arch Chapel Street in New Haven, only more so.

"It is like this," said Preacher Ben; and then he began to explain to me the Law of Paradox.

"The collection will now be taken," came a deep bass voice from out the greeny gloom of the close-growing oaks.

We started, looked, and there on a seat not twenty feet away sat the Poet. You could never mistake him—he looks like no other man on earth; personality surrounds him like an aura. We stared.

"Come here and sit down, you rogues," called the voice.

The Poet did not arise—why, indeed, should he? We had always known each other, though we had never met before. We shook hands, and Ben and I took seats on the rustic bench beside him. Brudder lay on the grass at his feet, while Sandy renewed his interest in quail.

"Here I've been waiting an hour," said the Poet; "I put on my Sunday clothes and came down to meet you, but I had



THE about given you up. Ben said you were coming, but preachers  
LIBERATORS are such dam liars—they promise Paradise and mansions in the  
skies and all kinds of things which they can never supply—I  
was afraid you were not coming!”



He arose. He is six feet high to an inch, and in spite of his sixty-two summers, as straight as Sandy and just as strong.

He stood off and talked to us. He knew we were admiring him—how could he help it!

His white beard fell to his waist, and his mustaches were curled up savagely after the manner of Emperor William, while his wide sombrero was cocked carelessly to the northwest.

His long, yellow hair fell to his shoulders. The suit he wore was of a yellow corduroy that matched his hair; and his russet-top boots, fringed at the side, matched the corduroys.

The buttons on his coat were made of nuggets of Klondike gold; his belt was of buckskin with a big silver buckle, and between the bottom of his vest and the top of his trousers was a six-inch interregnum of blue flannel shirt.

A bright red necktie blew out from under the white beard; the trousers were caught over the ears of the dainty boots; one hand wore a gauntlet, and its mate was carried in a small, white hand, upon the middle finger of which was an immense diamond.

¶ “You are looking at my ring—worth a thousand dollars or more, they say—given to me by a dear friend now in Purgatory, if Ben knows his business.

I wear that ring in memory of a great friendship, and also because I love the diamond for its own sake—it symbols infinity, eternity.

The diamond is pure carbon; at least, we can resolve it back into carbon, but this done we can not make it over into a diamond. It is like life, we can take it away, but we can not give it. The secret of the diamond is not ours—it took an eternity to

produce it. I am as old as the diamond and I shall never die.” ¶ We followed on up the hillside. The sun was sinking down into the Golden Gate in a burst of glory.

“It’s all mine,” said the Poet, and waved his hand toward the western landscape.

We came to a queer old stile and followed along a grass-grown pathway. Soon a whole little village smiled upon us from a terraced outlook, that seemed surrounded and shut in by tall pines.

The houses were about as large as drygoods-cases—say eight by twelve. There were a dozen of them, owned by the Poet, and of all sorts and colors and shapes—all not worth so much as that diamond-ring.

Over every little house ran a regular riot of roses, red and white, in a mad race for supremacy.

In one of the tiny cottages lives the Poet. We entered. There was only one room—a rag-carpet rug in the center, a plain pine table, a bed in the corner. All around the room hung the Poet’s clothes.

“I am ascetic in everything but duds,” explained the Poet, as he saw Brudder vulcanizing.

“You see, folks are always giving me things—there is an Eskimo suit of sealskin, then comes that leather hunting-shirt and buckskin breeches. The next is my second-best suit of corduroy; the next is a velvet coat given to me by the Woman’s Club of Denver, when I lectured for them. As you see, I have ten pairs of boots and six pairs of moccasins. That ministerial black suit I wear when I speak in Ben’s pulpit.”

There was a Mexican saddle and bridle in the corner and bits of horse jewelry hung around on hooks.

“And your books?” I ventured.

“Books?” said the Poet. “Books? To hell with books! Books

THE are for people who can not think.” ¶ It will be observed that  
LIBERATORS the Poet’s language is as picturesque as his raiment. His words  
fitted him like the feathers on a duck.



Ben tried a swear-word, but it was strangely out of place, and as for myself—of course it is understood I only cuss in print.

JOAQUIN MILLER is the most charming poseur on this terrestrial ball, but he has posed so long and so well that his poses have now become natural, so he is no longer a poseur.

¶ Up on the topmost crest of the hill he has built a monument, square, stern, rude, crude, and immensely strong, with frowning battlements and menacing turrets. The weather-worn rocks used in its construction give the building a Druidic look.

It took three years to build this monument, the work being done mostly by the Poet himself. It is twelve feet square at the base, and about twenty-five feet high.

What it was all for has been a question much discussed in the neighborhood.

The Poet is very proud of this monument—it really is a superb bit of handicraft for an amateur. I saw the craftsman’s pride beaming out of the blue eyes, and so I worked the conversation around and lighted the fuse.

And here is the story: “I started to build that monument to the memory of Adam. I thought that this spot must have been the Garden of Eden—and anyway, the Garden of Eden was no finer than this. And then I had caught glimpses of God walking around here in the cool of the day, and so my Chinese helpers and I began the monument.

“Then one day Preacher Ben came up here and told me what a bad man Adam was, and how Adam and his wife had made all the trouble that was in the world.

“Then I cast around to think who was the next best man. And I dropped on Moses.

"Moses was the greatest leader of men who ever lived. He led his people out of captivity—made them free, and there is nothing finer than to give freedom.

"So I said to my Chinese helpers, 'Here goes to Moses!' Moses was the son of Pharaoh's daughter, you know—a love-child—his father an Israelite. She hid her baby away in the bulrushes, and then went down and found him at the proper time, and told one of the most touching little stories ever related—very beautiful and the most natural thing on earth.

¶ "The child was brought up a prince, but his heart was with the Israelites, and you know how he finished an Egyptian that he saw putting the thing on an Israelite. Oh, Moses had the quality—I expect to meet him in Elysium some day—he is our kind.

"How about the mistakes of Moses? Look you, my boy, Moses made no mistakes. Don't imagine that a man does not know, just because he does not explain. Moses knew, but he gave out just what his people were ready for, and no more.

"He used to say, 'God told me this and God told me that,' which was all right. God tells me things every day—He whispers to me at night, and often I get up and go out under the stars and wait for His messages.

"All of the Mosaic Laws were for the good of the people, sanitary, sensible and right. Christianity is a graft on Judaism, and it all traces to Moses.

"Mose was what you might call an ornithological *rara avis*. When he died, God was the undertaker—no one knows where he was buried, but I am of the belief that he was buried right here—exactly under this monument, and so far my assumption has not been disproved.

"Now we will unlock the little iron door and take a look inside of this monument. You see these steel grate-bars—looks like a

THE furnace, does n't it? Well, that is because it is—a crematory.  
LIBERATORS My body is to be placed up on top, that steel cover is to be lifted

so as to get a draft through, and twenty-five cords of good, dry redwood will do the business. There is the wood corded over there—we use a little now and then, but we never let the pile get below twenty-five cords.

“I have invited all the preachers and priests, joss-house men and sky-pilots in Oakland, Alameda and San Francisco to attend my funeral. I have written the funeral address myself, and the preachers are to draw cuts to see who shall read it to the people. Yes, the people are invited, too, and if the funeral takes place on a school-day, I have arranged that the children shall all have a holiday. I love children, and children love me—they come up here sometimes by the hundreds, and I read to them. I never caused a child a tear. All the mean things I have been guilty of were directed toward grown-up men.

“No, sir; no one shall wear mourning for me—death is only a change of condition. And Nature's changes are for the better. I want all denominations represented at my funeral, because I belong to every sect. I sympathize with all superstitions and creeds, because there is really but one religion—these seeming differences are only a matter of definitions evolved by certain temperaments.

“I worship Joss, Jehovah, Jove, Jesus, Mary the Blessed Mother, Ali Baba and Mary Baker Eddy. All of the gods were once men, and these names all stand for certain things to certain people—each means all to you that you can put into it. A name is a sound, a puff of air, but behind the epiglottis, the Eustachian tube, the palate, the tongue and the roof of the mouth, is a thought—I sympathize with that thought, even with error, because error is the pathway to truth, and so error is a phase of truth. I am Francis of Assisi, Novalis, Plato, Swedenborg,

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Porphyry and Buffalo Bill. I fill myself with asceticism, get drunk on abnegation, recite my own poems, and dance a two-step inspired by self-sacrifice.

"I am touched with madness, I know, but I'm sane enough to be well aware of it. I have a good time on nothing, and although I live 'way up here alone, yet I am always in the company of good people—are n't you here? I am the Universal Man, and so are you, and everybody is, only they don't know it. "What's that Chinaman yelling about? Oh, he says breakfast is ready—I forgot."

**W**HEN you visit Joaquin Miller, you are not shown to your room—you are given a house. The Poet puts his head out of the door and gives and "Al-lehoiah-ala-hoohoo-oo!" and out hops an Oriental, all dressed in white, and takes you to your cottage.

You perform your ablutions (I trust I use the right word) at the spring, or the horse-trough, and when you get back that heathen Chinese has opened your suit-case, brushed your clothes, hung out your nightshirt, placed half a bushel of cut roses on the table and disappeared. In ten minutes he comes back in to tell you in pidgin-English that supper is ready.

¶ The dining-room is in one of the cottages, set apart for a kitchen. The Chinese is a superb cook. Our table is set out under an arbor of roses, and we have vegetables to spare, and fruits galore, and nuts to crack, and a tin bucket of milk cooled in the running water of the spring, and loaves of brown bread which we break up in chunks; but there is no meat.

The Poet leaves us—he has work to do—but scarcely do we get back to the cottage, which we already call Home, before the Poet's face looks in at the open window, and he asks: "Did you see that inscription on the Carnegie Library down at Oakland? Over the doorway are carved three words, Poetry, Literature,



Prose. ¶ That is a personal biff—I told 'em so. I said, ' You should have put it this way: Poetry, Prose, Rot, Tommyrot; and inside you should have carved these words: Oratory, Gab, Guff, Talk, Buzz, Harangue, Palaver, with the name of some one who has a talent for each.' ”

THE nearest cottage to the one occupied by the Poet belongs to his mother, a Quaker-like old dame, ninety years young, who fully realizes that she is part of the Exhibit.

There was a whispered conference between Mother and Son, and then the old lady asked, “ Which one is it, did you say, that writes the *Little Journeys*? ”

I saw I was being pointed out, and so I modestly scrutinized the surrounding landscape, while the old lady scrutinized me, walking around me twice.

Then she sighed and remarked, “ He does n't look so very smart to me,” and went on solemnly with her knitting. Later, we became good friends—the old lady and I—although I was conscious that I was being compared furtively with the son of his mother—much to my disadvantage.

“ He is greater than Shakespeare,” said the old lady to me once, confidentially; “ only, do you know, he is such a fool that he tears up the best things he writes, and says he is going to write them over, but he never does.”

And then she explained how this son went off to the Klondike two years ago, and was now planning to go again. “ But I 've set down my foot! I found out about it and just put a stop to the whole business—the idea! ” and the good mother sighed in a way that showed she had troubles of her own.

We stood by the stile, saying the final good-by. The old lady had come down, too.

“ He tears up the best things he writes,” she said to me—“ now tell him he has no sense! ”

"And if you should," said the son, "she would be the first one to dispute it."

"Thank heaven, I have n't another son like you!" was the answer, and the boy of threescore dodged the old lady's cane, and said, "Don't worry, sweetheart, you never will!"

We crossed the stile, and followed on down the winding pathway that ran through the grove of citron and orange trees.

Looking up after five minutes' walk, we saw the Poet standing on a slightly jutting cliff just above, his arm around his mother. The old lady leaned over and called aloud to me, in a voice touched with falsetto, "Don't go to Klondike—it is a fool idea!"

**J**OAQUIN is dead. His body was burned, as he wished, on the funeral-pyre that he had built, and his ashes were scattered to the four winds. But the good in him abides.

For him I had a great affection. For twenty-five years I wrote him every little while: anything that happened to be in my mind—foolish little nothings, stories about children, dogs, bears, cats—things I imagined, things that might have been so; and he in turn responded in kind. Some of his letters I was able to read.

He sent me presents of books; bits for bridles; spurs; and if anybody gave him anything he did not want or had not the time to care for, he sent it to me by express collect.

I joyed in the society of the man, perhaps for the reason that he was not on my hands, and that I did not have to endure his society for long.

When he came to East Aurora, everybody took a holiday, and we laughed and played and picnicked the livelong day. Then we built a bonfire and told ghost-stories until midnight.

Whenever I was in San Francisco, which has been about once a year for the last two decades, I made a pious pilgrimage to

THE "The Hights." And usually I waited to see the sun go down  
LIBERATORS and sink a golden ball through the Golden Gate.

His estate of several hundred acres at the top of the mountain was purchased, about thirty years ago, out of the royalty received on *The Danites*. The site overlooked the city of Oakland, San Francisco, the Bay, and gave a panoramic view of the Golden Gate and the blue Pacific beyond.

He spelled it "Hights" because a visitor once called it "The He-ights," and anyway Joaquin did n't do anything as others did.

It was a tumbled mass of rocks, trees, vines and wild flowers, here and there a great giant redwood scraping the sky.

For agricultural purposes, it would have bankrupted anybody who owned it. But Joaquin Miller bought the land for purposes picturesque and poetic. No one else, indeed, wanted it. To reach it you had to climb up a winding road, a distance of about five miles from the turnpike below, where eventually the street-car came and stopped. Civilization has gradually moved that way, until now the land has a tangible value, and if sold, it will certainly clear off the debts of the dead poet and leave a snug little sum for his heirs.

Miller got tired of the world at fifty. Perhaps the world was a little tired of him. And here he fled for sanctuary. He had a little money, a few hundred dollars; but he made raids down into the lowlands, and gave lectures and readings for which he received from fifty to a hundred dollars per evening.

Like Thoreau, he loved solitude—when he was able to escape it, any time.

He occasionally got twenty-five dollars for a poem. And all the money he made he invested in lumber, which was hauled up the hill by a weary route. He constructed a dozen little houses about as big as drygoods-boxes; some with cupolas, curious little

verandas, strange observatories. ¶ Any visitor who came this way was given a house to live in, and told to remain as long as he wished and go away when he wanted to.

There was one house used for a dining-room, and a Chinaman with a literary bias, clothed in spotless white, cooked for everybody present. The meals were set on a long table out of doors, if the weather was pleasant. Otherwise, you crowded into the dining-room, and everybody helped himself; after the meal you assisted John in doing the dishes.

Joaquin Miller was a friend of the Chinese. He worshiped Joss. He believed in all religions, but had absolute faith in none. He quarreled with no man's religion, always maintaining that religion was simply a point of view.

His conversation was entertaining, illuminating, surprising, witty, profound, contradictory.

He had a way of abusing his friends when they called. Before you could formulate a word of greeting, he unlimbered his vocabulary. He told of your sins, your crimes, your misdemeanors, your faults, your foibles, your limitations. He knew where you had been, what you had done, and his frankness might have been positively shocking were it not for the fact that he carried it over the ridge until you laughed and everybody screamed for joy.

I once went up "The Hights" with Clarence Darrow. Clarence was fresh from Boise City, in which place he had defended an alleged murderer and got him free.

Joaquin Miller called everybody by his first name. If he did n't know his name, he supplied one.

"Clarisso Darroisso," he said, "you are a murderer with false whiskers. You defended a murderer. You got him free. You took part of the swag. You are partner with him. Neither you nor your client will be accepted by the devil in hell, and certainly



THE God Almighty will not have you. What finally will become of  
LIBERATORS you, I can not imagine!"

And so he continued to talk for about fifteen minutes, expressing his opinion of lawyers, as we sat down on the bench and laughed, until the eruption had spent itself.

On the gateway where you entered "The Hights" there was a sign: "No admittance; keep going. Better view higher up." This did not mean, however, that you were not welcome. Miller expressed things by contraries.

His heart was friendly, tender, sympathetic.

He had no respect for law or for society—that is, if you believed his conversation. But the fact is that he was not a criminal in any sense. He only played in his mind at being a lawbreaker.

¶ He got his name through his defense of an outlaw by the name of Joaquin.

In merry jest his mining companions gave him the name of the man that he had so vigorously defended and whom they had helped to hang.

And finally the name stuck. He accepted it as his own; and instead of Cincinnatus Heine Miller, he chose to be called plain Joaquin Miller.

He was born in a moving-wagon, somewhere between Indiana and Oregon, in the year Eighteen Hundred Forty-one. He claimed Indiana as his birthplace, however, because that is where his parents started from.

He was the first—save, I believe, the Hoosier Schoolmaster—to locate the Indiana "literary zone."

His name, Cincinnatus Heine, reveals the literary bias of his parents. Any one who loves Heinrich Heine and enjoys the wonderful lilt and lure of the Heine lines, and who knows the one fact about Cincinnatus, that he left his plow in the field and went to fight his country's battles, is an educated person.

Joaquin Miller would leave a plow in the field, any time, and he always maintained that Cincinnatus was only looking for an excuse to forsake the stump-lot.

**J**OAQUIN MILLER was a poet by prenatal tendency. He was brought up among the Indians, and a deal of their poetic splendor and love of color splashed his soul. At times he was just as dignified, just as impassive, as any Sioux Chief. ¶ When I met him first, in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-five, in Washington, he wore his Indian leggings, deerskin coat, high-top yellow boots; and hatless, paraded Pennsylvania Avenue, followed by admiring and wondering crowds, and he beautifully oblivious to them.

Shortly after this he made a trip to England, and was received by Royalty as a specimen of the Sure Thing. And he was true to his togs, even when he visited the Queen, by her personal request, at Windsor Castle.

He read his own poems to select throngs, and was paid the attention that nobility expects and demands. He was noble by Divine Right, and they by edict—at least this was his mental attitude. I think a little of this superfluous attention turned his head; and he came back home, expecting to walk through life and receive a similar adulation everywhere that England had bestowed upon him.

Alas and alack! Here in America there were many to say that he was an Egotist, a Poseur Plus; and, of course, he was. But his pose was as natural as the pose of a peacock, and his song much sweeter. He seemed to be at home everywhere and anywhere. Children loved him. Boys worshiped him. Women said, "Ah!" and "Oh!" when he entered the room.

If a man thought he was sure-enough-easy, Joaquin could call him, just as Jack Crawford used to land on the beak of the party who got fresh on the subject of hair.



JOAQUIN MILLER loved his friends and hated his enemies. He had positive ideas, as long as he held them; and he could change them with lightning-like rapidity. He was writer, actor, speaker, editor, poet, gentleman. In him there was something specially childlike and innocent. Anything he had, he was willing to divide with any one who wanted it.

During the Nineties he had so many visitors, hoboes, tramps, criminals, poets, preachers, reformers, who called on him, that they nearly ate up his substance. But as long as he could get food for them, they were welcome.

And he himself, at times, wrapped him in a blanket and slept out of doors, in order that visitors might have his cottage.

¶ He was Utopian, and was always picturing a society where friendship would be supreme, and where everything would belong to anybody who wanted it; where none would have too much, but everybody would have enough.

When we try to catalog Joaquin Miller, we put him in with Buffalo Bill, Buffalo Jones, Pawnee Bill, and Jack Crawford. But each of these individuals was different from the others. None had the wit, the scintillating brain, the eager imagination that Joaquin Miller possessed.

The nearest approach to him would be Captain Jack, who has written some mighty good things and who can read them better.

¶ Joaquin wrote several successful plays; notably, *The Danites*, in which McKee Rankin scored such a tremendous success.

¶ His poem entitled *Columbus* is, I think, the best poem ever written by an American, although I am perfectly willing to admit that poetry is very largely a matter of time, tempo and temperament.

Joaquin Miller began his literary career when twenty, by starting a newspaper in the placer-mining camp of Eugene City, Colorado. The editorials, however, were so personal that the

town held a mass-meeting and decided they would get along without a newspaper. And so they called on Joaquin *en masse*. They took all his type and dumped it into the creek, broke up his presses, and warned him that if he wrote or printed anything more, one of the redwoods would bear fruit.

One might have supposed that Joaquin would have felt slightly peeved over this lack of appreciation. Instead, however, he took it all as a good joke, remained right in town, and went to work as a placer-miner. He wore a red shirt, high-top boots, a wide hat. He let his whiskers and hair grow, and when he had secured enough gold to make solid-gold buttons for his mountain-lion coat, he went down to San Francisco, and again took up literature.

This time he was on the *Overland Monthly*, and was a valuable find. He proved himself pay-gravel: first as an advertising manager, next as a poet.

He had a way of carrying a pick on his shoulder as a badge of his occupation. Once he was standing in front of the famous Snake Drugstore, in San Francisco. Always around this window was a group gazing at the coiled snakes that slept in the sun. There they were, dozens of them, rattlers, blacksnakes, moccasins, water-snakes, stretching their sinuous lengths, moving anon uneasily in their sleep.

As Joaquin stood there, with pick over his shoulder, his companion said to him, "Bet you an ounce of gold dust you dassent smash your pick through the window and yank a few of the snakes out into the trail!"

"I take that bet!" said Joaquin; and crash went the pick through the glass into the coiling snakes, and out into the street the Poet of the Sierras yanked a full dozen rattlers.

Then he started in to kill the snakes. The druggist ran out and called, "Hey, let them snakes be—they are mine!"

THE “They were yours once, you mean,” said Joaquin, and kept  
LIBERATORS right on with the killing.

❧ The fun cost Miller two hundred dollars, but was worth the money, to say nothing of the value of the advertisement for the *Overland*.

POETLIKE, Joaquin spent most of the money he made. It would have made no difference how much he made; he would have given it away. Yet he was never in want. There were always a few friends to whom he turned by divine right, and asked for his own, and he never asked for anything he did not need; and when he could, he paid it back. He was honest, sincere, affectionate, talented.

Needless to say, he lacked synthesis. He added to the world's stock of harmless pleasure. He made smiles to grow where there were none before.

We do not mourn the passing of such a man. He did not fear death. Most certainly, he did not want any one to shed any tears for him.

His faith in what he called “The Divine Economy” was supreme. He considered himself essentially divine, inasmuch as he was a part of the whole.

He was a beautiful Pantheist, a wit, an idealist, who had tasted life and found it good. He was as frank as Omar Khayyam, and as intellectually intrepid.

I have said he has written the best poem ever penned by an American, and here it is:



## COLUMBUS

**B**EHIND him lay the gray Azores,  
Behind the Gates of Hercules;  
Before him not the ghost of shores;  
Before him only shoreless seas.  
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,  
For lo! the very stars are gone.  
Brave Adm'r'l, speak; what shall I say?"  
"Why, say: 'Sail on! and on!'"

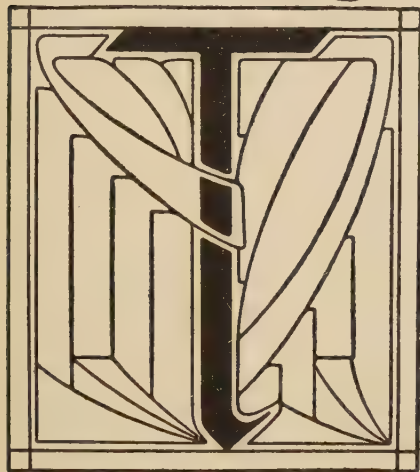
"My men grow mutinous day by day;  
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."  
The stout mate thought of home; a spray  
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.  
"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,  
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"  
"Why, you shall say at break of day:  
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,  
Until at last the blanched mate said:  
"Why, now not even God would know  
Should I and all my men fall dead.  
These very winds forget their way,  
For God from these dread seas is gone.  
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l; speak and say——"  
He said, "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:  
"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.  
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,  
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!  
Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word:  
What shall we do when hope is gone?"  
The words leapt like a leaping sword:  
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

*We are all children  
in the Kindergarten  
of God    ♣   ♣   ♣*

# A New Religion ୧୧୧୧୧୧୧୧୧୧୧୧



HERE is a new religion. It has come without blare of brass, without fanfare of words, without shoutings, without argument, agitation or violence. This new religion is slowly and surely conquering the world. It is being preached from every pulpit in Christendom, and is being advocated by all rabbis, priests, preachers and teachers. It is so reasonable, so gentle, so simple, so obvious, that

it is being accepted without opposition—aye, without the realization that it exists.

In form, the old creeds still remain, but their soul is honey-combed by doubt. The old is being construed in the light of the new. The ruin of the past is a quarry to which we go for material to build the temple of the new.

This new religion assumes that what is good in this life is good in another. It deals with but one world at a time.

The object of its adoration is humanity. It does not try to make peace with the skies; it teaches man that his success lies in making peace with his neighbor. It is a religion of self-preservation, and thus has it engaged as counsel the strongest passion of the human heart.

And curiously enough, the men who have done most to bring this religion about are not aware that they are religious in their



tendencies, actions, or mode of thought. ¶ The new religion is not a "revealed" religion, in the sense that it has been whispered by the Infinite to one or two. It has been born to the multitude; and the businessmen of the world are its chief promulgators. It requires no interpretation, explanation or defense. It came in with the one-price system; it was accepted when honesty was discovered to be an asset.

It recognizes the Brotherhood of Man, and is built on the solid bed-rock of the solidarity of the race.

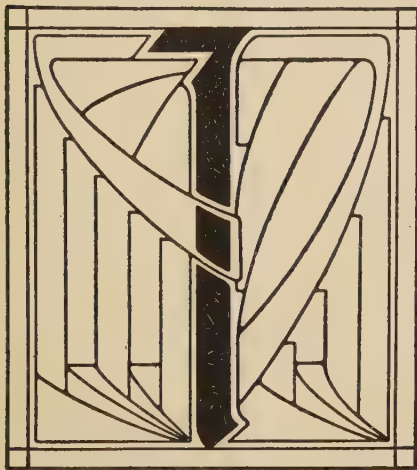
Lies lead straight to limbo. Nothing pays but truth. In all transactions, of every kind and nature, both sides must profit. That which we give out comes back to us again. We are punished by our sins, not for them.

This new religion tends to eliminate fear, doubt, hate, prejudice. It has sympathy, imagination, hope, faith and love. It has the power to put itself in the place of the other person. In it there is no tyranny, no force, no threat. It wins only by the virtue that it possesses. Those who practise it thrive. Through it the world is being redeemed. Sickness, distress, regrets, misunderstanding, sorrows, before it flee away. The chief characteristic of this new religion is its antiquity. It has always been known by the elect few.

But now the masses, the many, are accepting and practising it in their lives. It is taught in all public schools, in business colleges, in shops, stores, factories, banks, and in the market-places of the world. It is taught on railroad-trains, in sleeping-cars, day-coaches, in the caboose, on steamships, on the farms, by chauffeurs, by the men who sow and reap.

It is the Religion of Commonsense. Its tenets are industry, economy, efficiency, reciprocity, appreciation, kindness, good-cheer, mutuality, co-operation, loyalty, all illumed by love.

# The Book of Job ㊦㊦㊦㊦㊦㊦㊦㊦



ON point of merit the Book of Job disputes first place in the Bible with Ecclesiastes. In some ways it is more valuable than Ecclesiastes—being written by a younger man, one in whom the love of life still held firm place. His experience had not been as wide and he knew not the world as did the Preacher, but his wit and insight are saving virtues that only the strong possess.

Job and Ecclesiastes must ever be regarded as the only two books in the Bible that have a distinct literary value. Others are certainly useful in parts, but they are so overrun with intent and assumption and absurdity that they can not be placed by impartial scholars in the same category with the two books named.

Job is the oldest book of the Bible and also the oldest of all books that we of the Western world possess. It is very probable that the Egyptians, Chaldeans, Assyrians and ancient Greeks had a literature as complete in poetry and philosophy as our own.

In fact, we have fragments of the works of various poets that have passed down only by word of mouth, stored up in memory, and then quoted by later writers—Sappho, for instance.

But how many more have been lost from off the face of earth





we can only guess. And all this through just one impulse that has ever been strong in the heart of barbaric man: the desire of the conqueror to eradicate all trace of the conquered. The defeated must be made to forget the past. Records on rocks, monoliths, in caves, and the somber story of buried cities turned to dust, alone give us a pieced-out history of our brothers who once lived. Man's chief efforts have ever been to destroy.

And Moses, too, great as he was, destroyed city after city—wiped them off the face of creation, leaving not a wrack behind. And then he proceeded to set the pace for all Jesuits by calmly backing himself up thus: God told me to do it.

Seventy-nine times he says, "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying—"

The Romans tumbled the splendid marbles of Greece from their pedestals, so only fragments have reached us, and the flames turned to tongueless smoke the papyrus rolls and painted walls and pictured tapestries.

Saint Paul exultingly tells of burning all books of magic found in Ephesus. What is a book of magic? There is no such thing from pole to pole or horizon to antipodes. Books of science are always called works of magic by those who do not understand them.

¶ Astronomers died, and hidden beneath their pillows were found the records of their work—saved from the flames, but only for a day.

Bonfires made from books have glared the blue of heaven in every city of Christendom; and in London over Smithfield Market has hovered the smoke of martyr-fires, while at the feet of dying men crackled their books.

Napoleon burned ten thousand copies of Madame De Stael's *D'Allemagne*, and also paid several other authors the same compliment.

When I mixed acid with an alkali for the amusement of certain

Sioux Indians they called me wizard and spoke of my harmless experiment as devil magic—evil spirits ever being considered more powerful than just.

THE  
LIBERATORS  
❧

Had Thomas Edison lived a few hundred years ago and pressed the button, the clergy would have done the rest.

And only the other day in Boston a mob beat in the doors of a printing-shop owned by one William Lloyd Garrison and trampled his proofs and tools and type in the mire of the streets.

¶ At the same time, in Alton, Illinois, a man was printing a periodical devoted to freeing the human race, and for him the rope and the torch did their ruthless work.

The State of New York now has a law providing for the burning of certain books that the courts may deem immoral. And this grim tendency to destroy was recognized thousands of years ago; hence historians sometimes made their records in cipher, hoping thus to escape attention, as has been so clearly shown by Doctor and Madame Le Plongeon in their books written after a twelve years' sojourn in the wilds of Yucatan.

But adown the centuries has come to us, past flame and fagot, through blood and death, the Book of Job.

Oldest among all written records of the thoughts of men, preserved only by the fortuitous circumstance that linked it with books said to be dictated by God, it binds us with the past by asking the same questions that now baffle and torment us.

¶ The author of *Les Miserables* could repeat from memory the entire Book of Job. He declared it to be the strongest piece of poetry ever produced; calling up in the mind more images, suggesting further reaches, sounding greater depths in the human heart.

The creator of Jean Valjean had a hearty sympathy for the creator of Job, both being exiles.

There is a certain similarity in Valjean and Job; both are

THE fictitious, yet each has been declared historic. ¶ In Paris a guide  
LIBERATORS showed me the stone wall through which Jean Valjean dug and  
escaped, and in Ezekiel, Fourteenth Chapter, fourteenth verse,  
we read of Noah, Daniel and Job as if they all had been living  
men.

Not long ago I heard a teacher of literature rebuke a scholar for doubting that Macbeth ever existed, and the young man was referred to Clarke as proof.

And as for Hamlet, he is as real to us as Julius Cæsar, whom we know chiefly through Shakespeare's play, which is founded on Plutarch, who was a veritable prince of romanticists, as Emerson has told us.

When we get to heaven, if all these fine fellows who never lived except in books are not there, it will be a lonesome place, cursed with a monotonous felicity.

According to Eastern history, recently deciphered, there dwelt in Egypt about four thousand years ago a man by the name of Musas, or Moses. He was a member of the King's Court and a man of worth and power.

But he occupied a rather anomalous position, being the son of one of the daughters of Pharaoh, his father a Hebrew.

Now, the Hebrews being in bondage, practically slaves to the Egyptians, no marriages were recognized between them.

But love knows no barriers. And when the daughter of Pharaoh went away to her summer palace by the riverside and came back after some months with a fine Israelitish baby boy, explaining how she had found him floating in a basket, a few people smiled knowingly. The rest very properly considered it none of their business; and when the child was adopted into the household of Pharaoh no protest was made.

People who protest in an absolute monarchy are certainly very foolish.

Now, it often happens that the crossing of blood produces the best results; it was so here, for Moses grew in strength and stature, and in understanding was far beyond the inbred children of his own age.

Indeed, it is not seldom that love-children possess a very superior mental and moral stamina. And were it necessary I might name a dozen and more of the strongest among all the sons of earth—men who have shaped the destiny of the world—who were born outside the pale of the marriage contract.

The expression we use to distinguish such is a wrong one, and surely its use was well rebuked by that gentle woman, Frances E. Willard, when she exclaimed with fine scorn, “ Illegitimate! who dare say that any one of God’s children is illegitimate!”

¶ Yet the poverty of our language at times compels us to use the word; but I am glad it now takes the place of its much coarser synonym (used by Good Queen Bess), and so it looks as if the world were growing a fitter place for gentlemen than once was wont.

And further, the expression loses its flavor of reproach when we consider that it is a technical legal phrase, and that we, the people, through our elect Representatives at Washington, have the power to make a child legitimate by ballot, following the precedent of the English House of Commons.

Back of this we find the Roman Senate for precedent, and still further back the Greek Senate, which made legitimate the son of Pericles and Aspasia—this on motion of the member from Marathon, duly seconded by the gentleman from Hymettus.

¶ Spain has had several kings whose paternity was questionable. The line of Arragon that reigned in Naples in the time of Louis the Twelfth was only made legitimate by legal enactment.

In England a natural son may be a duke, but never a peer without a struggle, and such a one can become a priest in the

THE Catholic Church, only by special dispensation of the Pope; and  
LIBERATORS yet there has been at least one Pope of illegitimate birth—John  
the Eleventh, son of Pope Sergius the Third.

YET far from considering such parentage a disgrace, there  
have been worthy men who have gloried in it; for instance,  
Count De Dunois, who always wrote after his name the title,  
“Bastard of Orleans.”

Then we have Sir William Davenant, who certified to the good  
taste of his mother by declaring throughout his life that William  
Shakespeare was his father.

But the attitude of society toward the natural child has never  
at any time been one of complete favor, and this no doubt  
accounts for the revolutionary tendency that is so often seen in  
those of illegitimate birth. Society is at war with them—they  
return the compliment with interest sometimes compounded.  
¶ “Oh, ye generation of vipers! Pharisees! Hypocrites! ” cried  
one.

Saint Matthew frankly admits that Joseph was not the father of  
Jesus, and tells of Joseph’s surprise when the real condition of  
affairs came to him, and how he was minded to put Mary away.  
Then an angel appeared to him and assured him that the gentle  
Mary, although soon to give birth to a child, was really a virgin;  
the last verse of the last chapter of Matthew puts the matter  
beyond cavil.

When they came to Jesus and said, “Thy brethren wait with-  
out,” he turned to them and with fine irony asked, “Who are  
my brethren?”

He regarded all men as his brothers, and, like every other man  
of similar birth, held family-ties of small account; for we find  
him continually counseling men to forsake father and mother,  
wife and child, and follow truth.



IT seems peculiarly pathetic that the allegory of the immaculate conception should have originated in a subterfuge, piously invented to hide a fact.

But there is a tender poetic thought in the truth that the Divine springs into being only through the love of man and woman. And yet how strange that we know not the paternity of either the founder of the Hebrew Religion or the Christian Religion from whence it sprung!

Mary, favored of women, visited by an angel in a dream, and thus the immaculate conception! Ah, sweet, sad Mater Dolorosa, Mother of God, thy story told over and over again by trusting, loving maidens since history began, touches all that is divinest and best in us—that which is beyond speech.

Who is the father of thy Babe, fair maid?

No, no, thou needst not trouble to answer: "An Angel came to thee in a dream!" It is enough, say no more. To thee and thy love-child we bring gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh; to thee and thy Babe we bend the knee and give homage.

THE position of Moses in the Court of Pharaoh was not pleasant. He was versed in all the Egyptian mysteries, and yet was not allowed to teach the Israelites to whom his heart went out.

In many ways the Hebrews were superior to the Egyptians, and no one knew this better than Moses. And once when he found an Egyptian abusing a Hebrew, his blood boiled, and with spirit he took up the quarrel and killed the oppressor.

He did not intend to commit murder—it was all done in the heat of passion. He tried to hide the body in the sand, but finding he was discovered fled the country.

He was forty years of age then, and it was forty years before he came back; and when he returned it was to lead his people out of captivity. The story of how he counseled the Jews to borrow

THE gold and silver ornaments of the Egyptians and then flee is  
LIBERATORS interesting, but not more so than his bold assertions that he  
was in constant communication with Jehovah.



Had we time it might be profitable to trace the wise sanitary laws promulgated by Moses, and his management of these barbaric Hebrews; but all we will deal with now is a certain book that Moses wrote when he was in exile in Arabia. This book is the Book of Job.

The Book of Job has been preserved for us all down the ages with Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy, also written by Moses.

Of course, I know that many good men do not believe Moses wrote the Book of Job. They say that Job wrote it—just as one might insist that Hamlet wrote the play because it bears his name.

Others say it could not have been written by Job, because the book records the death of Job; which reason of itself need not weigh i' the scale, because Moses gives an account of his own death in the last chapter of Deuteronomy.

In good sooth, I myself have written a book in which I give an account of my death.

ABOUT all the argument that these worthy men who do not believe Moses wrote the Book of Job bring to bear is that Job contains not a single allusion to the Hebrew people or to Hebrew customs. It makes no note of seraphim or cherubim, ark of the covenant, tables of stone, or of the ten thousand minute directions provided for the management of the Israelites.

¶ Then it contains nearly a hundred pure Arabic words interspersed among the Hebrew; and besides it is in style and treatment totally different from all other books of the Bible. Let no man be troubled by these statements.

Moses was a man of fine literary instincts; he was also a phi-

losopher and a poet. He wrote this book out of his heart, long before the exodus, over there in the Desert of Arabia. At that time he was speaking the Arabic and Chaldean languages, and very naturally introduced many Arabic and Chaldean words. He did not write the book for a purpose. He does not try to convince any one or to prove anything. He follows the natural dramatic method, best worked out in recent times by Robert Browning.

That is to say, he introduces certain characters and lets each speak for himself concerning the greatest questions that have ever vexed the souls of men; the very questions we are asking now; the very questions men have asked since thought became our heritage.

For instance, I am today trying to follow the Moral Law, which law I in some way blindly feel is the Law of God. I follow this Law to the best of my ability—trying to treat all men justly. And yet there comes a day when I return to my home and find only smoking ruins; my riches fly; my servants sicken; my children grow weary and find rest only in the grave; disease seizes upon me and gnaws into my very vitals, and at last I cry aloud in pain and perplexity, My God! My God! What have I done to suffer all this misery?

Who are ye that have lived to man's estate and have not heard this cry of anguish! Aye, who are ye that have not voiced it! ¶ That's all; and Moses simply lets five men, one woman, God and the Devil tell what they know about it.

What do they know? Nothing—the question is dropped where we first found it. Nothing is revealed, no new light is shed. None of the characters knew any more than Moses. All speak with the degree of ignorance, or assurance, or platitude, or wisdom, becoming their station.

None is wiser than Job himself, not even God; for in the play

THE all God does is to ask questions—he answers not one. And further, Job was Moses, for every author is, after all, the hero of his

LIBERATORS own tale. Make no mistake—when a writer pictures a man that is wise and good, that man is himself or the person he is striving to be.

MOSES wrote the book out there on the plains in exile: plenty of time to think—no one to harass—no one to fear—no one to flatter—no one to please. He called up these puppets of his brain and asked them questions, and they talked like talkative witnesses who have no real evidence to give. There is no purpose in the work, no wish to prove this, that or the other.

¶ And just here you get the secret of its power: there is in it no violence of direction. It belongs to the Ways that go to Nowhere and the Steps that lead to Nothing. It is Suggestive Art, and its merit lies in the fact that it makes you think.

¶ Genesis and Exodus were written for a purpose; they pretend to be finalities.

They are children's books—written down to the level of people who had only the child-understanding. For the growth of the child mirrors the growth of the race.

“How did the world begin—who was the first man—why do we have to work?” asked those foolish people all in a mouthful, fresh from slavery.

“I'll tell you,” said Moses, with a weary smile. And then he wrote the Book of Genesis.

And the Book of Genesis satisfied them. It satisfied me until I was ten years old; it satisfied you for a time; and when I tell my little girl about the First Man and the First Woman who lived in a Beautiful Garden and were perfectly happy until they disobeyed God she says, “Oh, why did n't they mind what He said?”

And then she throws her arms about my neck and assures me

that she will always do just what I wish her to. So she confuses me with Deity, and gives us the first hint of ancestor worship, for I am the biggest and strongest and best man she knows. Every one obeys me; goodness, they have to—well I guess so! So she believes me when I tell her that her little brother was found by the doctor under a cabbage-leaf, and that Santa Claus is a jolly old man with white whiskers who gives pretty things once a year to all good children.

Some day I will tell her better—before she discovers it herself and believes me untruthful.

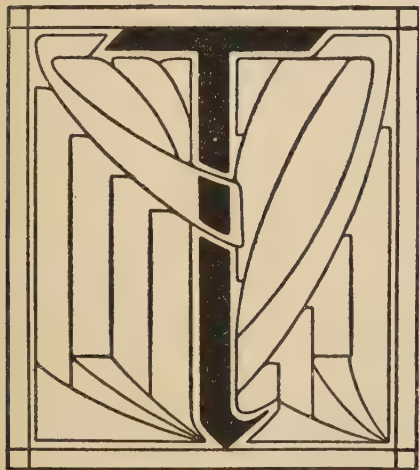
And as the years go by and count themselves with the eternity that lies behind, I shall not be here; and she will do as I have done and as you have done—stand by an open grave and ask in anguish, “If a man die shall he live again?” And the falling clods will give no sign and the winds that sigh and sob through the trees will make no reply; but hope and love will answer, Yes.



*As the cold of snow in the time of  
harvest, so is a faithful messenger  
to them that send him: for he  
refresheth the soul of his masters.*

*Proverbs XXV: 13.*

# A Message To Garcia ㊦㊦㊦㊦㊦



HIS literary trifle, *A Message to Garcia*, was written after supper, in a single hour, one evening. It was on the Twenty-second of February, Eighteen Hundred Ninety-nine, Washington's Birthday, and we were just going to press with the March *Philistine*. The thing leaped hot from my heart, written after a trying day, when I had been endeavoring to train some rather delinquent vil-

lagers to abjure the comatose state and get radioactive.

The immediate suggestion, though, came from a little argument over the teacups, when my boy Bert suggested that Rowan was the real hero of the Cuban War. Rowan had gone alone and done the thing—carried the message to Garcia. It came to me like a flash! Yes, the boy is right, the hero is the man who does his work—who carries the message to Garcia.

I got up from the table, and wrote *A Message to Garcia*. I thought so little of it that we ran it in the Magazine without a heading. The edition went out, and soon orders began to come for extra copies of the March *Philistine*, a dozen, fifty, a hundred; and when the American News Company ordered a thousand, I asked one of my helpers which article it was that had stirred up the cosmic dust.

"It's the stuff about Garcia," he said.

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The next day a telegram came from George H. Daniels, of the New York Central Railroad, thus: "Give price on one hundred

thousand Rowan article in pamphlet form—Empire State Express advertisement on back—also how soon can ship."

¶ I replied giving price, and stated we could supply the pamphlets in two years. Our facilities were small and a hundred thousand booklets looked like an awful undertaking.

The result was that I gave Mr. Daniels permission to reprint the article in his own way. He issued it in booklet form in editions of half a million. Two or three of these half-million lots were sent out by Mr. Daniels, and in addition the article was reprinted in over two hundred magazines and newspapers. It has been translated into all written languages.

At the time Mr. Daniels was distributing the *Message to Garcia*, Prince Hilakoff, Director of Russian Railways, was in this country. He was the guest of the New York Central, and made a tour of the country under the personal direction of Mr. Daniels. The Prince saw the little book and was interested in it, more because Mr. Daniels was putting it out in such big numbers, probably, than otherwise.

In any event, when he got home he had the matter translated into Russian, and a copy of the booklet given to every railroad employee in Russia.

Other countries then took it up, and from Russia it passed into Germany, France, Spain, Turkey, Hindustan and China. During the war between Russia and Japan, every Russian soldier who went to the front was given a copy of the *Message to Garcia*.

¶ The Japanese, finding the booklets in possession of the Russian prisoners, concluded that it must be a good thing, and accordingly had it translated into Japanese.

And on order of the Mikado, a copy was given to every man in the employ of the Japanese Government, soldier or civilian.

Altogether, considerably more than forty million copies of *A Message to Garcia* have been printed. This is said to be a larger circulation than any other literary venture has ever attained during the lifetime of the author, in all history—thanks to a series of lucky accidents!

Following, then, is *A Message to Garcia*, as originally written:

**I**N this Cuban business there is one man stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion.

When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail or telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his co-operation, and quickly.

What to do!

Some one said to the President, "There is a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and was given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How "the fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the Island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia—are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail. The point that I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he at?"

By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college in the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebræ which will

THE cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate  
LIBERATORS their energies: do the thing—"Carry a message to Garcia."

¶ General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias. No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed, but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it.

Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds, unless by hook or crook or threat he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an Angel of Light for an assistant.

You, reader, put this matter to a test: You are sitting now in your office—six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio."

¶ Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go do the task?

¶ On your life he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

Who was he?

Which encyclopedia?

Where is the encyclopedia?

Was I hired for that?

Don't you mean Bismarck?

What 's the matter with Charlie doing it?

Is he dead?

Is there any hurry?

Shall I bring you the book and let you look it up yourself?

What do you want to know for?

And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the questions, and explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks





to help him try to find Garcia—and then come back and tell you there is no such man. Of course I may lose my bet, but according to the Law of Average I will not. Now, if you are wise, you will not bother to explain to your “assistant” that Correggio is indexed under the C’s, not in the K’s, but you will smile very sweetly and say, “Never mind,” and go look it up yourself.

AND this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to cheerfully catch hold and lift—these are the things that put pure Socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for themselves, what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all?

A first mate with knotted club seems necessary; and the dread of getting “the bounce” Saturday night holds many a worker to his place.

Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply can neither spell nor punctuate—and do not think it necessary to. Can such a one write a letter to Garcia?

“You see that bookkeeper,” said a foreman to me in a large factory.

“Yes; what about him?”

“Well, he’s a fine accountant, but if I’d send him up-town on an errand, he might accomplish it all right, and on the other hand, might stop at four saloons on the way, and when he got to Main Street would forget what he had been sent for.”

Can such a man be entrusted to carry a message to Garcia?

¶ We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the “downtrodden denizens of the sweat-shop” and the “homeless wanderer searching for honest employment,” and with it all often go many hard words for the men in power.

¶ Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his

THE time in a vain attempt to get frowsy ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work; and his long, patient striving with "help" that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is continually sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on. No matter how good times are, this sorting continues: only if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer—but out and forever out the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best—those who can carry a message to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to any one else, because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing, or intending to oppress, him. He can not give orders; and he will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be, "Take it yourself!"

Tonight this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his threadbare coat. No one who knows him dare employ him, for he is a regular firebrand of discontent. He is impervious to reason, and the only thing that can impress him is the toe of a thick-soled Number Nine boot.

Of course I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple; but in our pitying let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, slipshod imbecility, and the heartless ingratitude which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

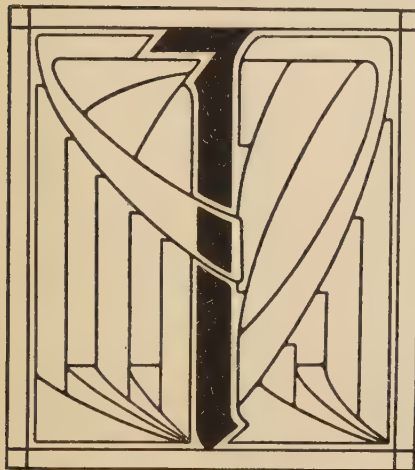
HAVE I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumming I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds—the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it: nothing but bare board and clothes. I have carried a dinner-pail and worked for day's wages; I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence, *per se*, in poverty; rags are no recommendation; and all employers are not rapacious and high-handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous.

My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man who, when given a letter to Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "laid off," nor has to go on a strike for higher wages.

Civilization is one long, anxious search for just such individuals. Anything in reason such a man asks shall be granted. His kind is so rare that no employer can afford to let him go. He is wanted in every city, town and village—in every office, shop, store and factory. The world cries out for such: he is needed, and needed badly—the man who can carry a message to Garcia.

*Anybody can order, but to  
serve with grace, tact and  
effectiveness is a fine art.*

# Sam



IN San Francisco lived a lawyer—age, sixty—rich in money, rich in intellect, a businessman with many and varied interests. Now, this lawyer was a bachelor, and lived in apartments with his Chinese servant “Sam.”

Sam and his master had been together for fifteen years.

The servant knew the wants of his employer as though he were his other self. No

orders were necessary. If there was to be a company—one guest or a hundred—Sam was told the number, that was all, and everything was provided.

This servant was cook, valet, watchman, friend. No stray, unwished-for visitor ever got to the master to rob him of his rest when he was at home.

If extra help was wanted, Sam secured it; he bought what was needed; and when the lawyer awakened in the morning, it was to the singing of a tiny music-box with a clock attachment set for seven o'clock.

The bath was ready; a clean shirt was there on the dresser, with studs and buttons in place; collar and scarf were near; the suit of clothes desired hung over a chair; the right pair of shoes, polished like a mirror, was at hand, and on the mantel was a half-blown rose, with the dew still upon it, for a boutonniere.





Downstairs, the breakfast, hot and savory, waited. ¶ When the good man was ready to go to the office, silent as a shadow stood Sam in the hallway, with overcoat, hat and cane in hand. When the weather was threatening, an umbrella was substituted for the cane. The door was opened, and the master departed. When he returned at nightfall, on his approach the door swung wide. ¶ Sam never took a vacation; he seemed not to either eat or sleep. He was always near when needed; he disappeared when he should. He knew nothing and knew everything. For weeks scarcely a word might pass between these men—they understood each other so well.

The lawyer grew to have a great affection for his servant. He paid him a hundred dollars a month, and tried to devise other ways to show his gratitude; but Sam wanted nothing, not even thanks. All he desired was the privilege to serve.

But one morning as Sam poured his master's coffee, he said quietly, without a shade of emotion on his yellow face, "Next week I leave you."

The lawyer smiled.

"Next week I leave you," repeated the Chinese; "I hire for you better man."

The lawyer set down his cup of coffee. He looked at the white-robed servant. He felt the man was in earnest.

"So you are going to leave me—I do not pay you enough, eh? That Doctor Sanders who was here—he knows what a treasure you are. Don't be a fool, Sam; I'll make it a hundred and fifty a month—say no more."

"Next week I leave you—I go to China," said the servant impassively.

"Oh, I see! You are going back for a wife? All right, bring her here—you will return in two months? I do not object; bring your wife here—there is work for two to keep this place in

order. The place is lonely, anyway. I'll see the Collector of the Port, myself, and arrange your passage-papers."

"I go to China next week: I need no papers—I never come back," said the man with exasperating calmness and persistence.

¶ "By God, you shall not go!" said the lawyer.

"By God, I will!" answered the heathen.

It was the first time in their experience together that the servant had used such language, or such a tone, toward his master.

The lawyer pushed his chair back, and after an instant said, quietly: "Sam, you must forgive me; I spoke quickly. I do not own you—but tell me, what have I done—why do you leave me this way—you know I need you!"

"I will not tell you why I go—you laugh."

"No, I shall not laugh."

"You will."

"I say, I will not."

"Very well, I go to China to die!"

"Nonsense! You can die here. Have n't I agreed to send your body back if you die before I do?"

"I die in four weeks, two days!"

"What!"

"My brother, he in prison. He young—twenty-six, I fifty. He have wife and baby. In China they accept any man same family to die. I go to China, give my money to my brother—he live, I die!"

Next day a new Chinaman appeared as servant in the lawyer's household. In a week this servant knew everything, and nothing, just like Sam. And Sam disappeared, without saying good-by.

He went to China and was beheaded, four weeks and two days from the day he broke the news of his intent to go. His brother was set free.



THE And the lawyer's household goes along about as usual, save when  
LIBERATORS the master calls for "Sam," when he should say, "Charlie."  
At such times there comes a kind of clutch at his heart, but he  
says nothing.

*The church has aureoled and  
sainted the men and women who  
have fought the Cosmic Urge.  
To do nothing and to be noth-  
ing was regarded as a virtue.*

# Simeon Stylites, The Syrian



As the traveler journeys through Southern Italy, Sicily and certain parts of what was Ancient Greece, he will see broken arches, parts of viaducts, and now and again a beautiful column pointing to the sky. All about is the desert, or solitary pastures, and only this white milestone marking the path of the centuries and telling in its own silent, solemn and impressive way of a day that is

dead. ¶ In the Fifth Century a monk called Simeon the Syrian, and known to us as Simeon Stylites, having taken the vow of chastity, poverty and obedience, began to fear greatly lest he might not be true to his pledge.

And that he might live absolutely beyond reproach, always in public view, free from temptation, and free from the tongue of scandal, he decided to live in the world, and still not be of it. To this end he climbed to the top of a marble column, sixty feet high, and there on the capstone he began to live a life beyond reproach. Simeon was then twenty-four years old.

The environment was circumscribed, but there were outlook, sunshine, ventilation—three good things. But beyond these the place had certain disadvantages. The capstone was a little less than three feet square, so Simeon could not lie down.

He slept sitting, with his head bowed between his knees, and,



indeed, in this posture he passed most of his time. Any recklessness in movement, and he would have slipped from his perilous position and been dashed to death upon the stones beneath.

¶ As the sun arose he stood up, just for a few moments, and held out his arms in greeting, blessing and in prayer. Three times during the day did he thus stretch his cramped limbs, and pray with his face to the East. At such times, those who stood near shared in his prayers, and went away blessed and refreshed.

¶ How did Simeon get to the top of the column?

Well, his companions at the monastery, a mile away, said he was carried there in the night by a miraculous power; that he went to sleep in his stone cell and awoke on the pillar. Other monks said that Simeon had gone to pay his respects to a fair lady, and in wrath God had caught him and placed him on high. The probabilities are, however, Terese, as viewed by an unbeliever, that he shot a line over the column with a bow and arrow and then drew up a rope ladder and ascended with ease.

However, in the morning the simple people of the scattered village saw the man on the column. All day he stayed there. And the next day he was still there.

The days passed, with the scorching heat of the midday sun, and the cool winds of the night.

Still Simeon kept his place. The rainy season came on. When the nights were cold and dark, Simeon sat there with bowed head, and drew the folds of his single garment, a black robe, over his face.

Another season passed; the sun again grew warm, then hot, and the sand-storms raged and blew, when the people below almost lost sight of the man on the column.

Some prophesied he would be blown off, but the morning light revealed his form, naked from the waist up, standing with hands outstretched to greet the rising sun.



Once each day, as darkness gathered, a monk came with a basket containing a bottle of goat's milk and a little loaf of black bread, and Simeon dropped down a rope and drew up the basket.

Simeon never spoke, for words are folly, and to the calls of saint or sinner he made no reply. He lived in a perpetual attitude of adoration.

Did he suffer? During those first weeks he must have suffered terribly and horribly. There was no respite nor rest from the hard surface of the rock, and tired and aching muscles could find no change from the cramped and perilous position. If he fell, it was damnation for his soul—all were agreed as to this. ¶ But man's body and mind accommodate themselves to almost any condition.

For one thing, Simeon was free from economic responsibilities, free from social cares and intrusion. Bores with sad stories of unappreciated lives and fond hopes unrealized, never broke in upon his peace. He was not pressed for time.

No frivolous dame of tarnished fame sought to share with him his perilous perch. The people on a slow schedule, ten minutes late, never irritated his temper. His correspondence never got in a heap.

Simeon kept no track of the days, having no engagements to meet, nor offices to perform, beyond the prayers at morn, mid-day and night. Memory died in him, the hurts became callosities, the world-pain died out of his heart, and to cling became a habit. Language was lost in disuse.

The food he ate was minimum in quantity; sensation ceased, and the dry, hot winds reduced bodily tissue to a dessicated something called a saint—loved, feared and revered for his fortitude.

This pillar, which had once graced the portal of a pagan temple,

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again became a place of pious pilgrimage, and people flocked to Simeon's rock, so that they might be near when he stretched out his black, bony hands to the East, and the spirit of Almighty God, for a space, hovered close around.



So much attention did the abnegation of Simeon attract that various other pillars, marking the ruins of art and greatness gone, in that vicinity, were crowned with pious monks. The thought of these monks was to show how Christianity had triumphed over heathenism. Imitators were numerous.

About then the Bishops in assembly asked, "Is Simeon sincere?" To test the matter of Simeon's pride, he was ordered to come down from his retreat.

As to his chastity, there was little doubt, his poverty was beyond question, but how about obedience to his superiors? The order was shouted up to him in a Bishop's voice—he must let down his rope, draw up a ladder, and descend.

Straightway Simeon made preparation to obey. And then the Bishops relented and cried, "We have changed our minds, and now order you to remain!"

For answer Simeon merely lifted his hands in adoration and thankfulness and renewed his lease.

And so he lived on and on and on—he lived on the top of that pillar, never once descending, for thirty years.

All his former companions grew weary, and one by one died, and the monastery bells tolled their requiem as they were laid to rest. Did Simeon hear the bells and say, "Soon it will be my turn"? Probably not. His senses had flown, for what good were they!

The young monk who now at eventide brought the basket with the bottle of goat's milk and the loaf of black bread was born since Simeon had taken his place on the pillar.

"He has always been there," the people said, and crossed

themselves hurriedly. ¶ But one evening when the young monk came with his basket, no line was dropped down from above. He waited and then called aloud—but all in vain.








When sunrise came, there sat the monk, his face between his knees, the folds of his black robe drawn over his head. But he did not rise and lift his hands in prayer. All day he sat there, motionless.

The people watched in whispered, awestruck silence. Would he arise at sundown and pray, and with outstretched hands bless the assembled pilgrims as was his wont?

And behold, as they yet watched, a vulture came sailing slowly through the blue ether, and circled nearer and nearer; and away off on the horizon was another—and still another, circling nearer and nearer, and ever nearer.

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*Ideas are born; they have their infancy, their youth—their time of stress and struggle—they succeed, they grow senile, they nod, they sleep, they die; they are buried and remain in their graves for ages. And then they come again in the garb of youth, to slaughter and slay—and inspire and liberate. And this death and resurrection goes on forever. ¶ In time, there is nothing either new or old: there is only the rising and the falling of the Infinite Tide*          

# The Potter's Field



THE early Christian churches, following the pagan practise of burying favored followers in the temple, were used for burial purposes.

When a member died he was buried in the church. So beneath the floor was a concourse of graves—coffins piled on coffins. Under these conditions the incense as a disinfectant had a practical use. But finally when the church could not

hold any more, or there was great danger of infection from putrefying bodies, they began to bury the dead outside of the church, but near it.

Thus arose the custom of the burying-ground and church being practically one institution.

The idea of depositing the dead in the church had its impulse in the doctrine of the Resurrection.

In fact, it was so that the arisen spirits could be easily identified, and given their proper place in Paradise.

All of these burial-places in the church and surrounding the church were "consecrated ground." Infidels and so-called criminals were never buried there.

Very often there were bitter arguments as to the undesirability of allowing certain bodies to be buried in the church. And occasionally the bodies of so-called infidels were exhumed and





removed. ¶ For instance, the body of Shakespeare was buried in the church at Stratford, and a threat as to what would happen to any one who tampered with the dead was placed over the grave, and still remains there, although there is doubt whether the body of Shakespeare, "the strolling play-actor," was not removed by the zealous churchmen.

Bodies of criminals executed by law were never buried in consecrated ground. Usually they were buried in the prison-yard. ¶ At Reading Gaol, in England, the custom still continues of burying the body of the criminal in the roadway, over which men and horses tramp—this as a kind of parting insult or post-mortem penalty. The fear of being buried in unhallowed ground has darkened many a worthy life.

In the will of Leo Tolstoy is one line that will live. No playwright ever had the imagination to put into the mouth of one of his mimes a sentence so thrilling: "*Bury me in the potter's field.*"

In all the realm of wills, was there ever before a behest like this! The term, "potter's field," comes to us from the Bible.

In the cities of the Orient it was the custom to bury the friendless, the outcast, the criminal, the unknown, in the potter's field. ¶ The potter's field was the dumping-ground for the refuse from the potteries—a mountain heap of garbage in the outskirts of the city, used by the potters as a place of deposit for the worthless, the unmentionable, and that which otherwise could not be disposed of. It was the last synonym and symbol of the vile and forgotten.

"Bury me in the potter's field!"

Most people strive for honors and clutch for recognition. But to seize is to lose. To demand is to invite refusal.

Often the only kind and loving words mentioned of those who hotly seek to annex and exploit are said at the funeral. Then at



last the man is quiet, free from selfishness, hate, greed, jealousy, strife. He is at rest. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. "Speak no ill of the dead."

And above the grave we erect a monument in memory of the departed, detailing his virtues, carving our compliments in cold granite.

We speak well of the dead, because they have passed into the Land of Silence, and are powerless to injure or deprive us of that which we think is our own.

Jesus, dying as a felon, finds disgrace equalized by honor, and is laid to rest in the princely tomb of Joseph of Arimathæa, his body carefully wrapped in perfumed winding-sheet, the stiffened limbs straightened by the tender, loving ministrations of the women who followed him afar.

Dying among friends, the lowly who loved him, even though they did not understand him, Tolstoy did not ask even a "Christian burial." His ambition and desire was to rest at last with the helpless, the friendless, the outcast, the unloved.

"Bury me in the potter's field!"

Only a man of commanding intellect, proudly secure in his claim on the gratitude of mankind, possessed of a serene, far-reaching world-vision, could have ever made such a request.

"What shall we do with you when you are dead?" asked the disciples of Socrates, just before the hemlock was passed to him. And his answer was, "Anything you wish, provided you can catch me!" The body is not the man; it is only the husk of one.

¶ The Crusaders—those fanatical myriads who swarmed down through Europe to rescue the tomb of the Savior from the hands of the infidel—would not have found the Savior, even though they had found the tomb where his out-worn body was laid. He is risen, he is not here. He is risen, indeed!

What boots it where you lay my dissolving dust when it has

THE LIBERATORS played its part? ¶ “Bury me in the potter’s field!” But if it is so done, the potter’s field, where the body of Leo Tolstoy rests will become a place of pilgrimage; and as the cross has become the symbol of redemption, and the scaffold was rendered glorious by Old John Brown, so will the potter’s field be redeemed from the ignominy that has been its monopoly.

“Bury me in the potter’s field!”

But the potter’s field, by no possibility, can be the last resting-place of Leo Tolstoy.

It is easy to say that the economics of the man were absurd, and that, although he was a shoemaker, he never made a good, pair of shoes.

It is easy to declare that the peasantry did not need his help in plowing and scattering manure; but this does not dispose of the case. You can not lay his logic away in the dump and refuse of the potter’s field, and thus dispose of the pulsing soul of a man made in the Image of his Maker.

Perhaps the methods of Tolstoy were mistaken, just as the methods of many reformers were wrong; but the heart of the man beat true to the tides of divinity that played through him.

¶ To follow the literal example of the Man of Sorrows would never redeem the world. In order to bring us up to the line, he had to go beyond it.

“Bury me in the potter’s field!”

The words are a rebuke, a chastening and a lashing with a whip of scorpions for every proud, arrogant, supercilious son of success who prides himself on his achievements.

What are our railroads that girdle the continents with hoops of steel, our factories with their incense of commerce that obscures the sun, our buildings that scrape the sky, unless they be monuments to our humanity, our sympathy, our love!

What are our telegraph-lines that flash messages around the

world in seconds, if the messages be not those of assurance and brotherhood!

"Blessed are the feet of those who bring glad tidings." Even so. And business, which is the supplying of human wants, must be a consecrated thing, and not a selfish scramble for place, power and pelf.

Woe betide our railroads, if over them we do not transport the rarest, fairest jewels of human love, human sympathy, the mind that goes out to the mistaken, the erring, the foolish, the vicious, the absurd, the friendless. Can those who see the way clearly afford to scorn all those who have fallen and been mired in the mud, or gone down over the brink into hopeless darkness and night?

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest."

At the last, the end of the race must be one. Death puts all on a parity. On Charon's toll there is no rebate. There are no palace-cars for the elect on their last little journey. Death plays no favorites. He can not be bribed, bought, coerced, affrighted nor cajoled. His icy hand touches the strong, the purse-proud, the supercilious, the vain, and they are no more. In the tomb there is no high nor low, no rich nor poor, no learned, no illiterate, no virtuous, no vicious: we are all alike; we sleep the sleep of death together. "Bury me in the potter's field."

Leo Tolstoy is the greatest force for regeneration in the world today. The brain of the man has ceased to vibrate, but his influence lives. He proclaimed, if any man ever did, the New Time. He was never so much alive as he is now that he is dead. ¶ He gave his life that Russia might live—Russia, the last, lingering, brain-bastile of the Western world.

Russia needed Tolstoy, this heroic figure, wearing peasant's

THE garb, the garb of poverty, the garb of labor. Bare of head, bare  
LIBERATORS of feet, he stands before our vision today, the proudest, strong-  
est, sanest, most loving and loved man of modern times. Only  
pharisees fear him, only tyrants tremble at mention of his name.  
¶ It is not for us literally to imitate him, but it is our privilege  
to harken to his appeal for the life that labors long and is kind;  
the life that gives much and demands little. For himself he asked  
not even the honor of a funeral over his lifeless dust, nor a word  
of appreciation, nor a song at twilight.

“Bury me in the potter’s field!”

No man ever did, or ever could make such a request save one  
alone, whose memory lives enshrined in human hearts. He has  
sent his soul into the Invisible, and being dead yet lives in  
minds made better.

“Bury me in the potter’s field!”



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